McCALL'S

JUNE 1927 ★ TEN CENTS

A ❖❖❖
DISCUSSION OF
SUICIDE *and* EDUCATION
❖❖❖ IN THIS ISSUE ❖❖❖

❖❖❖

FAMOUS FICTION HEROINES

Lucy Ashton
The Bride of Lammermoor

The Fifth of a Series Being Painted by Neysa McMein—*See page 32*

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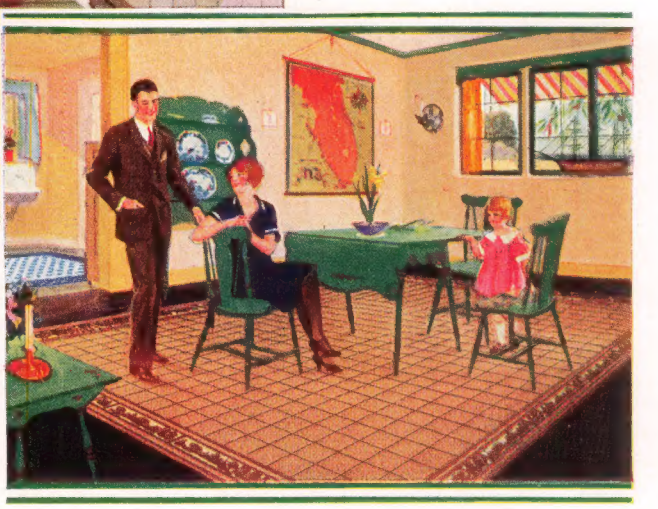
Two Suggestions!

On the porch is shown the popular "KASHMIR" design —delightful, little posies over a background of tan Jaspé, with a royal blue border. It's Rug No. 562.

In the picture shown below —a room of simple furnishings made most attractive by the happy choice of the smart "PLYMOUTH" design. It's Rug No. 580



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It's so simple and inexpensive to do both with *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. The smooth, waterproof surface of these modern floor-coverings can be cleaned in a twinkling with a damp mop; while their lovely patterns are radiant with the colors of an old-fashioned garden. What a relief from the drab appearance and back breaking cleaning of dust-collecting floor-coverings!

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Besides attractive patterns for the porch, Congoleum designers have created charming effects for every room. At today's very low prices, *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs offer values that cannot be duplicated. Sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

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The silver-papered guest room in Mrs. Linn's Chicago home is equipped with the famous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, Simmons Spring and Simmons Twin Beds, Model No. 1547. "Those little coils are a wonderful idea," says Mrs. Linn, of the Beautyrest. "They make the mattress ten times as comfortable and keep the edges straight and firm."

Hutchinson

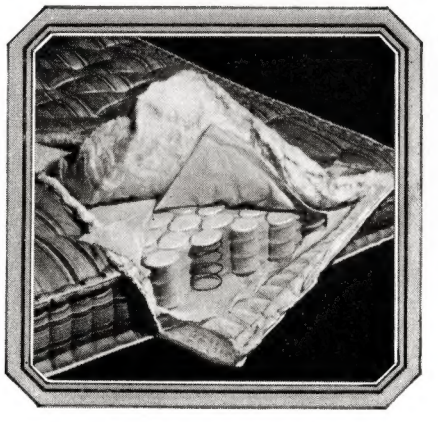
MRS. HOWARD LINN, *formerly Miss Lucy Blair McCormick, one of the loveliest of Chicago's younger hostesses is artist to her finger-tips. Her enchanting country home at Lake Forest reflects her original and exquisite taste for the modern note in decoration. Her hobby is her fascinating shop "Au Paradis", which she conducts on behalf of her favorite charities.*

"The most luxurious one could provide" *says* MRS. HOWARD LINN *of Chicago*

"I CONSIDER the proper equipment of the bedroom an important part of a hostess's consideration of her guests," says Mrs. Howard Linn, herself one of the most delightful of Chicago's leading hostesses. "And for the bed, the Simmons Mattress and Spring are the most luxurious one could provide."

This new well-boxed, built-up mattress, so firmly tailored that it holds its shape for years, is the latest achievement of the Simmons Company, largest makers of beds, mattresses and springs in the world.

The Beautyrest made its bow a few years ago. It met with instant success. It is composed of hundreds of tiny, upstanding coils of the finest, springiest steel, buried deep in layer upon layer of softest cotton or curled hair. What delicious comfort, what buoyancy! The Beautyrest offers the quintessence of luxurious repose. "How can we make it better?" The Simmons Company asked. They decided to make it better *looking*.



To the very edge go the small wire coils of its inner construction, springing up after any pressure, holding the sides firm and square. And how perfect its buoyancy, its comfort!

NOW these tiny coils extend right to the edge of the mattress. The effect is magic! The Beautyrest is neat, well-boxed and smartly correct in appearance. Best of all, it will endure! The coils stitched firmly within the felted sides spring up at once after pressure, and hold the sides box-like, upstanding as long as the mattress lasts.

In furniture and department stores you will find this greatly improved Beautyrest, $39.50; west of the Rocky Mountains, $41.50; hair upholstered, $60 to $100. Other Simmons Mattresses, $10 up. Springs, $7 to $60. Simmons beds, $10 to $60. The name Simmons is plainly marked on every piece. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles. "*Your home should come first.*"

SIMMONS Beds · · Springs · · Mattresses

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

PERSONAL ADVENTURES AS AN AUTHOR

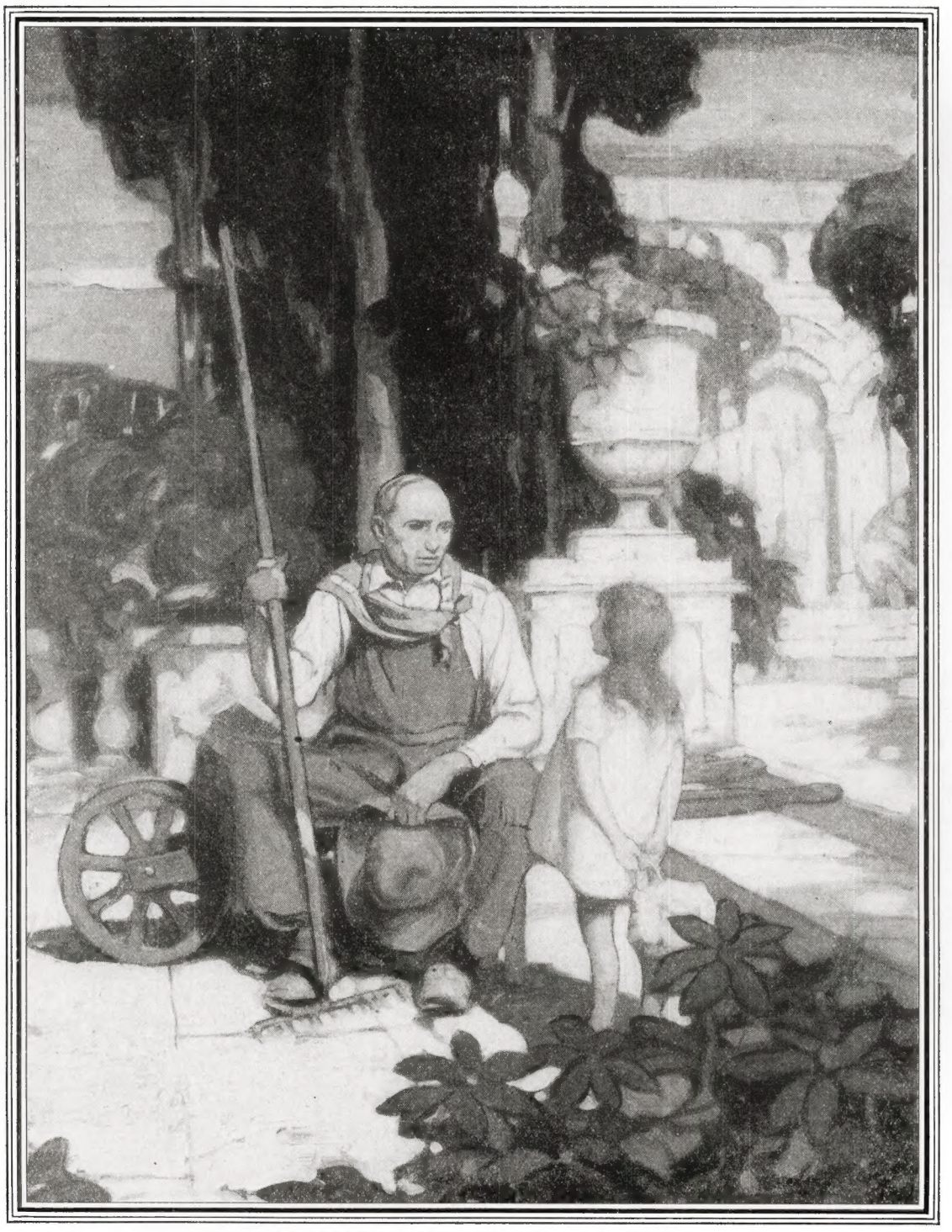
BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

IF you are thinking of being a writer, remember that much depends on your health and strength. You must keep physically at top notch all the time if you expect your brain to produce the best possible results. Regular hours, simple food, plenty of sleep, exercise, and fresh air, all help immeasurably in writing, just as they help in any other business.

Each of us has a niche somewhere which we must eventually "fit in," and it remains for us to find it; it may be we are interested in growing things—things of field and forest and garden—or it may be in something else; each of us was put upon the earth to fulfill a definite purpose, not to be a useless lump of flesh. But it is not right to make yourself or your friends unhappy or worried because you do not make a success of the first thing you try, the first time you try it. Just because you want to write, is no proof that you *can* write; rejection slips are the best possible proof that you cannot write; if editors will not accept your work, you are helpless, for your material must stand on its own value. The old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again," might mean that you must try the same thing over and over, or it might mean that you should try something different; in any case, keep trying at something.

At first you will probably scrawl your manuscript in long-hand; then you will teach yourself to run a typewriter as I did, and use three fingers of each hand, as I do; then, if you are fortunate, you will learn to dictate your material either to a secretary or into a dictaphone. The latter method is much easier, and will save you many backaches; but there are still many authors who cannot dictate; they cannot think aloud, which is really what dictating means. I know one very popular author, a man whose books sell by the thousands, who still writes all his manuscripts laboriously in long-hand, and he sometimes writes the manuscript for a book as many as three times! His study is equipped with desks and chairs especially built, so that he may often change his position while writing, one desk being high enough to allow him to stand as he works.



IT MAY BE WE ARE INTERESTED IN GROWING THINGS —THINGS OF FIELD AND FOREST AND GARDEN—

It was very difficult for me to learn to dictate, for I had been through the stages of long-hand, and doing my own typing; then, to rest me, my daughter taught herself to type, and I read my manuscripts aloud to her to save time. When it came to the stage where my family convinced me that I must learn to dictate, I found it almost impossible at first; the strange face, and the sound of my own voice bothered me. Then I found that I could do better if I kept my fingers occupied. So I have dictated several books, fingering a little string of beads that one of my small granddaughters gave me for a birthday present. That string of beads proved my salvation, and it is always at hand.

My correspondence was always enormous. I have had thousands of letters, all beginning, "No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, a stranger—" but if they only knew how many letters come with that same idea, they would know that I am not surprised at anything that comes in my mail. That is one of the things that comes with public life. You must talk to reporters, grant interviews, and answer intelligent questions courteously and willingly. People have a natural interest and curiosity which must be satisfied if you are to remain popular.

One unique experience that I have had as an author is to find people who used not to pay the slightest attention to me in the days of my obscurity, now making a point of the fact that they were in my class at school, or that they lived in the same town. I know of one girl who goes about the country speaking of me as "Aunt Gene." Her mother was a beautiful factory girl from Massachusetts who settled in the town I lived in as a girl, and in some way attracted attention and won the love of the son of one of the wealthiest men in the town, who married her. It is the girl of this union, a girl I never saw in my life, whose mother I do not know, who is utilizing me as "Aunt Gene." I am not holding this out as one of the rewards of literature; rather it is one of the punishments; but when one succeeds in fulfilling his highest ambitions, there are sure to be rewards.

A word of warning based on my experience:

I think one mistake young folks who want to write make is to go about telling their friends what their ambitions are. It only gives them the opportunity to laugh at you, or make fun of you, for the youth of today are a fairly cold-blooded proposition. Before I was twelve years old I wrote a book; I told some friends about it, and read parts of it to them; they laughed at me and I destroyed the precious sheets of paper over which I had worked long and earnestly. Now I would give a great deal to have that story, for the visions of youth may lack experience, but they are filled with a freshness and vigor which is lacking in the worldly-wise. If you desire to be an author, *write*, but do not spend your time talking about it. If success comes, your friends will know it soon enough and rejoice with you; if you fail, it still remains your own secret.

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A car for her, too!

In thousands of average American homes there are now two automobiles—"a car for her, too," so that there may be transportation for the family while "he" drives to business.

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All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan
Balloon tires standard equipment on all models.
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QUALITY AT LOW COST

ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 10

How her clothes blossomed to new whiteness

SKIPPING-ROPES and daffodils—blankets sunning on clothes lines—signs of spring everywhere the day we met Mrs. Baldwin* in that pleasant New York suburb.

There was the dearest little English house with a golden forsythia bush shining against the green stucco, and Mrs. Baldwin deep in Spring cleaning.

"You're much too busy to stop, Mrs. Baldwin," we said, "but please, what soap do you use for clothes washing?"

"I'm not too busy to talk about that!" she exclaimed. "I use P and G. I have two small sons, and they get their clothes so very dirty that sometimes I've wished they were two quiet little girls who played with dolls instead of footballs! And now that the marble season's here again you should see the grime they collect on their underclothes. And blouses! I used to have to rub so hard to get them clean, and boil them every week besides.

"Then a few weeks ago I bought some P and G for the first time. And what a difference it made! I've rubbed far less, and yet my clothes looked much better. I hadn't really thought they were *gray* until I saw how much *whiter* they got with P and G. Even the special towels I made the boys use for their hands were white, like everything else."

"Do you boil your clothes now?" we asked.

"I did the first week I used P and G, to get them perfectly white," said Mrs. Baldwin, "but not any more. Now I'm so pleased with P and G that I'm using it for our Spring cleaning—on floors, picture frames, white paint—everything. It's a wonderful soap."

Less rubbing, less boiling, whiter clothes! Fresher colors. Easier rinsing! And when you realize that P and G does its work in any kind of water—hot or cold, hard or soft—do you wonder that it is the largest-selling soap in the world?

Don't you think it should be doing *your* washing and cleaning, too? PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Not her *real* name, of course.

P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

FREE—"*Rescuing Precious Hours*"

"How to take out 15 common stains . . . get clothes clean in lukewarm water . . . lighten wash-day labor." Problems like these, together with newest *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—"*Rescuing Precious Hours*." Send a post card to Dept. N. M.-6 Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The largest-selling soap in the world

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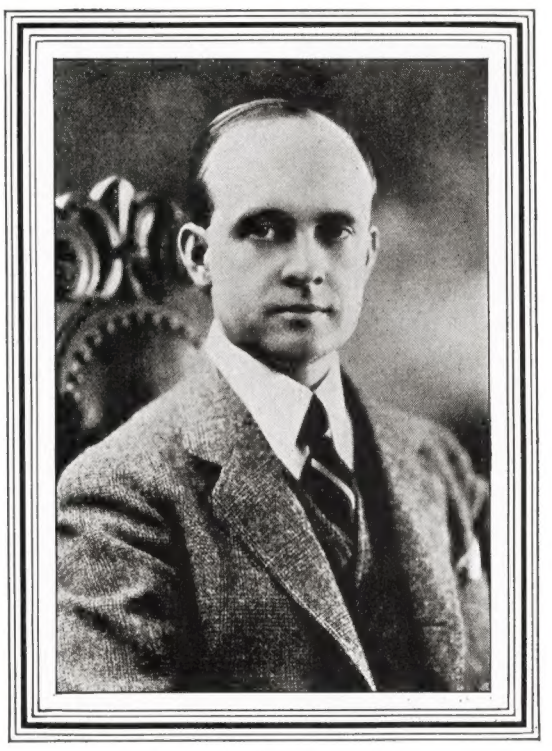
McCALL'S
JUNE · · · MCMXXVII
THE MONTH OF
BRIDES and GRADUATES

SUICIDE and EDUCATION

Two of America's greatest educators — a noted college president and an eminent psychologist — discuss from their points of view the new and alarming tendency of American students to reject life as a worthless adventure.

Student Suicides and the Universities

BY GLENN FRANK
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
AUTHOR OF "AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD."



GLENN FRANK
(Photo by De Longe, Copyrighted)

THE current epidemic of student suicides, running its course like some virulent infection, has caused much shaking of heads among the critics and much searching of hearts among the conductors of modern education.

I have no dependable information at hand to indicate how much larger the number of student suicides has been during the last year than in other years. Whether the problem is particularly to the fore this year because the press has followed it through more carefully than before, I do not know. But it is serious enough, and, as the administrative head of one of the major universities of the nation, I want to meet the request of the editor of this magazine by facing frankly and without evasion the issues raised by this puzzling and tragic outbreak.

Is modern education making for intellectual confusion, moral instability, and spiritual bankruptcy of which these student suicides are but the more obvious harvest?

Is modern education itself a victim of drift or is it a source of stabilizing direction to a bewildered generation that has lost some of the sense of intellectual, moral, and spiritual certainty that seemed to mark older and less curious generations?

Is modern education permitting a freedom of discussion that is disintegrating rather than developing in students a saving sense of values?

Is a student suicide to be regarded as an isolated case of mental [*Turn to page 94*]

Youth Searches for the Meaning of Life

BY BEATRICE M. HINKLE, M. D.
AUTHOR OF
"THE RE-CREATING OF THE INDIVIDUAL."

BEATRICE M. HINKLE, M.D.
(Photo by Kadel and Herbert)

TWO college students in the Middle West, both lads under twenty-one of prosperous families, recently committed suicide because as they expressed it in notes left behind, they had tasted all there was in life, had found it empty and were ready to pass on to the next world to find out what, if anything, was there. Dramatically and fearlessly with intellectual, even if mistaken logic, they sought the answer to the question:—"What is the meaning of life?" in death—the negation of life.

Although this is the great question that from time immemorial has gradually forced itself upon all men who have become sufficiently objective to reflect upon their relation to life, we do not commonly associate this problem with youth. It is presumed to belong to age and reflection. Today, however, this question has become a deep-throated insistent refrain, the tones of which are heard by ever increasing numbers of people with the ears of youth particularly sensitive to the sound.

The general, collective attitude is disturbed and restless, new and unassimilated knowledge has interfered with the comfortable and habitual attitudes, and an uncertainty and lack of assurance has replaced stable and settled feelings. This is the general psychic condition which offers the medium in which various social phenomena, otherwise treated in general terms of ordinary import, can be marshalled together in such a way as to appear to form "crime waves," "suicide epidemics" and similar [*Turn to page 117*]

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CAPRICE ITSELF

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

". . . . The place where you shall never be:
the lover whom you shall never know . . . ."

MISS JESSICA'S room was a-wash in moonlight, when she woke and lay rigid, listening.

For what, she didn't at once know. She felt as if she had been listening in her sleep for some time. Waking merely gave to that listening a clenched and sinister significance.

The room was as still as death, or as the sleep Miss Jessica had so lately enjoyed. Patches of plushy darkness showed the furniture. Miss Jessica's mind, reconstructing, visualized vaguely her neat square-mirrored bureau; the desk with its pile of English composition papers only that evening corrected; on one wall, a print of Whistler's *Carlyle;* on the other, a print of Watts' *Hope;* here a chair, there a bookstand.

Moonlight gave to it all a glare of pallid unreality, but made obvious the fact that within those four walls, at least, there was nothing for which to listen. Miss Jessica was alone in the room—as she had been alone in one room or another, while the moon shone, for the forty-odd years of her life. And she had not forgotten to lock both doors. She never forgot.

Listening, she raised herself up on one meagerly fleshed elbow; listening, she tipped her head to one side so that a scant reddish braid fell over her shoulder and swung against the white-ruffled flatness of her breast. She set her incongruously full lips and held her fluttering breath.

Something had waked her . . . . what? And where had it gone?

Still as a bottomless pool, the night . . . she alone, roused, out of all the world.

Fear took Miss Jessica in a chill embrace. She stiffened herself against a shiver. And while that first creeping chill crisped her fingers and toes, she caught a sound—caught it and placed it—knew instantly what had called her into consciousness.

Feet on the gravel in the alley below Miss Jessica's window. Feet set down with care, yet making, unavoidably, small, crackling noises. Through which, barely to be heard, an intermittent hum of voices—bass murmur, treble overtone. Like hidden water, flowing very softly. Miss Jessica stopped being afraid. A burglar does not commonly hamper himself with a female friend.

If not burglars, then what? Fear slid into poignant curiosity. Miss Jessica got very quietly out of her bed and went to the window to see.

THAT TIME HE KISSED HER—NO MISTAKING IT

Through the bright gray stillness of the room, with soundless steps, past the English composition papers on the desk, the ivorine brushes on the dressing-table, between Whistler's *Carlyle* and Watts' *Hope,* very quietly, furtively, even, Miss Jessica went to the window—the window which overlooked the alley.

As she went, she felt her heartbeats accelerate. It must be after midnight. And the alley was not much used. Tradespeople, in the daytime, children, perhaps; after midnight, surely, no one at all—legitimately.

The window was wide and shallow-silled, with flowing curtains of scrim. Miss Jessica drew the curtain around her, screened her face and head with it, leaned as far as she dared across the sill, peered down and listened.

Moonlight—green and gray and silver—and flat black shadows. The shadows were hedges; tall creamy-flowered privet hedges, each side of the alley. Miss Jessica had forgotten the hedges. She had expected somehow that the alley would lie open to her gaze. Naked, in that amazing greenish flood. If Mrs. Ferguson had kept her shrubbery cut back as she should (Mrs. Ferguson lived across the alley from old Mrs. Gale with whom Miss Jessica roomed and boarded, and *had* roomed and boarded for upward of seven years) then the alley *would* have been visible—every graveled inch of it.

As it was—patches of argent clearness; a luminous ribbon of path down the middle; but streaks and patches of wicked black dark, next the hedges, under those foamily-flowered, smooth shadows that were the privet-bushes.

Miss Jessica leaned—and listened. Saw nothing, for all her straining sharp gray eyes; heard nothing. Not even a little wind to finger the sleeping leaves. The world was now empty of sound.

But what a world! The heart of Miss Jessica leaped oddly to behold it. Low in a sky without a cloud—a luminous, eery, decadent sky—hung the moon—a lopsided bubble of green gold, dropping, heavily, languorously . . . .

It must be very late. Masses of dark filigree, spattered with witch-fire—trees! Long, quiet masses with chimney-pots upthrusting—houses! Nowhere the yellow slit of warmth among those houses that might betray some one awake—some one beside Miss Jessica. An empty world, a silent world, a bright, bewitched, unhallowed world. This

was what it turned to while decent humans slept! No wonder the poets . . . . Miss Jessica taught English composition in the Girls' High School. She had a life-long and well-directed acquaintance among the poets.

"'That orbed maiden, with white-fire laden that mortals call the moon'—h'mph!" thought Miss Jessica, swathing herself yet more closely in her curtain and lifting a vestal eyebrow at the tarnished planet. "White-fire? Not in the least! Greenish—distinctly! Something—impure, in a way . . . ."

She was still listening, tensely, and just at that moment, like an exhalation of the moon's impurity, a sound hardly more than a sigh from the alley beneath . . . . a faint sound, indistinguishable and untranslatable; but it broke . . . . into a hushed arpeggio of laughter . . . . brief as a falling star.

A woman's laughter. In an alley—a dark alley—with the moon sinking!

Miss Jessica drew the curtain across her face, she leaned out of the window and stared down into that maddening web of shadow afforded by Mrs. Ferguson's hedge.

Was there a pale spot—there, where the hedge grew thickest? Did it stir—did it move? Could it be a woman's white gown? Very likely!

Something predatory in the way Miss Jessica's thin fingers closed upon the scrim next her cheek; something hawklike in the way her eyes narrowed, staring down at that vague indeterminate pale spot.

While she looked, dark engirdled light—shadow, the width of a man's arm, crept about the thing that might be a woman's white gown. Voices began again; one deep voice, one soft voice, answering each other with curious pauses in between . . . .

It was that which had waked Miss Jessica. She knew, now, definitely. How long had it been going on before she woke? She wondered mutely, filled with a cold fury of scorn. She strained for words the voices were saying, till the cords in her neck ached and the skin across her temples felt drawn, listening — listening — as if all her being were one cupped ear . . . .

And just missing—by a shade—by the edge of a tone. She couldn't clutch a word—not one. But she couldn't mistake the inflections. Deep, disjointed, caressing murmurs. Protest—softer—higher-noted. Pleading, higher-noted as well—and broken—left in air, waiting an answer. Answer—argumentative and cautious, running into a steadier murmur than before. Pleading—renewed—soft-lipped and urgent . . . .

Presently a faint little cry, and after an abrupt silence, once more that sound — indistinguishable and untranslatable. . . .

Miss Jessica wiped her mouth with the back of one chilly hand. Why? She shuddered—with disgust. Through her mind drifted an odd tangle. "'On such a night as this . .' 'Oh, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon! . . . .'" Then suddenly, over and over, "'The moon that is caprice itself . . .'" Like an insistent little song, like a cloyingly recurrent tune—"The moon that is caprice itself . . . ."

Miss Jessica thrust it away, incomplete. She refused to go on with it as her well-trained mind instantly desired to do. She fastened on stark reality. "Who—in the alley this time of night—and why?"

She leaned . . . . and listened . . . . and stared. Baffled. Thwarted. Grim as a hooded Fate. No sound on the air except that formless, ardent murmuring from the maze below. Strain as Miss Jessica might, she could make out no more than a grayish blur in the lee of the hedge. If it moved or didn't move, from time to time, she was breathlessly uncertain. That it pleaded and protested and argued, she was maddeningly aware. Once, a laugh—as has been said—a woman's laugh, with a sob in it, almost, to the ears of the listener in the window . . . . and speedily hushed.

Amorous laughter had no place in Miss Jessica's experience. Oddly, though, she recognized the unsteady legato of it, tipped up her longish nose—and listened the harder.

While she listened, her mind cast back and forth upon possibilities. A couple returning from a dance? In that case there would probably be a machine parked somewhere at the mouth of the alley. No machine was visible. Miss Jessica rather fancied, anyhow, that the alley wasn't generally known. Some one living in the neighborhood . . . . much more likely! Some one who hadn't far to go. Who could slip in a nearby gate—and be safe, unquestioned.

Some one . . . . . as if the arrow of Miss Jessica's aiming had twanged into a bull's-eye, the name was there . . . . Viola! Mrs. Ferguson's little maid. Of course—Viola! Why hadn't Miss Jessica thought of it before? She glowed quite pleasantly with the acuteness of her own reasoning.

Viola was Portuguese and French—a dangerous mixture. An alley-love would likely be Viola's measure.

That sort of girl had no moral sense—felt no moral obligation. Did what was right so long as somebody's eye was upon her, would be over the hedge—or under it—directly no one was looking.

"I Told The Child She Couldn't Have Him Here"

Oh, beyond a doubt, Viola! Miss Jessica fairly writhed, considering the unfastidious amours of the lower classes. She had wondered, herself, at Mrs. Ferguson's readiness to have the girl about, after the vulgar and disgusting history of Viola's mother. Viola's mother, Miss Jessica happened to know (and so for the matter of that did Mrs. Ferguson) was a bad one. Definitely and irretrievably a bad one.

Viola's mother, when Viola was midway of her second year in the Girls' High School, had deserted her four black-headed, black-eyed youngsters, of whom Viola was the eldest, to run away with a Sicilian barber, who had already a wife and several children of his own.

Viola, of course had had to leave school and go to work; the younger children had found their way into various institutions. Miss Jessica herself had inquired once or twice as to just what had been done. But when it came to Viola, Miss Jessica had rather wondered at Mrs. Ferguson for being willing to take her into the house, even for the purpose of making beds and sweeping floors. Bad blood is bad blood . . . . and so apt to leave a stain. Especially in the case of a girl like Viola who was really, in a way, too pretty for her own good.

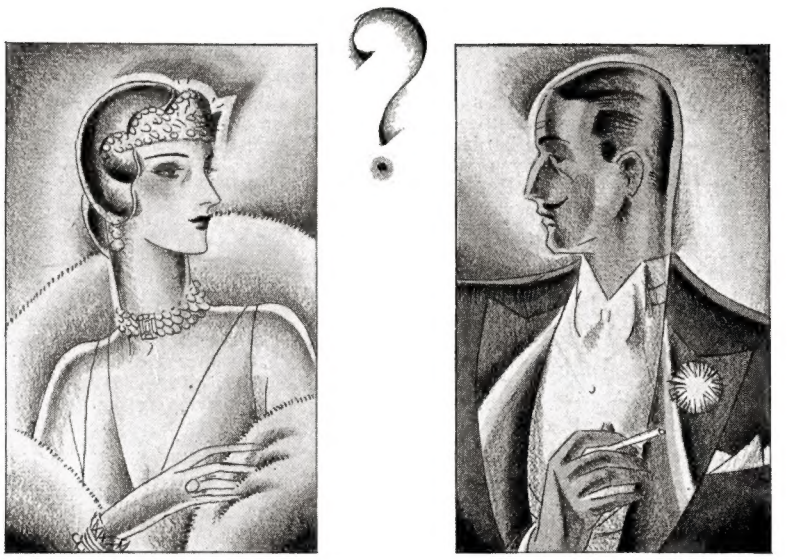
Viola's kind of prettiness grew against the darkness of Miss Jessica's momentarily closed eyelids while the whispers in the alley went on with a stifled and passionate insistence. Viola's thick, ivory skin, her velvety eyes, the blue-black sweep of her hair and the willow-wand slimness of her sixteen-year-old body. Girls of Viola's type mature early. There was Juliet — neither Portuguese nor French, of course, but the same sort of thing—at fourteen!

With Juliet, Miss Jessica's gaze went back to the moon . . . . . her habit-ridden mind to old words making music—". . . . the inconstant moon—that is already sick and pale with grief . . . ." How exquisite! And after all these years of littler poets, how still surprisingly *le mot juste!* No one like Shakespeare, after all! Miss Jessica drenched her soul in the wanly glimmering backwash of the western sky. What an unearthly pallid gold, that waning disc! "'Sick—of an old passion . . . . .'" and with that there came back upon her another line, "The moon that is caprice, itself . . . ."

"Swinburne?" thought Miss Jessica, pricked with a faint annoyance that she could not instantly be sure. "I don't think so . . . certainly, not Keats! '. . . caprice itself' . . . . how stupid of me!" She focussed sharply on remembering the habit of years in the classroom, groped for a rhyme or a cadence, brought up first a disconnected bit, then like something snapping into place, the entire thing. "Baudelaire, of course! *Fleurs du Mal*—the first in the book—Symon's translation." She experienced a certain satisfaction in her own reliable erudition. "Not that I care for Baudelaire, really; still—isolated lines— 'The moon filled the room like a phosphoric atmosphere, like a luminous poison . . . . and all this living light . . .' (wonderful phrase!) . . . thought and said: 'My kiss shall be upon you forever. You shall love . . . .'" Here Miss Jessica lost continuity, searching intently for the rest. It came like a knife slipping into flesh: "'. . . the place where you shall never be, the lover whom you shall never know . . . .'"

Miss Jessica stood stiller than ever, holding the curtain about her, staring out at a world all at once badly lit and madly out of drawing. It was perhaps the word lover, eating in her brain, that recalled her to thought of the two in the alley.

Viola—whom else could it be? And for what purpose? What *good* purpose? None, of course! [*Turn to page 43*]



BUT WHAT IF ONE MARRIES ABROAD?

AMERICAN WIVES and TITLED HUSBANDS

BY DJUNA BARNES

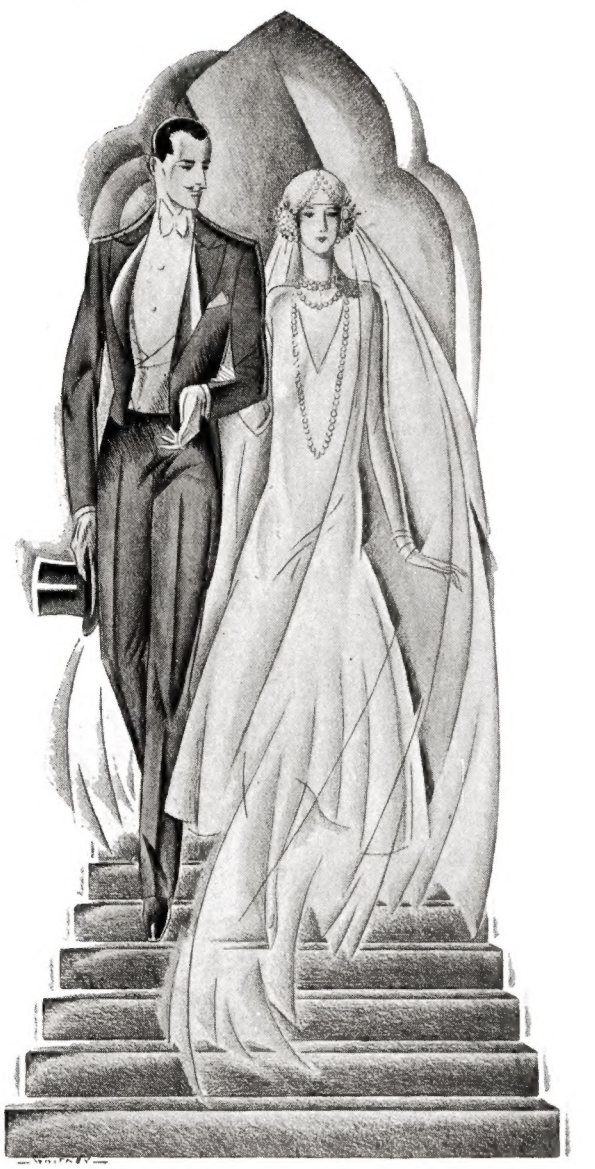
ILLUSTRATED BY R. E. WHITNEY

When American girls marry titled foreigners do they ever become happy wives? Are their husbands interested in them—or their money? And can American women ever become accustomed to foreign society, foreign customs? Are they homesick? Are they sorry? These and many other questions are answered in this important series of interviews with titled American wives.

SENTIMENTAL, AH YES, HE IS SENTIMENTAL!

A day in June, a bower of roses, a blare of publicity—and another American girl has captured or been captured by a titled foreigner. Then a luxurious suite aboard the *Majestic* or *Leviathan,* the waving of a lacy handkerchief in farewell, and one more American girl has been lost to her native land. Except for an occasional visit, she will not return unless heralded by the publicity which attends a divorce suit as faithfully and as frantically as it does a marriage. But what of the American brides who marry coronets—and even crowns—and then are lost to sight, who reside abroad, who cling to home and husband and who are apparently content and even happy? Have they truly found themselves? Are they genuinely at home in their foreign surroundings?

While in Rome, I took the opportunity of calling on the Principessa San Faustino, lady-in-waiting to the Queen. The



MANNERS RULE HIS LIFE. HE MARRIES FOR MANNERS

Principessa, who was a Miss Jane Campbell before her marriage, is American born, and, through a long life spent outside her own country, involving close contact with a tradition alien to her own, is eminently qualified to advise the American girl.

Lying among her laces in the Palazzo Barbarini, laces that submerge her a little more each day, like a pitiless surf, for she is frail with years and worn with royal obligations, the Principessa said: "The American girl who marries outside her own nationality is casting off a known mythology for an unknown. Throwing away a tradition that is herself, for a tradition that she can never comprehend. Traditions, customs, manners cannot be acquired. They are in the blood of a race and only the race that is tuned to them can be their perfect medium. The music of a violin sounds only through a violin, nor can it transact the business of a harp, nor sing in the harp's voice, and a country is an instrument, no music comes from it but of its fashion.

"Let us speak of the American girl in relation to the Italian, for that," she said quietly, "is all that I am an authority on. The Italian is supremely unfaithful, his *liaisons* sing, because they are a part of his orchestration, it is his way of life, he does not know what "unfaithful" means to an American girl, he cannot understand the horror that runs through her at the word. He is amazed to see with what a shudder of outraged feelings she accuses him of a condition that is, to him, not infidelity but custom, manners. Let me explain. Manners rule his life, he marries for manners, it is good form to have a home and children, and it is with

CLARA LONGWORTH, NOW COMTESSE DE CHAMBRUN
(Wide World Photo)

COUNTESS VON BERNSTORFF, VIVIAN THOMASON BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

PRINCESS SAN FAUSTINO WHO WAS JANE CAMPBELL
(Photo by Eva Barrett, Rome)

the most exact punctiliousness that he renders to his wife the courtesy of that position. He never fails, no matter what occasion, or where his erring heart may be, to accord her the deference due her as his wife and mother of his children. If she needs him, he is there, he is the perfect host. When she is ailing he is the most tender, most solicitous nurse; if she dies, he will be truly the most bereaved of mortals, but," she rose a little from her encircling laces, and for an instant a thin arm appeared in a profusion of cambric, "is he a moment faithful as we know the word? Is he dedicated, body and soul, to that girl who is his partner in life? Never. He sees many beautiful women—there are so many in Italy—and it is a part of his breeding that brings him to his knees, to do homage to the beauty of the world. This an American girl will never understand nor forgive, because it is his music and not hers. She is plunged into misery, she argues, she quarrels, she upbraids him, and in the end she loses him, either by divorce or, though still bound, through his lack of respect for an emotion that he thinks supremely vulgar. He cannot understand her psychology, her lack of what he thinks is an essential in the gentlewoman and the wife, manners, his manners. Yet if, (and it is a rare thing), she can train her ear, if she can close her eyes, if she will not 'forgive'—for that of itself is an intrusion—but if she can accept, she can be a very happy woman. There is no kinder man in the world than the Italian. He is accused of marrying an American solely for her money; I do not think this is a just accusation. He marries that woman who appears to him kind. An Italian will lose a world for gentleness and affection.

"The American woman is essentially unfit for international marriage, more unfit than the woman of any other nation, because she has cast out the one thing which the world at large can understand. She has done away with the mystery of sex; she has come out of the great and divine shadow of religion; she has flaunted herself in the world. In other words, she is a business woman, relying on herself for her own maintenance, demanding equal rights, whatever they may be, and almost entirely indifferent to motherhood. All this might have made her a good influence in Europe if it had not been carried so far. Italians, like Frenchmen, are in need of 'go,' of 'dash.' Thirty years past, American women had such influence. Now she has gone so far that no one can cope with her, not even an American. I admire her, I can not help admiring anything so strange and so individual, but what is to become of her and her after-life if she marries abroad?" She paused. A bee, flinging himself crisply from crystal grape to crystal plum, searching for the essence of that nature so exactly reproduced, sounded in the silence.

"There," she said watching his perplexity, "you have the whole matter nicely pictured, the bee searching for honey where there is none. So will the foreign man search in vain for the feminine tincture no longer an integral part of the American woman, and be amazed, lost and frustrated.

"The woman of forty," she said, "*there* is the really distressing traveler. She is of another generation, made mad by this, a mid-victorian heart flung into a world of jazz and excitement. She is ridiculously sentimental and silly. She has a mental picture of foreigners that is simply outlandish. She thinks every Spaniard a Valentino, every Frenchman a Don Juan, every Egyptian a sort of uncrowned king. So, she makes a perfect fool of herself. She leaves her good and industrious husband slaving in America that she may make herself ridiculous in Monte Carlo, in Florence, in Paris. She flirts outrageously with the first Argentinean she meets; she thinks any foolish creature who speaks French, ravishing, and she is positively overcome by the dark eyes of some nobody from Algiers. She makes herself a byword; for no foreigner takes up with the married woman of forty for anything but her money, and such are the lowest of any race, so she becomes a laughing stock, shaming herself and her innocent husband. Oh," she said, "it is very pitiful when women forget that home and children and religion and a little difference in their rights, is what makes life worth living. I married a foreigner, I had children, my husband is dead, but I have my children still, and I have kept my traditions and my faith in spite of the fact that I met my husband on his and left it as I found it. Courtesy, children, God, that is life. Yes," she smiled, "my son has married—an American, a charming girl, handsome, clever—will she be clever enough——?"

I put the same question to Countess von Bernstorff, also an American, a Miss Vivian Thomason before her marriage, and she, perhaps because she has youth, spoke with amusement.

"Foreigners—Germans, well, they are charming to talk to, they know everything you know, they are perfect at the opera, at the museum, they remember when everything was written and painted, they are even most delightful to be engaged to—but to marry—" The red, red rose on the Countess' shoulder flashed in a shrug. "What do you think my dear?" she questioned, turning to the exceeding lovely Manolita, Baronne von Oppenheim, a glowing child of Spain. "Let us ask her first, because we Americans are supposed to be so hard to please, and the Spanish so easy," she added in English, not to disturb the composure of the little creature who speaks only her own and her husband's tongue.

The Baronne's smile faded. "*Gemütlich!*" she exclaimed, condemning the race in its own phraseology. "Vain, egotistical set. If you want to hear everything on all subjects that no woman can possibly bear, marry a German. They are sentimental, ah yes, very sentimental and you are *schoen, schoen,*" she said mimicking the race, "but after you are married it's 'do this,' 'don't do that'." It was evident that in the back of her mind there was a very definite idea of what a husband should be, and had not been.

The Countess was delighted, she pinched her cheek and gave her a chocolate. "What a darling! What could a German do with such a little doll of a girl. They are so material, you know, in spite of their enormous, rumbling flights of fancy. A woman must be a good wife, *Voilà!* She must have children every year. Now I have been married three times, still I don't think that all the fault lies at the foreign husbands' door. I think American women have become too fond of pleasure—and drink, yes drink. I must speak frankly. They no longer know how to behave themselves, especially when they come to Europe, though licentiousness set in long before prohibition made it smart. Men and women have become too 'chummy,' too 'pallish.' Do you know what that means? When an American is a pal of an American, it is all right perhaps, but try to be a [*Turn to page 62*]

HE NEVER FAILS NO MATTER WHAT THE OCCASION

AISLE of DREAMS

BY VIRGINIA B. REYNOLDS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

HALF DROWNED IN JOY, HALF IN TEARS

No magic isle set in sparkling sapphire seas is half so glamorous as that other aisle down which the bride passes on her way to the altar. This story enables us to peer down the long vista of memories which passes through the mind of a girl as she makes her way to her last tryst with her fiance.

EVEN on this afternoon when the sun seemed too bright and dazzling as it steamed on the hot stone steps outside, it was cool in the chapel and so sweet scented, like a fresh bouquet of summer flowers. Long still shadows lay slanting across the smooth floor, curving and falling where they lingered like draperies on the dark old pews. Five tall soft arches of golden light shone through the lustrous windows of the west. One or two were transformed into little shimmering patches by the leaves beyond them but the others were clear gold. And all the while the organ sang softly to itself, those old, old chords of Mendelssohn's that have been heard in nearly every chapel some late afternoon in summer.

It was a simple, quiet little wedding, just one bridesmaid, a little girl of ten with fair hair and a light blue dress, whose sturdy young legs bore her with careful steps. She knew this was a most important occasion and it would be so dreadful if she slipped or walked too quickly. There was also a slender young maid-of-honor, whose spell-bound face was half hidden beneath her drooping leghorn hat, but whose eyes shone steadily on her tall straight cousin standing so oddly serious up near the altar. She held her fairy-like bouquet close against her heart and dreamed it her wedding day.

A breeze wandered in the open door, an early July breeze, that fluttered the bride's smooth dress and the lace veil her grandmother had worn long ago. A lock of her bright hair slipped away from the white blossoms and blew across her pale cheek. It was such a light breeze yet her whole slender figure seemed to sway a little. Her expression was so very youthful, her whole appearance so strained and waiting, that she looked like a little girl on her confirmation night who expects some miracle to come down from the skies and give her a soul. An old lady in a left hand pew began to cry. And though it was not a large church the aisle before the bride seemed to pass on and on, first shadow then sunlight, shadow then sunlight again, five paths of ethereal light, then Harry—reality.

Carolyn took her father's arm, and as he glanced down at her a queer feeling tightened his throat; such a little while ago she had been little Carolyn, a baby, and now she was a bride. And Carolyn too, with a sharp little gasp that might have been a sigh of happiness, or perhaps a little sob of fear, felt her heart turn backwards as her steps carried her nearer the altar. The past few months seemed mirrored before her, and though some of it was dark and half forgotten, bright and clear like the five paths of golden sunlight across the stone were the most vivid times with Harry. This first path meant the night they met; and one further up seemed the most golden of all; the last, shining on the very step of the altar! Why, that was today, her wedding day!

Carolyn had always been a delicate, nervous little thing. Her mother and father adored her, thinking of her always as a baby. Cold weather made her depressed and quiet, so they kept her warm in the South most Winters. She was really rather like a flower, an orange blossom, all white, and soft, and gold, and sweet, a symbol of marriage and love.

Then came the Winter they had been forced to spend on Long Island, Carolyn had dreaded it so, but then this Winter she had met Harry.

There was very little difference in their ages. Carolyn was eighteen, eager and expectant, while Harry was twenty, a half startlingly young, half oddly old twenty. His blond well-shaped head carried itself very erect but while his gray eyes dazzled you with the young smile shining in them his lips set together in a way that made you look quickly back and wonder if he knew an important thing or two about making his way in the world. Then, Carolyn's parents loved her so! No happiness possibly in their power would they keep from her, while Harry had no parents and was left to himself under the supervision of a not very fond aunt. Probably they had seen each other a number of times and forgotten, but—

The organ deepened its quiet song into a swelling stirring sound but as the light of the first window shone about her she was living again through the little bright details of the Autumn night she and Harry, her Harry, had met at the country club dance.

She had always been rather shy at dances. It was difficult to be popular, she thought. You had to laugh all the time and talk a blue streak or no one would like you. Boys in particular admired a long supply of conversation. She had read in a popular new novel that "You, Me and Us" were the sole topics that held their interest, and Carolyn decided she found it rather a strain. Carolyn had always gleaned much of her thought from books, not sentimental novels to be sure, but stories which she considered gave her a true picture of "modern" life. She had thought a long time about being popular that very afternoon and in the evening she met Harry.

They danced, Carolyn felt lightly happy and contented. This, Carolyn thought, was a really happy evening—not dull

and vaguely troublesome like so many others. But suddenly she realized she hadn't spoken a word. She looked questioningly up only to be met by that smile that was partly little boy grin, partly something else older and deeper; then she laughed.

"Let's get a little air," Harry had suggested at the end of the dance. They did walk about a bit but it was growing cold, well into October now, and Carolyn shivered. So he led her inside and they sat together on the big warm blue davenport and listened to the cool splashing of the fountain across the terrace. She told him about New Orleans and how she wished she dared drive in New York, alone. Harry told her driving a car in traffic wasn't hard, and explained to her about his position with an advertising firm.

"You can't get along in that firm though. Gosh! Most of the men have been there in ruts for years, drawing low salaries and grumbling. There's one man has a wife and boy and he's always complaining about the bills. I'll never marry till I have the money to support a wife properly."

He had told her other things, about his mother and dad when they were living. Carolyn liked this talking together. It wasn't in the least exciting or even snappy, some people would have thought, but it made you feel you knew one another. This was being really alive and talking like real members of the world with common experiences, and everything.

Mendelssohn's march sang on. Carolyn glanced down as she stepped into the second golden arch of light. Her thoughts carried her on beyond the meeting to another time in early January. There had been so many good times together, and then a quarrel—

For a month and a half after that first evening Harry had driven up to see her over and over again. In the beginning he'd bring a crowd of other boys with him but later he came alone. He had been to dinner once or twice, too, and Carolyn's father teased her about him. But she had liked it all. Harry had a little, not awfully new, roadster that covered the ground surprisingly well and he used to wrap Carolyn in a big fur rug. She never felt rough thick fur now without a little prickle of pleasure. Oh, she had been just one big bundle of thrills as they rushed along the black roads. There would be big dark trees and patches of white fields, the lights of another car, shining, flashing, then gone on far away. Soon would come another town and the street would be all shining and icy where the store windows lighted it. Then they would have hot coffee or a "Hot Dog" and start off again and the road would be black again and there would be more trees. Like it? She loved it all! And she learned she was never cold when happy. There was such a nice warm feeling in her heart when she remembered that he'd either come that evening or would call her up and talk to her on the 'phone. They laughed together over nothing at all but it was so easy to laugh with Harry. She remembered wondering once if she ever had a really spontaneous laugh but now she didn't wonder about things like that any more. They often had quite serious conversations too. Carolyn loved the serious ones; they gave her that old feeling they were having an experience in common.

Then they quarreled. It was over some little petty thing yet Carolyn cried a good part of the night over it and woke up still tearful and with the cheerless conviction that she would never see Harry again.

"Was I Mean, Carol? Little Glowing, Happy Quivers Rushed Out From Carolyn's Heart As They Sat Down Together

The next evening, about eight, he came as usual. For a moment he looked at her with a questioning look that made his eyes a deeper grey than ever. Then he took her hand.

"Was I very mean Carol? I'm awfully sorry."

Little glowing, happy quivers rushed out from Carolyn's heart as they sat down together.

"I'm a nasty cad. Just because I felt rotten and fed up with everything I took it out on you. Didn't I?"

"I was mean too. Wasn't I?"

"You weren't a bit. You're a sweet kid."

He smiled and kissed her.

"Oh Harry I cried—a terrible lot."

"Did you? I thought you would. Oh Heavens! that makes me feel like a rotter. I'm awfully sorry, kiddo." His voice was so gentle, the funny little name sounded pretty.

"You mustn't mind me, Carol; I have a bad disposition and say lots of things I don't mean. I'll never mean them to you."

To Carolyn each word was like a song. Harry hid his face against her neck and whispered:

"I love you, Carol."

"I love you, too, Harry."

Carolyn had gone to bed in a perfect fever of ecstasy. It was very cold but if she shivered they were shivers of delight. Now she was living, a real person, and some one loved her. This was like a story—or a dream. It seemed wonderful to think that Harry must feel all trembling and happy when he thought of her. For a moment she had the ridiculously childish thought: how must it feel to think about me? Oh, what would Harry be thinking now that they were in love? Harry had driven slowly home and thought about his salary of $25.00 a week.

The bride raised her eyes and looking at Harry passed through the third path of light. It must have been because of some difference in the shading of the golden glass, for this window seemed to shine with a brighter light than the others, like that night, that wonderful night, that had been most beautiful of all. She would never forget any bit of it, never. And now she dreamed that it again was—

February—she loved Harry so and he loved her too, she knew he did. It was a dancing secret in her heart. Sometimes she could barely refrain from smiling at everyone she passed, out of sheer joy and happiness.

Harry came to dinner. There could be no rides tonight for a heavy blizzard raged outside. He and Carol sat in the window-seat and watched the swirling white. Both of them were deeply fascinated by the storm. They felt bubbling over and excited over something. They had a mock boxing match and the ridiculousness of it made them laugh more than ever. To tease her Harry blew in her ear till little ticklish shivers ran up and down her spine. They weren't much more than children after all. Then all in a moment they were strangely quiet.

Harry put his arms around her and kissed her for a long, long time. Then he quietly sat down and Carol felt him draw her down beside him. He put her hands against his cheeks.

"Carol dear, some day far away when I'm rich enough to give you everything you want, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Will you, dear? I love you with all the love in the world, but I didn't mean to tell you just yet, darling—"

"I love you that way too, Harry."

"Dearest, we'll have a little house and a little car, won't we?"

"Yes and I'll keep house for you and meet you every night at the station."

"And maybe we will have a little boy, Carol."

"Yes, dear—"

He ran his hands softly, softly through her short curls brushing them back from her face. Then he kissed her two ears and her throat over and over.

"Darling, darling, little sweet darling."

The fragrance of the wedding flowers seemed to grow sweeter and more delicate, yet filling the whole chapel. Carol had nearly reached the altar. Harry was watching for her to come. She could see her mother and the others; but the light of the fourth window, the leaf flecked window, touched her cool hands, and she was still dreaming. Only a few weeks ago it was early May—

The family had said that they could not possibly be married till Harry made twice as much as he did then. Twenty-five dollars a week they insisted was far too little. Carol had begged and pleaded, saying she would go to work too. But even Harry had laughed at this alternative and reluctantly agreed with her parents. Still Carolyn must admit to herself that she never felt utterly unhappy. This was being in love and really fighting in the world's [*Turn to page 54*]

THE WAVE BROKE. TOMMY LEAPED INTO THE ROCKING BOAT AND EMERGED WITH A MUFFLED FIGURE IN HIS ARMS

Even to the most desperately driven of mortals may come "the peace that passeth understanding" as a calm rising out of the tempest—such is the burden of this stark story of two who loved.

HEART and HAND

BY OLIVE EDENS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

I WAS at Anacortes, ready to shove my boat into the water, in the hope of reaching Cottonwood Island that night, when Charley Forcey, the postmaster, came running down the beach to me.

"Mind droppin' in at Guemes and handin' this to Hal Law? It got carried by last week and I ain't been able to get it back to him."

I gladly took the letter; besides, I wanted to meet Tommy Law. His mother had died a month back, and from what I had picked up—and an itinerant preacher picks up gossip as a veering sail wind—the boy was heart-broken and lonely. Rumblings of his father echoed about like distant thunder. There was drama in the stories about Hal Law. The man evoked in his neighbors a shocked sense of condemnation. The night of his wife's funeral he gambled away her three choicest Indian baskets—baskets the Indians had taught her to weave in her last years.

The day faded quickly, like a sputtering lamp that had gone dry of oil, and it was with relief that I landed at Law's beach on Guemes. Half way up a sagging decrepit building jutted into the path, and in front of it Law was chopping wood. I stood and gazed at the sheer physical magnificence of the man. His shirt was open, baring a great expanse of hairy chest, and beneath the dark skin of his arms, muscles rippled and ran.

Open contempt came over his face as his gaze fell on me. It was a rough-skinned, massive face, eyebrows lying like moustaches above black snapping eyes, and terminating in a long black Moses-like beard. I handed him the letter, explaining its delay.

"Shucks!" He seized it in his large red hand and in a moment was all absorption. The envelope was violet-tinted, strongly and cheaply scented. The sprawling letters were made by an unlettered hand, unmistakably feminine.

I passed on up the path and was on the point of taking the front steps when I noticed the kitchen door was open and a figure moved within. Tommy Law answered my rap at the door, broom in hand.

"You're Reverend Kennedy, aren't you? I've been hopin' you'd come." Immediately I was drawn to the boy. He missed being as tall as his father by only a few inches—but there the resemblance ended. His was a fair-skinned immature face, emotional, responsive, with fine, steady-gazing blue eyes, and a mouth so sensitive it was quivering with pleasure at this meeting.

"I just dropped in to give your father a letter. Do you think I can risk rowing on to Cottonwood?"

His face fell. Broom in hand, he turned to the little kitchen window and gazed out over the bay. And at that moment the whole earth seemed to stir suddenly with wind.

"A storm's comin'. In an hour the bay'll be wild. You must stay here tonight."

Just then the front door was banged open and the deep voice of Law tore through the house. "Say boy—hurry! I got news. When the *Island Belle* passes in an hour, I'm goin' to hail a passenger off her. She'll be your stepmother."

An expression of utter incredulity came over Tommy's face, followed by a flush of shame. "Why, Dad—you goin' to marry Mis' Weaverlin' so—so soon?"

Law threw back his head and laughed. "Weaverlin'—shucks! Your stepmother's comin' from 'Frisco."

"Someone you knew back—in Missouri?" Tommy leaned heavily against the mantel.

"Nope. Someone I struck up a correspondence with through the *Heart and Hand*. It's a magazine dealin' in such matters." He laughed again exuberantly. "Thirty-five, a brunette, even disposition, good cook, lonely, affectionate. Now you know as much as I do—'cept her name, and that's a jo-dandy. Ada—Ada Sylvester."

"Ada Sylvester," he repeated, for no one spoke. "I figgered on hailin' her off the boat, rowin' on over to Cattle Point and gettin' old Judge Heaton to tie the knot. But a storm's come up . . . If parson'll hang on here till I fetch my bride back, he can marry us, right here in front of the fire, and then we'll all enjoy a weddin' supper afterwards."

Law, now, had his oil slicker tucked into his high gum boots. He passed to the window and scanned the bay.

"Don't try it, Dad—please don't. Your boat'll swamp. Let

her go on to La Conner. You can row over and get her there tomorrow," begged Tommy, his face twisted with fear.

"Like to see a storm that'd stop me on my weddin' day." He laughed at Tommy, arching his eyebrows and running his hands through his whiskers. Then he slammed the door behind him, and was off into the dark.

Tommy got up from his chair, walked straight to the mantel. From the shelf he lifted down a small picture in an oval frame and hurried from the room. My heart ached for the boy. It was, I supposed, a picture of his mother.

Two hours later Tommy and I, muffled in oilskins, stood on the beach and wondered if Law would ever make it to the shore alive. Rain was now added to the wind; it drove against our faces like hail, blinding us. The *Island Belle,* an hour before, had passed.

Suddenly on the crest of an oncoming wave rode the darker outline of a rowboat. The tall figure of Law outlined itself on the bow, oar in hand, ready to leap. The wave broke. Law plunged, caught the boat sidewise as waves pounded it to shore. "She's in the stern," he sang out at Tommy, his voice roaring above the mingled racket of the night.

I held the lantern high, Tommy leaped into the rocking boat, emerged with a muffled figure in his arms.

"Here—lemme." Law grasped the drenched bundle in his own arms, directed Tommy to save a valise, and for me to proceed with the lantern.

I tried to hold the lantern high but the rainy gusts made its light dim and fitful. The gale swept into the room with us. Tommy and I jammed the door shut. Law had deposited the drenched figure on the couch.

We gathered about her. The girl—for she seemed so fragile and young—lay like a dead thing, her eyes closed. Her hat was gone, and her drenched hair hung about her face in flat strings. It was a lovely face, amazingly different from what I had expected to see. It was the face of inexperience, of simple childish trusting goodness—you felt that even before she opened her eyes.

"She ain't no thirty-five," whispered Tommy.

Her eyes opened. They passed in slow dazed wonder from Law to me, from myself to Tommy. And there they rested, wonderingly.

Law pushed in front of her. "You ain't scared, are you?" His voice was tender. "You're on dry land now—safe as a nut."

She came to her feet, water squeezing out of her shoes, and gave a valiant little smile as she pointed to the valise, a slate-colored canvas affair, shapeless now and water-soaked.

"Tommy, go fetch some of your mother's duds . . . I'll carry you up to the spare room where you can change." With the violence of a sudden wind, he had her in his arms again, motioning for me to proceed with the light. Up the creaking uncarpeted stair I led them, directed by Law into a front room facing the bay. Here the storm struck unabated in its wildest fury. The whole house rocked, shook, groaned.

Law placed the girl on the one chair in the room. "Here are dry duds," he announced as Tommy entered and flung over the bed an armful of his mother's clothes.

She hadn't spoken and she didn't speak now. Her eyes passed to Tommy and rested there frightened and appealing.

"Get on somethin' dry and come on down stairs. We'll be waitin' for you—Ada."

The wedding supper waited below. "What's keepin' her, Dad?" Tommy paused in the door, a dish-towel in his hand, his face flushed from the hot stove.

"She's dryin' that hair . . . . Don't want to get married with her hair in strings, does she?"

She came in while Law was talking, quiet as a ghost. She paused in the door a breathless second, then gaining courage, came on down the center of the room toward us.

"Ada, this is Tommy, my son . . . and this—Reverend Kennedy. He's on deck to marry us."

"I'm not Ada Sylvester." For the first time we heard her voice. In some strange manner it seemed to go with the girl. "I'm—Ruth Preston. I just used Ada's ticket up. I've been in an orphan asylum and Ada worked there. She got married to a sailor all of a sudden and they went off to China. Ada gave me her ticket and said for me to come on up here. She said, 'Tell Mr. Law the truth and he'll be decent to you. Tell him I got a better offer and for him to try his luck again.' But I'll get work right away and pay you back every cent of your ticket money . . . . You don't feel hard to me, do you, Mr. Law?"

While she talked a curious play of emotions had flashed over Law's face: surprise, doubt, suspicion—and now admiration, open and exulting.

"Work—fiddle-sticks! You're goin' to marry me, right here in front of this fire . . . . The parson's waitin' and so's the supper—"

"No—No! I can't—I don't want to . . . ." She shrank from him in the direction of Tommy.

"A bargain's a bargain, my lit'l gal—"

"Law," I interposed, for he had stepped toward her again, "don't be a brute—"

"I won't be dictated to! Bring out your Bible for the ceremony!"

"*Please,* Mr. Law—*please* . . . . I'll pay you back . . . ."

To my death, I shall never forget her at that moment, edging along the table toward Tommy, her face as white as an egg shell, her blue eyes wide with terror, her hands clenched tight over her breast.

"You took on a bargain, and you live up to it, my lit'l gal!"

All reserve now broke in her. She ran to Tommy, shrank behind him, her terrified face peering out from around his shoulder.

Tommy took a half step forward. His body stiffened. His indignant eyes flamed straight at his father's.

"You lay off, Dad . . . . You leave her 'lone."

It took Law a minute to grasp Tommy's words. When he did, his temper exploded in a blaze of blind, unreckoning fury. He made a wild uplifting flash of his two arms and tore at the boy. In his swift lunge forward, Law's foot caught against the leg of the table; he stumbled, lost his balance, was flung sprawling sidewise, with terrible momentum, helpless as a crashing tree, and his great form fell a dead weight on the floor. Relief flooded out of Ruth's eyes and changed to horror as we crowded about Law.

"I'm a'right," he called out, made a desperate attempt to rise, and swooned off into a dead faint.

Tommy and I carried him into his own bedroom.

He made a pitiful effort to smile. "Run 'long, Ruthie . . . . I'll be a'right in the mornin' . . . . We'll pos'pone our weddin' till—then."

"What's the matter, Dad? Where does it hurt you?" Tommy had dropped on his knees, his face close above his father's.

"M' back." Law closed his eyes and a twinge of pain passed over his face. "Get Causland when you can."

"Get Causland when you can." Those words of Law's were to give me my first dim comprehension of the meaning of life to a Puget Sound island pioneer of '83. Causland was the one doctor within a hundred miles.

Ruth made breakfast in the morning and cleaned up the kitchen. I helped her carry a tray to Law.

"Mr. Law," she repeated, lifting her clear, bell-like voice, for he appeared asleep. "Have some coffee, Mr. Law?" Slowly his eyes opened; he shook his head [*Turn to page 92*]

IT WAS HERE TOMMY FOUND US . . . . "IT'S TURBLE—TURBLE." HE LEANED AGAINST THE WALL, TREMBLING LIKE A FRIGHTENED CHILD. "DOC. CAUSLAND THINKS MEBBE DAD'S BACK'S GONE—MEBBE HE WON'T EVER WALK NO MORE!"

THE GROCERYMAN, DESERTING HIS BUSY STORE, WENT TO KANSAS CITY AND LEFT HIS DAUGHTER WITH HER MOTHER

One of the great epics of our times—this novel which is bringing God into the intimate life of every American who is reading it.

GOD and the GROCERYMAN

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

JOHN SAXTON, confidential agent of Dan Matthews, is sent to Westover to perfect an experiment in social and religious unity. There he influenced Joe Paddock, the Groceryman, whose wife was carrying on an affair with Edward Astell and whose daughter was involved in the accidental death of Harry Winton, son of Paddock's friend. A small group, stirred by ministerial lassitude, meet with Saxton and listen to the unfolding of his plan.

WHEN Jack Ellory talked to Grandpa Paddock that afternoon, about his hopes for a home with all that the word implies, he had been very much in earnest. Men of his stamp are not generally given to talking about such things, but he was really in a state of mind over the affair in the woods and Grandpa had made it easy for him to speak.

Jack's love for Georgia had come as a natural, almost unnoticed development of their childhood intimacy. As he had passed from early childhood into adolescence and from youth to full manhood, his feeling for his little girl playmate had changed from childhood affection to the fully matured love of a man for his mate.

But with the slow and natural development of this mating love, young Ellory had been subjected to all the influences which operate to form those unwholesome conceptions of life which so sadly characterize our modern youth. With his physical development and the changing quality of his love for this girl had come a mental development—had come views, mental attitudes, habits of thought, contacts, experiences. As he gained knowledge of the ways of men and women, he acquired that cynical disbelief in womanly virtue which is the seed of racial degeneracy. Almost before he knew the *quality* of his love for Georgia, he was *afraid* to believe in her as a man must of necessity believe in his mate. The instinct of self protection led him to defend himself against his developing love. He felt instinctively that if Georgia was what his set commonly assumed all women to be, he must not permit himself to think of her as his wife. The same instinct operated in all his association with this girl, to protect her from that which he feared by guarding her even against himself.

Then came that incident in the woods. Because the girl had been strong enough to resist him, his doubt of her had been swept away; his love had triumphed over his fears and

became the dominant thing in his life. But with this awakening had come realization that the girl, in her love had been subjected to the same forces which had inhibited him. The very incident, which had convinced Jack that Georgia was *not* "like all the others," had brought with his awakened love for her a new fear. *He feared, now, that her doubt of him had been so confirmed that she would not dare accept him.*

Then Grandpa's visit had brought relief and in answer to Georgia's call he had hurried to her in the spirit of one who loves and is loved, and who in his love has found realization of his best ideals and fulfillment of his fondest dreams.

He had been shocked by the girl's greeting, but his mood had served to carry him on to the declaration of his love. The utter recklessness and apparent lack of decent love ideals in her answer to his proposal had crashed all his awakened hopes but his old habit of instinctively protecting her had caused him to yield to her mood and to go with her that night. And yet, even under the shock of his disappointment and his reawakened fears, he seemed to sense that the girl's desperate recklessness was a result of some experience of which she could not speak. He felt that the girl needed him—that in her state of mind she was not safe without him. His instinct to protect the woman he loved was strong enough to cause him to act for her, even while his hopes were apparently destroyed by the nature of her refusal of his proposal.

With the news of the tragic results of that wild party came afterthoughts of Georgia's apparent surrender to the standards which prevailed among their set. Even had he known that the girl would accept him now, he would not have dared ask her again to marry him.

Did he still love her? Yes, he admitted to himself he did. And that, he added to himself, was the worst of it. Had he not loved her as he did, he could have enjoyed making the most of the opportunities offered by her abandonment of those standards which had, so far, protected them. But Jack Ellory's love for Georgia was not the kind of love which would permit him to accept her reckless offer of herself. He wanted her for a wife, not a mistress. Because he might have her for a mistress made it impossible for him to ask her to be his wife. Because he loved her as his wife made it as impossible for him to take her as his mistress.

And yet, while sober thought compelled him to accept her refusal as final, he still could not accept the situation. He felt baffled. He sensed something behind the apparent facts. The conviction that she loved him persisted. He felt that there was a reason for her refusal which he must know, and that he could not surrender all hope until he had seen her again. He must know why she had so changed from the girl who had withstood him, that afternoon in the woods, to the girl who had offered herself to him, the night of that wild party.

He sent a little note to her asking if she would see him.

The answer came—a pitiful, broken-hearted letter, but so final that he was compelled to accept it as the end.

MRS. PADDOCK had lied to her husband that morning when she told him that their daughter was sleeping. She had talked with the girl in her room—had begged her to keep silent about the Astell affair and Georgia had promised to say nothing more about it because she was indifferent now to anything that might happen. All her love hopes, which Grandma had built up for her, were gone. She realized that in refusing Jack, as she had, she had destroyed his belief in her, without which their happiness was impossible. Nothing now mattered. While the groceryman and his wife were miserably pretending over their breakfast, their daughter was lying in her bed—staring wide-eyed at the ceiling—trying not to think—trying not to feel.

But when the girl's father came to her later and she saw that he knew about Astell, her love for him stirred her sympathies. The tragedy of her own love drove her very close to him in the tragedy of his love. And then, when she understood that to protect her, to save her mother, and their home, her father would endure his shame in silence and pretend not to know, she realized that she must help him. For her mother she would do nothing. She cared as little for what might happen to her mother as she cared for what might happen to herself. Why, she asked herself, *should* she care? But for her father—her "pal"—her dear old groceryman daddy—she would play the game. They had not played together lately as they used to do. It would be her part to re-establish their old comradeship. He needed her even as she needed him.

During the days which followed, when the community interest in Harry Winton's death and funeral was at its height, the girl did not leave the house. She refused to see anyone except her parents. Had it not been for her father's dependence upon her, the situation would have been intolerable. In this crisis, through which the groceryman and his daughter were passing, it was their loving companionship which saved them both.

Then the groceryman, deserting his busy store, went to Kansas City, and left his daughter alone with her mother. The girl did not know why he had gone. With only the companionship of her mother, the days dragged miserably. Mrs. Paddock scarcely spoke to her, and was absent from the house most of the time—Georgia did not know where. The girl's attitude toward her mother bordered on a contemptuous indifference.

Then, one morning, a telegram came. The groceryman would return home the following day. Mrs. Paddock, without comment, handed the message to her daughter. The girl read it silently. After waiting in vain for Georgia to speak, the mother asked uneasily: "Have you any idea why your father went to Kansas City?"

The girl shook her head. "No."

Mrs. Paddock, watching her daughter closely, said: "It is strange that Henry Winton, Ed Jones, Judge Burnes, and Mayor Riley should all go with him—and that their wives know no more about it than I."

The girl made no reply.

"Your father used to talk with me about his affairs," complained the older woman. "He evidently thinks I am not to be trusted," added Mrs. Paddock bitterly.

"For heaven's sake, say something," cried the mother, "you sit there like a graven image!"

"I am sorry," returned Georgia calmly, "but there doesn't seem to be anything for me to say. You surely can't expect me to sympathize with you because Father does not trust you?"

At this, Mrs. Paddock was silent for some time and the girl could see that she was debating some question in her own mind. Then, hesitatingly, as if reaching a doubtful conclusion, she said: "Mary Winton asked me to spend the day with her. She is lonely and wants me to drive out to their old home. I shall be away until dinner time this evening. Why don't you run out to the farm for the day? It will be good for you. You can't spend the rest of your life shut up here in this house."

The girl felt a sudden longing to see her grandparents. She saw that for some reason her mother wanted her to go. She hesitated a brief moment, then answered with sudden decision that she would spend the day in the country.

A half hour later Georgia bade her mother a perfunctory good-by and went to the garage for the car. She looked at the indicator on the gasoline tank, consulted the oil gage, saw that there was water in the radiator and was about to step into the car when she remembered an article in the last issue of a magazine which she had thought Grandpa would enjoy.

Returning to the house and entering through the kitchen, she was just in time to hear her mother's voice at the telephone.

"No, he is still in Kansas City. I have a telegram that he will return home tomorrow . . . . . Of course not—she has gone to spend the day at the farm . . . . . No, no, you can't come this forenoon . . . . . No, I must go down town—I am sorry, but I *must* . . . . . Oh, Edward, you know better . . . . . Yes—yes—this afternoon . . . . . "

Georgia went back through the kitchen, and out to the garage.

What should she do? It was evident that her mother had deliberately planned for this meeting with Astell. If her mother continued to see him—if she even saw him once more—the situation might easily develop beyond the point where it would be possible to avert irretrievable disaster. For her father's sake, if not for her mother's, she must do something.

Mechanically she stepped into the car and started the motor.

BUT FOR HER FATHER—SHE WOULD PLAY THE GAME

As the girl turned into the street from the driveway and passed the house, Mrs. Paddock appeared on the porch. Half way down the block the girl glanced back and saw her mother leaving the house.

Still with no definite plan, but feeling that she must do something, Georgia drove around a few blocks and returned to the garage.

Re-entering the house, she moved nervously about the living room, then with a sudden desperate resolution, she went to the 'phone and called Astell's number.

When the answer came she said hurriedly, in a voice which might easily be mistaken for her mother's carefully cultured tones: "I have changed my mind Edward—I'm not going out this morning after all . . . . . Yes—yes—oh, wonderful . . . . . Come at ten . . . . . Yes—yes—and leave your car somewhere a block or two away."

In her room upstairs, the girl watched from a window which gave a view of the street in front of the house. Would her mother or Astell arrive first?

It was half past nine when Mrs. Paddock returned to her home.

The girl, listening at her door which she had set ajar, heard her mother come up the stairs and go to her room.

Fifteen minutes later she saw Astell coming up the street.

Quietly, she stole from her room and down the stairs. Careful to make no sound, she opened the front door.

GEORGIA was right in thinking that her mother had not seen Astell since that meeting which she had witnessed. The truth is that Mrs. Paddock had not arranged *this* interview from any real desire to be with the man. She was not capable of a passion strong enough to drive her to such risk.

The groceryman's wife had been terribly frightened by her daughter's arraignment and was still afraid. She bitterly resented her daughter's discovery of her conduct. As she saw the old companionship between her husband and her daughter being re-established and, with some reason perhaps, felt herself left out and, to a degree, ignored, the situation for her, too, became almost unbearable. She [*Turn to page 63*]

The Man with the Black Patch
faces his greatest danger — and from a mosquito!

The NOSE of the ANOPHELE

BY FRANK E. VERNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DALTON STEVENS

A BROWN faced man with a patch of faded black silk over his left eye, and a gleam of cobalt in his right, sat in a Roorkee chair under a shelter of green elm branches, and explained to three Bantu Tribes that the Law was the Law, and the Word the Word, and that That was That. And three Head-Men and three semi-circles of squatting Elders cupped their palms in unison, and inclined their black bodies in conventional assent to the Principles of Rule and Right. "Bwana" nodded the three Head-Men in polite regard for the personality of the lean figure in tattered "shorts" and shirt of khaki, who talked straight, and flicked flies from mahogany knees and arms, with an ivory handled, giraffe tailed switch that was the gift of their Paramount Chief.

"EVEN THE WORD OF HE - WHO - SEES - ONCE - BUT - STRIKES - HARD HAS BEEN BROKEN."

But the grey bearded senior of the three, who wore at his breast a telegraph china, suspended on a necklace of copper wire, and ruled a valley as big as five American states, voiced the doubt that was in their minds, and the faith that had left their hearts.

"The Merana is wrong; it was once as he has spoken, but is so no longer. The Word is no longer The Word, and The Law is no more. There is anger amongst my People, and they will have no more of such a Law. Even the word of HE-WHO-SEES-ONCE-BUT-STRIKES-HARD has been broken. It is enough."

Once again spoke the cupped hands of the assembly.

"Siliandu," quietly commanded the man with the black patch, "let your sons be brought forward that they may speak with their own lips of these things which thou allege against the Doctor Bwana."

A dozen voices broke from the squatting Elders, and three young men arose from a group of women and tribesmen seated in the bush on the edge of the clearing, staggered forward within a respectful distance of the white Merana, subsided on their haunches, and clapped their palms in salutation.

"Alemba," to a tall native in the indigo linen shirt, leather belt and red fez of the Administration—"tell 'em to come closer."

At the foot of his chair, the man with the black patch examined the youths. Their black skin was dull and grey mottled, their muscles flabby and shrunken, their eyes those of the dead. On the arms of each were marks of careless hypodermic injections, which had festered like all unsterilized wounds in the bush.

The story they told was simple, but the tired lines around that one keen eye smoothed out as if under an iron, as he listened.

The Doctor Bwana whom they had served at the bidding of HE-WHO-SEES-ONCE-BUT STRIKES-HARD had done these things.

The Doctor Bwana was a distinguished scientist who had appeared in the last dry season with a research outfit, and the approval of the Administration, to enquire into the origin of certain tropical diseases.

The labor he brought with him from over the border had deserted, and for some elusive reason, replacements were not forthcoming, even for generous bribes.

Then appeared the man with the black patch, who came with the dry season and drove the lions from their villages and herds, and distributed large quantities of fresh meat; and was a man whose Word was as sure and impartial as the day's sun. He laughed away primitive prejudice and distrust, and by virtue of his own reputation, and pledge of the distant Rule, prevailed upon the Head-Men of the Tribes, to bring in their young and intelligent men to serve the Doctor Bwana so that he might not want for food, labor and shelter, and fuel. Loyally they served him, transporting his kit from place to place; building him grass huts; bringing milk and eggs, and meat; carrying loads to and from rail head, two hundred miles away; and trapping live game for his experiments. But when the rains came, and HE-WHO-SEES-ONCE-BUT-STRIKES-

HARD was long away from the valley, the Doctor Bwana had done strange things to his servants, which had taken the sap from their bodies, and caused some to die.

HE-WHO-SEES-ONCE-BUT-STRIKES-HARD took a cigarette from a gold case, and lied for the honor of his race, and of men who rule large areas and many peoples with nothing but truth and impartiality.

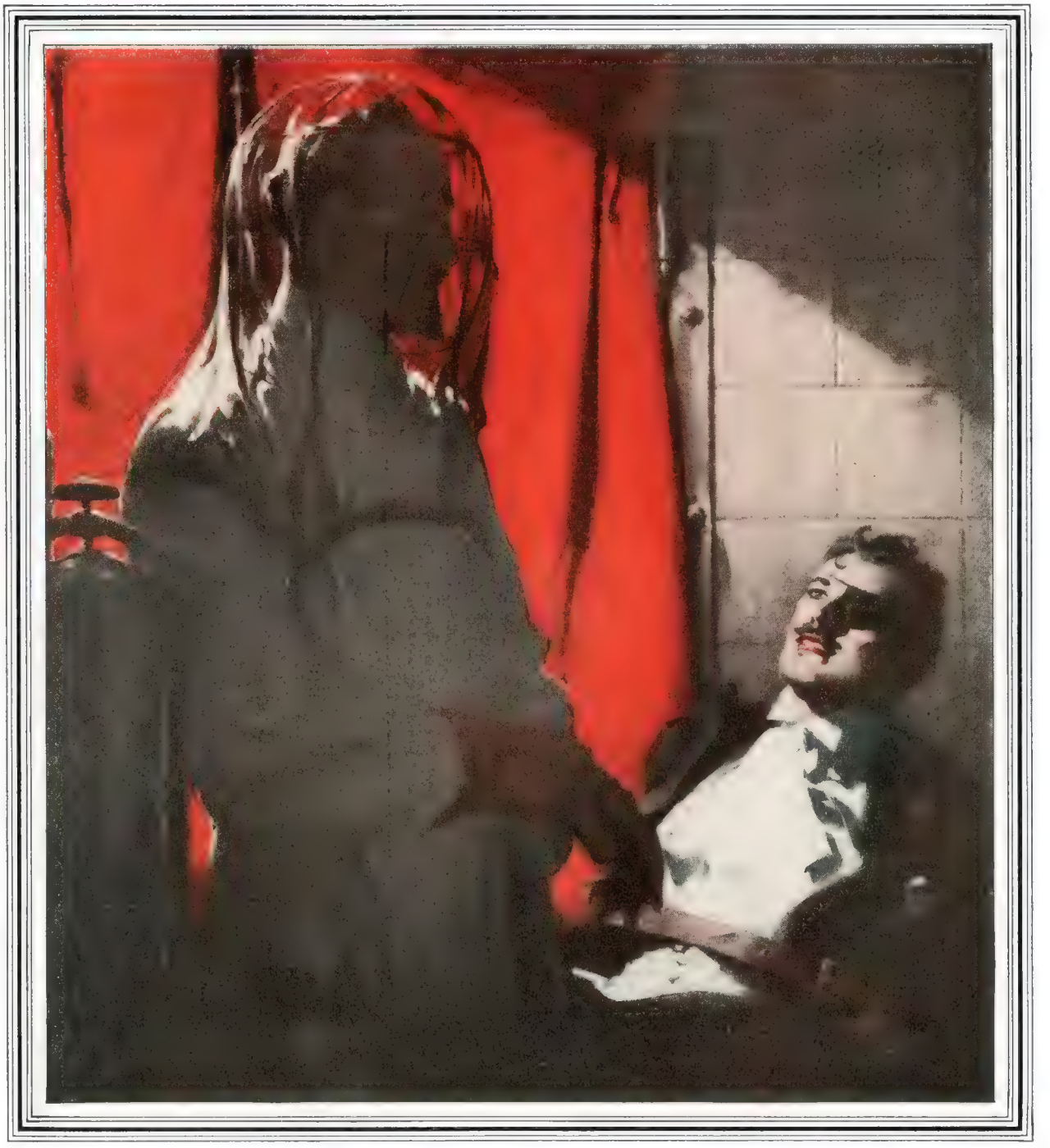
"Chiefs," he said, "your people are children of no understanding. They who served the Doctor Bwana became afflicted with the Sleeping Sickness, and the Doctor Bwana did but try to cure them."

"Merena," answered the leader, "thou speakest truth: my people are but children. But in this the Bwana is deceived. We have not been into the Belt, and my people were well until the Doctor Bwana pierced their skins with the bright weapon. When one of my people kills a man, it is called murder by the Administration. And the District Bwana comes with messengers and many questions, and the man who did the killing is hanged. It is the Law. We do not resist. The Doctor Bwana with the Evil Eye and the strange skin weapons, kills three of my people, and gives many a strange sickness, and goes away in peace. Is that also the Law?"

The burnt faced man with the black patch gently waved his fly switch and his eye roved steadily along the ranks in front of him.

"Listen ye," he drawled quietly, "The Law is The Law, and The Word is The Word for all. You have said that when a man dies violently among ye, the Commissioner Bwana visits you with questions. Does he hang the accused without giving him opportunity of speaking in his defense?" The cupped hands of the assembly conceded the point.

"At sunrise my *Ulendo* will march in the spoor of the Doctor Bwana; to Livingstone, and along the iron rails to the sea; and across the seas to a far country. By the time the rains are over I shall be back, or will send ye a message through the Resident Bwana. If the Doctor Bwana has done as ye believe, he shall pay as surely as one of ye who murders. If the Doctor Bwana has but tried to cure disease, then ye shall chastise your peoples for fools and children. Thus shall ye know that the Law is the Law, and The Word is The Word. Go and tell your people the things I have spoken, and hold them from foolish acts."



"So Those Are Your Six Cylinder Mosquitoes, What! . . . They Seem To Be Sparkin' All Right!"

Ten days later, a *Ulendo* of thirty naked Barotse carriers followed a lean sunburnt man in khaki shorts, faded eye patch, and a double *Terai* hat out of the bush into the baked streets of Livingstone, and wound its way to the compound of the Native Commissioner, where it stacked its loads of camp and shooting equipment which it had borne on its own flat feet across two hundred miles of trackless forest and plain.

And while Alemba, the tall native in the blue shirt and red fez of the Administration, issued rations and instructions in fulfilment of his duties as head of the *Ulendo*, his leader, entered the bungalow and a full-size bath and in due course, a fine featured Commissioner looked over the edge of an ice floed glass at a perfectly cut dinner suit containing a man with a new and gleaming patch of black silk on his left eye, and a gay smile on his deeply burned face, and listened to the secret of the unrest in the Barotse valley.

"It is maddening," pronounced the Commissioner. "This is the first trouble we have had in the whole country since the Administration took over, and stopped the tribes fighting against each other. Davis, the R. M., reports that Siliandu has refused to let his people pay Poll tax, and is stopping labor on the cart road that we are scuffling from Monkoyu to the Zambesi; and has told the Paramount Chief to go to the deuce. If we use force the work of twenty years will be undone, and if we don't use force, Rule will become a farce."

"In fact," commented the man with the Black Patch, "this Research bloke an' his little old experiments have put a perfectly good Administration up a perfectly good and adhesive gum tree."

The Commissioner smiled briefly. "The situation will be dealt with all right, Lord Locheven, but it will mean bloodshed and retrogression; and we do not like either. They are bad government."

"An' when shall you start to blood and retrogress?"

"A report has gone in to the Administrator and been referred home. The country will be closed down for a few months and then we shall get the order to march in and teach the unfortunate tribes that an Order's an Order; and in the meantime the swine who caused it will go scot free. There seems no doubt that he really has been monkeying with those poor devils, but it's difficult to prove and not much good if it is proved. He's a tremendous swell in the scientific world and New York's a deuce of a long way from the Zambesi."

"I've a notion, sir," said Even, "that in the matter of distance the map is doin' a bit of exaggeration, but I'll let you know when I get there."

"Are you going to New York?" asked the Commissioner. "I thought you had been recalled from leave!"

"As a matter of 'fact I'm just tricklin' across to see a rather attractive little bit of fluff, sir."

The Commissioner smiled.

"By the way," Even added, "if you should get a cable from me, let old Siliandu have it in detail at once; it might help."

THE over shaded interior of the Four Hundred club was discreetly alive with jazz music, champagne, and determined pleasure seekers. On one of the crowded velvet benches that run the length of the wall tables, and facing the dance floor, sat a man whose heavily sunburned skin was so noticeably in contrast with any other in the place that not one of its two hundred occupants could fail to notice him. He wore a neat patch of black silk over his left eye, immaculate evening clothes, and a spontaneous gaiety that caused many a feminine glance to stray and linger in his direction.

"Dancy," remarked the girl at his side, "stop making eyes at that red-haired creature with the Professor."

"It isn't red, it's copper—an' who's the Professor?"

"It's not copper, it's henna, and the deuce with the Professor."

"A bit vital tonight aren't you, Billie? An' what's the Professor bird done to New York's *première danseuse?*"

She laughed, a little shrilly. "Dancy, you are an awful fool, but decent, and it is good to have you back here again. Cut out the Professor and his latest flame, and tell me what you have been doing with yourself all this long time."

"Dancin' an' pickin' daisies an' what not, an' thinkin' about you."

"Idiot, you'll never be serious," she complained. "I can never make you out."

"That's very unoriginal for you, Billie," interrupted a newcomer, "I've heard women say that to him in every capital in Europe."

"Hallo, *Mr.* Vansittart. There's such a terrific crowd I didn't see you."

"Rosie, me lad, sit down. I was just wonderin' where you'd got to."

The girl rose to her feet as the band began. "I must leave you two boys for a while, and dance with some of my party."

"Rosie, Old Son," said Dancing Even as the girl departed, "when you're thirty odd years of age, an' your hair's gettin' thin, an' your eyes don't fit as well as they used to, there's somethin' very comfortin' in bein' called a boy. In fact it's a pity she didn't go the limit, call us babies, an' cheer us up for the next week."

Vansittart grinned. "I expect that's what the Professor thinks of Billie's figurative language—if he's human enough. But you do get a move on. Here am I by way of putting you wise about the said Professor, and I find you well away with his latest flame."

"That's amusin', Rosie. In that case who's the attractive lookin' bit of fluff sittin' with him over there?"

Vansittart stared. "That's surprising. It's his wife. They seem to be having supper with old Stoneman, the new Navy Secretary."

"The Professor seems to profess in distinguished circles, but I like the looks of his misses. Useful dancer, I should think."

"The Professor himself is the distinguished circle," said Vansittart drily. "International distinction at his job, plus a wealthy marriage and the 'push' of the devil did the trick. I know it's not much use asking you what is your interest in the Professor, but in case you don't know it, you are up against a very hard case, [*Turn to page 85*]

"Yes, He Loved Me, But See, I Will Not Take His Money . . . . I Would Rather Starve"

TARBAU—A TRUE STORY

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

A DESCENDANT of French cavaliers and American Indians, a romantic adventurer, and a professional gambler—that was Frank Tarbau, a man whom Sir Gilbert Parker met in the United States and later in Australia. There Tarbau fell in love with Alice Rahlo, who returned his love. But Tarbau, realizing he could never make her happy, broke with her and sailed for England where he continued his gambling. Sir Gilbert next met him in Paris, where he learned that Tarbau had been jailed in England, but escaped to Cape Town in Africa. Several private detectives had assaulted him there, but he escaped when Molly Melsham, an actress friend, tricked his captors. Later he was found and returned to England, serving two years in Pentonville. Alice Rahlo has never forgotten Tarbau even though she married Simeon Drew and is now in Paris where Tarbau is to meet her at her request.

DREW entered the room. He was a man one could look at twice. He had not very distinguished bearing, yet he gave a sense of power and commercial genius. His eye was clear, his forehead had not a wrinkle, and his mouth had a touch of humor. I liked him and I thought Alice a very fortunate girl. He looked me straight in the eyes, he seemed to read me, and I had instant respect for him.

"We've been having a long talk over old times," said Alice brightly, and he shook my hand warmly.

"Alice's old friends are welcome," he said in no affectation. He turned and smiled at her, and his smile almost made him good-looking. It certainly gave him charm of manner.

"I've read some of your books," he said. "Alice made me. I only read history, travel and biography as a rule, but I had a good time with your novels. You seem to have a grasp of life—and women."

I looked at Alice and in my look was the baffling thing, doubt. Then I said to him: "It isn't easy to understand any woman, however long you live with her. No two women are alike, and no woman really knows herself."

Alice spoke then. "That's the truest thing you ever said. Put it in your next book." Then she added: "Sim, he's seen Frank Tarbau in Paris—saw him yesterday. I want to see him, too. He's a remarkable man."

Drew nodded. "No reason why you shouldn't—where is he staying?" he said to me.

"I don't know. He was telling me such interesting things about himself that I forgot to ask him. But he knows where I am, and if he sees your names—and he is sure to do so—he'll make himself known. He's a gambler, you know."

Drew nodded. "Yes, I know. Most of us gamble even if we don't do it professionally, and I don't quite see the difference. I don't mind a professional gambler, if he don't cheat deliberately, if he wins by skill and memory."

"I'd add sight as well as those two," I responded, remembering Tarbau's skill in reading cards.

"Yes, sight, too—quick sight. But anyhow, I'd like to meet Tarbau, and if he comes he'll be welcome. I treat my wife's friends as if they were my own."

"So, I see, and that's the sign of a good husband. The great thing is to trust a woman. If she wants to deceive you she will, no matter what you do."

"That's good sense anyhow, isn't it Alice?" he said to his wife.

"It's one of two sensible things about women he's said today."

Drew laughed and put an arm around his wife. "Yes, I trust you, Alice. I know you're not going to deceive me. If you did—"

I saw his hand clench, and I realized the innate mercilessness of a man who, giving his faith, is betrayed. He did not finish the sentence, but stood still till the thought had passed him; then he was his old cheerful self again. I

watched Alice's face, and I saw a look half fear, half surprise, come into her eyes. Her husband was being revealed to her. We were all silent for an instant; then I said:

"Will you not forego formality and dine with us tomorrow at the Vendôme? You will have a warm welcome. My wife is as hospitable to my friends as Mr. Drew is to his wife's friends."

Drew looked at his wife enquiringly, and she at once nodded her head. "I'm for it. I want to meet your wife."

At dinner the next night I think my wife liked Alice less than Alice liked her, but she liked Drew immensely.

"Roughish diamond, but a diamond," she said afterwards with conviction. "I wouldn't like to deceive him, though. He'd be as hard as nails. It's a flaw in a fine character."

I shrugged a shoulder. "It's not a flaw. It shows he's 'right stuff.' If a man trusts a woman and she betrays him, she ought to be treated hard."

I did not quite mean this—I wanted to hear what she would say. She flashed on me with bitter irony.

"That's like a man. If a woman betrays him, hit her 'cruel,' but let a man down easy!"

I smiled. "You're a very astute young woman, but you've still much to learn in this bad world. Tell me, from down deep in your heart, what do you think of Alice Drew?"

"She loves another man today more than she loves her husband, but she doesn't know it. She's not awake yet. Don't you see it in her eyes? She's a dreamer, and this is bad for a woman. To tell the truth, I hope she won't meet Frank Tarbau in Paris."

I shook my head. "I think she will, and there'll be the dickens to pay. Tell me, do you think Alice is in love with her husband?"

She did not hesitate. "She loves him, but not enough. Her mind, in spite of herself, dwells on Frank Tarbau, and anything may happen."

Just then a servant entered with a telegram. It was from Frank Tarbau. It said, *"She is here."* There was nothing more than that, but it was enough. I handed it to my wife. She put it down with a sigh.

"Poor girl! Poor girl!" she said. "If she were only awake! But she's half-asleep, dreaming."

"Won't you talk to her?" I asked with some anxiety.

"*I* talk to her—to a stranger? What are you thinking about? On so intimate a matter after one night's acquaintance!" She lifted up my head and looked into my eyes. "I talk to her, and be slapped in the face for my pains? Don't be a fool, dear man. Oh, if she only had a child!" she added with sorrow in her eyes.

THREE days later I met Tarbau in the Place de L'Opéra. He was smiling and composed.

"I had your wire, Tarbau," I said. "It did not surprise me. Have you talked with Alice?"

He gave a soft chuckle. "I've seen her twice and she's more wonderful than ever. She's a lady for the high places, a bird of Paradise. I like her husband, too. He can do things. She's lucky—not luckier than she deserves. Yes, Drew is a topnotcher, a steeple on the church. He treated me A1."

"He knows you are a gambler, but he doesn't know you used to make love to his wife. Is it fair to be friends after what's happened?"

"That's his lookout. They know I've been gaoled, and badly treated, and as for my courting of Alice, does it matter?"

I shook my head. "It would matter much to Drew. If he knew you'd been her lover, do you think you'd have such freedom?"

Tarbau shook his head. "Mebbe not—mebbe not! But if she ain't goin' to tell him I ain't, you can bet your boots. She's a dream-woman, she is—I've never met one like her."

"Not even the little Creole widow up the Champs Elysées, eh? Do you think Mrs. Drew knows about that?" I wondered if Alice had given any sign.

"If she did it wouldn't matter, for she's miles above the widow. Why, the little widow is just plain good business, that's all—a refuge for the weary. Make a first-class wife for a man wanting to turn over a new leaf, bright and well-dressed and full of Bohemianism, but not a lady after the sort of Mrs. Drew. Not much. I could marry the widow and not feel I'd shame her. I couldn't have done that with Alice Rahlo, as you know. And I didn't when I could. I played fair, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, and please play fair now. If you played fair you'd never see her again. Is it right to accept Drew's hospitality and then abuse his home?"

"Say, abusing, nothing! I'm running straight. If he can't keep his wife's love, it's his own fault. If he fails, why should I mourn? Besides, I'll not take from him anything he's ever had. She loves him in a kind of way—and let it go at that."

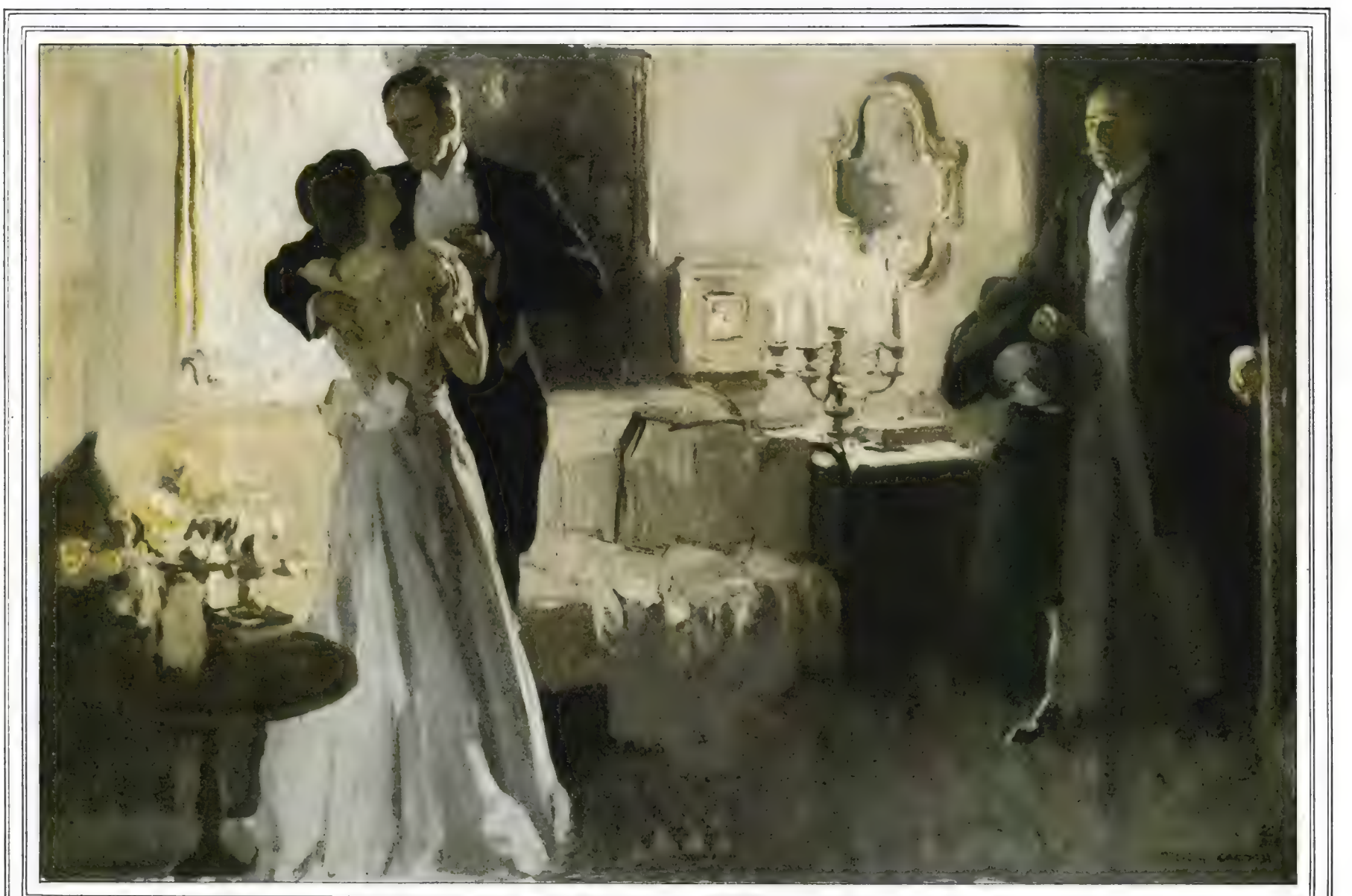
"But that's the worst kind of reasoning. Is it fair to her? Suppose he finds his wife cares for you, don't you see how cruel it would be? He'd never forgive her. He looks amiable, but there's brutality in him, and I wouldn't risk it—for her sake!"

He was silent for a moment, as though my arguments moved him. Then he said: "If it was meant she and I should care for each other, and I think it was, why shouldn't Fate have its way? But what you've said is powerful, and I'll think it over." He stopped and stayed silent for a moment, then added: "I wouldn't hurt her, not by a hair's breadth if I could help it; but am I going to hurt her? I don't think so. I'm going to take only what I've had ever since New Zealand, and no more—no more at all. Where's the harm—where's the harm, boy? If we can't hide it from him, we ain't fit to live—and we'll deserve the worst."

"If I thought harm would come to Alice through you, it would be my duty to tell Drew the truth. And perhaps I shall."

An ugly look came into Tarbau's face. "Then your wife will be a widow, that's all."

"Tarbau, I can look out for myself, and I have no fear of you." I laughed. "Instead of my writing your life you'd go to your little long home, and what good would that do! Besides, it would shock Alice. I won't promise that I'll not tell Drew. I believe you'll study it out and take my view, as you did on the way from New Zealand. You played the game like a gentleman there." [*Turn to page 73*]



SHE SAID QUITE DELIBERATELY: "IT ENDED IN SHAME AND TRAGEDY." "SHAME!" I SAID AGHAST. "THE TRUTH WILL NEVER BE TOLD BUT HE CAUGHT ME IN TARBAU'S ARMS, WITH MY LIPS TO HIS, AND SO HE FELL—HIS HEART WAS WRONG."

The Story of Frances Hodgson Burnett

"DEAREST"

BY VIVIAN BURNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

. . . . Sleeping Golden-Headed Boys, Empty Ice-Cream Saucers Before Them

The boy who was really "Little Lord Fauntleroy" here writes the story of the woman who was really "Dearest"— his mother. No lovelier epic of the love of mother and son was ever penned than this appealing story of Frances Hodgson Burnett by her son, Vivian Burnett.

AND because her "object was remuneration"—because she was not a vain little girl hoping to have a literary effusion put into print by a magazine, she did a thing astounding in a beginner—she asked for the return of her first offering. She did not know what prices favorably-minded editors might pay for stories they liked, but she intended to be paid something.

Rather amusing round-about methods had been devised for receiving the manuscript back without any of the family knowing. A friend in Knoxville *loaned* his address and agreed to keep the young conspirator informed of the arrival of any mail. And mail did arrive; not a bulky package illuminated with a row of stamps (representing hard earned return postage) but a letter, and it was excitedly torn open and read. The little girl scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry, for the letter presented a problem. It neither accepted nor rejected the manuscript. It commented on the length of the story and made one or two minor criticisms. In all it seemed a letter of approval, but it did not say anything about *remuneration.*

After considering for a while, the Small Person decided that in some way the tone of the letter was influenced by this matter of remuneration. After thinking about the matter for several days she wrote and asked to have the story returned.

Courage, however, was much higher than before. At least, the first editor had not considered her story bad; and so, when received, it was promptly forwarded to another editor—this time to *Godey's Lady's Book.* If the waiting for the response from the first sending was exciting—and attended with a mixture of exhilaration and despair—even more so was this second waiting. But finally, another letter.

"Sir" (she was immensely edified at being called Sir.) "Your story, 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties,' is so distinctly English that our reader is not sure of its having been written by an American. We see that the name given us for the address is not that of the writer. Will you kindly inform us if the story is original? Yours truly, etc."

This was the communication in effect, if not the exact wording.

Frances, of course, replied by the next mail, saying, "The story is original. I am English myself, and have been only a short time in America."

The Editor countered, "Before we decide will you send us another story?"

The Small Person went up to the raftered room positively trembling with joy and excitement. The editor did not believe she had written her own story. He would not believe it until she wrote another. He would see! She would show him!

She was strung up to the highest and intensest pitch. The story was good to her . . . In three days the new story was finished. It was shorter than "Miss Desborough," but she knew it was as good, and that the editor would see it was written by the same hand. But she made it an American story without a touch of English coloring.

She did not have to wait so long this time for the answering letter. Standing by a table in the bare little room, the Small Person opened it with quivering hands, while Mamma and Edith looked tremblingly on.

She read it, rather weakly, aloud:

"Sir: We have decided to accept your two stories, and enclose payment. Fifteen dollars for 'Aces or Clubs' and twenty dollars for 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties.' We shall be glad to hear from you again. Yours truly, etc."

And to make the situation just like a story book or a play, at this point in walked one of the boys. Overcome with a sudden and unaccountable shyness, the Successful Authoress took him out on the porch and confessed her crime to him.

"And he has accepted them both," she finished, "and sent me thirty-five dollars,"—exhibiting the check.

He took the check, looked at it and then, like a good English male, remarked, "Well, by jove, that's first class, isn't it?"

"Hearts and Diamonds" was published in June, 1868, and "Miss Carruther's Engagement" in October—these being the actual titles of the first two stories as they appeared.

A faculty that could so easily earn thirty-five dollars for the family exchequer would not, of course, allow itself to repose idly upon the luxurious cushion of accomplishment. Among the yellowed papers surviving from those early writing days, one, rather curiously, is preserved and gives an unexpected revelation of what was going on in the mind of this Small Person. It is a letter to Swan Burnett, whom at this period, she was calling "Jerome." Though it must have been rather long, only a couple of pages remain, written with a fine pen in her clear, clean-cut, though angular hand. It dates somewhat later than the acceptance [*Turn to page 79*]

Frances Hodgson About The Time Of Her Marriage And Vivian, Her Second Son

College Proms!
Does "the new freedom"
which pervades the annual June
festivities indicate a profound
change in the moral outlook of
our American students?

THE FLAPPER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

BY H. E. CHARLOT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HELD, JR.

"WHY, JUST TONIGHT I GOT TWICE AROUND THE FLOOR WITH CASEY"

A FEELING of being actually in the midst of college festivities did not come, really, until the dinner parties began to break up. Already there had been animation, gaiety; but now the air was big with that sense of impending festivity so dear to us all. Everyone felt the nearness and certainty of long awaited celebration. It must have been the same excited tremor that swept through Roman streets before a Bacchanalian festival or, not so long ago, hung above the city of New Orleans at dusk on the first night of *Mardi Gras*.

We were in a club which may as well be called, for the sake of anonymity, the "Bowl and Spoon." Its dining room was like that of a small hotel, with individual tables and colored waiters; although there was a more intimate, country club air about it. At our table, strewn now with napkins, nut shells and cigarettes, I was the only outsider —outsider, that is, in not being of the college world. The others, decidedly insiders, were two débutantes, a lovely young person from Wellesley, and three members of this club—one of whom had distinguished himself greatly that afternoon by knocking a "three bagger" in the game against Harvard. He was called "Casey" because he had once struck out under conditions similar to those described by the immortal bard. It was the Wellesley girl who interested me, however, both because of the perfection and pinkness of her ears and for the artificial indifference of her manner. I wanted to get into conversation with her—not mere polite twittering but actual conversation.

For I had come to look and to listen. It had occurred to me how one might extend the test of "knowing a man by his pleasures" to the colleges and infer that the festive week-end or "prom" was a more certain criterion of undergraduate life than any to be got from lecture halls. At least the prom afforded the best opportunity for a quick glance at the most youthful side of college life—the only side, really, which is entirely, in fact as well as theory, the handiwork of undergraduates.

I had not expected to have a very good time. It is interesting but not altogether painless to be a mere spectator of pleasure. There had arisen the first difficulty; to know just what point of view to adopt, in what exact spot to stand to do all this watching. The young undergraduate was the host. The promenade was his party, of course, but it was not by his reaction that the party would be adjudged a glory or a failure, a "large time" or a "complete flop." The real judge was Her Honor, the "prom girl." True, a mother, aunt, sister might be a mere guest; but the guest of honor, the queen of the fête was the prom girl. So I had come to a determination to see my proms, wherever possible, through her eyes. There would be, I knew, numbers of her to be casually met—from débutantes, college girls, "sub-debs" to chorus ladies and trapeze performers. To meet her is, of course, what "stags" go to proms for. But just casually meeting her wouldn't be, of itself, very enlightening. For casual questions get casual, meaningless answers.

Much of this had been apprehended, and feared, from the very beginning. Even, at first, it had seemed best to send an emissary. In the end I found a charming acquaintance of eighteen who had attended only four college promenades. But—she had a "sort of tentative engagement" for the following week-end. For just what prom did I ask her to throw it over. I explained that it had seemed to me a nice compliment to one's country to give precedence, in an investigation of this sort, to the college of Uncle Sam's ranking branch of service—namely, to West Point.

That got her. She had never been to West Point and she did so love the Army uniform. And would there really be an escort for her? Yes, she had learned, a cadet, the cousin of a friend, was expecting her.

So on the following Saturday I had put her on the train with encouraging words and a bouquet of flowers. Then I went home, sharpened some pencils, got out a clean pad of paper, and waited three days. When at last my correspondent returned she was feeling very cheerful, very well indeed, but by no means anxious to begin her report. I had to prod her with the usual, "Well, have a good time?"

"Oh, marvelous," she assured me.

"And that young chap I picked out—nice boy, wasn't he?"

At this she affected a little glancing gesture of the eyes expressing very pretty contempt and complained that he was most emphatically *not*. "He was terrible," she declared. "He had the most enormous feet. They got in his own way. And besides he said nasty things about the lieutenant. He was s-i-m-ply awful!"

That was too bad. But at least she had seen what there was to see. How was the football game?

"Well, you see," she apologized, "I missed that — because then I was being shown the laboratory.

[*Turn to page 85*]

IT WAS A LONG ANTICIPATED WEEK-END WHEN THE GIRLS ARE PRIVILEGED TO INVITE YOUNG MEN

LIKE THAT FIRST EVENING ABOARD THE YACHT WHEN SHE HAD PLEADED WITH HIM

"One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name!" could have been the device of this man who had only six months to live.

The dream that HAPPENED

BY MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

PETER KING, a London clerk, undertook a dangerous mission to Persia, disguised as Sir Heriot Mayo of the British Secret Service soon after his doctor had given him only six months to live. Taking orders blindly from Major Lake, Peter boarded Sir Heriot's yacht to find Lady Blanche, Sir Heriot's fiancée, a stowaway. Discouraging her advances, he went ashore at Tangier. There he met Murillo, a scheming cigar merchant, who introduced him to the beautiful Carey Mills. Although they had met before—Peter having saved her life in a traffic jam in London only to lose her later when she resented his attentions—Carey does not recognize him now in disguise. During the evening together Peter sees her slip a drug into his glass. He feigns an excuse, retires to his room with the drink, turns out the lights and waits. Softly the door opens—Carey slips in.

PETER lay still on the bed listening for the sound of Carey's footsteps across the room. She was listening for sounds from him. He breathed a little more deeply, regularly. Then he heard a tiny click, and shut his eyes as he saw the beam of the electric flashlight, which she carried.

Then, after watching her at work, with her glance quick as the lighting of the flashlamp, he slipped soundlessly from the coverlet, reached the door on shoeless feet, turned the key and pocketed it. She heard and sprang round. For an instant he stood full in the searching beam she turned on him; the next instant click! The room was in darkness again.

"Carey Mills!" said Peter.

There was a dead silence. He could not even hear her breathing.

"The door is locked," he said quietly.

She spoke with surprising *sang-froid*.

"Of course, most men would lock it. I knew that."

He moved, as he thought, towards her, but when he thought he had nearly reached her, a slight disturbance of the air about him told him she had slipped swiftly past.

"Stand still," said Peter.

"No! Let me go!" she breathed imploringly.

"It's no use running about the room," he said, breathing hard too. "I can always reach you."

"Try!" said Carey.

They must have circled the room a dozen times in the dark, before she essayed a dart across the middle, stumbled against a chair, and he caught her. He had her in his arms again, as he had been dreaming of doing all the evening.

She fought instantly as if every muscle of her body were made of steel; and just as instantly stopped and stood panting.

"Where is your flashlight?" he asked; but she had dropped it in her flight, and so, drawing her with him in the grip of his arm, he circled the room till they found the electric switch. In the full flood of light they stood close, he, still holding her in his arms, her heart in such a riot that for a long breathless moment he did not realize the dire hate and murder in her eyes.

"Oh Carey!" he cried sharply. She stood looking blindly into his face. "Why do you hate me so? See I will let you go," he said simply opening his arms wide.

She slipped aside without speaking, and looked at the closed door. He saw she could not guess at his mood and motives any more than she was willing to reveal hers. She looked back from the closed door to his watching face.

"No," he said, replying to her lifted eyebrows. "You can go from my arms, but you won't go from this room until I know what you came for."

He longed to have her tell him the truth. He watched her, and dreaded hearing lies on her lips.

She moved still nearer, put up her face, half-closed her eyes and murmured, "Let me go."

He knew he was being bribed. He looked at her lips and stood still. "What did you come for?"

She hesitated a long while. When she answered her voice was very soft. "I'm ashamed to tell you."

"But I am going to know."

"I wanted money very badly," said Carey in a soft voice. "You are a rich man—it was just a sudden impulse."

She was making a bid for his chivalry and pity, and if those failed—

"You mean to make me believe you're a common thief?"

The emotions which ran over her face might easily have deceived him, but they did not. "I have never done it before."

"Very well," he said, like a judge.

He paused, and putting out his hand, held her by her fragile arm.

"This was a sudden impulse, you say. Then what was that which you put into my whiskey tonight, and why did you have it with you?"

The untasted whiskey and soda still stood on the tray on a small table. He motioned towards it.

"If I had that analyzed?"

She looked from the whiskey back to him, pale as death, but still preserving her poise. "If you had your whiskey analyzed, Sir Heriot?"

He dropped her wrist and took her by the shoulders.

"Pay me," he said, a little husky with the thrill of it. "Pay me to let you go."

He was unprepared for the way she could check her shudder of rage, unclench her little teeth, and melt into his arms.

"Anything," she whispered.

He swept her close up to him. He saw her heavy downcast eyelids and her trembling red lips. But it was only an affair of seconds. He put her away with a sort of cold violence.

"No!" he said coldly. Over the girl's white, waiting face dawned a flush like the reddest rose.

"But I will tell you something," he said. "You hate me tonight. One day you shall love me."

"As to your story of money——" he said, walking over to a writing table, and seating himself there deliberately with his back to her.

She started and gasped. His back presented a broad target. Her hand went again to the vanity bag, stayed there fumbling. Peter turned round and offered her a check.

"A loan if you like," he said, "a gift if you will allow me."

She put out a hand under the command of his eyes, took the cheque, crumpled it slowly, and dropped it into her bag. He knew that she could have wept at her own submission.

She had half-turned gladly towards the door, when a peremptory knock fell upon it.

"Get behind the window curtains," Peter ordered Carey Mills, and opened the door. Lake stood there.

"Ah, you, Lake!" said Peter, with his newly-acquired acceptance of all facts.

"Are you alone?" asked Lake, standing on the threshold, his roving eyes suddenly finding some point for observation, and fastening there.

Peter followed the direction of Lake's gaze, with his own, and saw, below the edge of the window curtain, Carey's little slipper, all of it, not to be denied, sharp toe and red heel.

"Yes," he replied.

"Then," said Lake, "I may come in."

Their eyes met.

"I'll come to your room, if you don't mind, and if you are staying here," said Peter.

"For one night only," said he, and turned away, impenetrable as ever. Carey crept from behind the window curtains.

"Good night," said Peter, holding open the door.

"If I butted in, I'm sorry," said Lake. "But."

"You didn't exactly butt in," replied Peter, understanding him.

"Look here, King! I know you agreed to get into this mess. I know you've nothing to lose, whatever happens. But I hope you've had the perspicacity to realize that you're in a hotbed of intrigue and danger."

"There's a cigar merchant," said Peter, and described Murillo. "A dago bagman——" Lake listened.

"The Little Bolshi turned up yet?" said Lake, watching him. But though Peter read cognizance of that red heel plainly in Lake's eyes, he presented a blank front. "Whom do you mean?"

"Carey Mills," said Lake. "I know she's in Tangier. Keep her at a good arm's length. I tell you, King, I've liked the sporting way you've gone into the affair; if I can bring you out with a whole skin, I'll do it."

"Thanks," Peter nodded.

"Keep your eyes open," exhorted Lake. "Don't let 'em fool you with women."

"I shall never let you down, Lake."

"I don't believe you will, King, if you can help it. Only remember, the traps are baited for you all through the wood."

"I'll remember."

"In Another Moment, The Big Arab Would Have Twisted The Thick Cloth About The Englishman's Head"

When she vanished Peter drew a long breath, pulled on a dressing gown and locked his door. Then he, too, went down the corridor. The hotel was dead silent when he came to Lake's door and tapped. Lake opened it instantly.

"Come in!" he said, gripping Peter's arm. And, when the door was shut upon them, "Are you by any chance making a fool of yourself?"

"I don't think so," Peter replied after due consideration.

Peter went towards the door, and stopped.

"Oh Lake! What is—what is Carey Mills' grudge against Mayo?"

Lake glanced at him, his look a lightning flash.

"It's better that I should give you no particulars just now King. You might begin getting points of view about the affair that would hurt us all."

"Very well," said Peter, shrugging and submitting to this, because he knew the irrevocability of Lake. Once more he started for the door, and once more stopped.

"Oh, Lake! I say!"

Thus tardily, he remembered Lady Blanche.

"I'm afraid there's a frightful complication that neither you nor Mayo has foreseen. Lady Blanche Somers is aboard the yacht."

"What!" shouted Lake.

"I found her there after we'd got away," said Peter. "She thinks I'm Mayo——"

Lake was staring, open-mouthed, at his embarrassment.

"It makes it devilish difficult," said Peter. "There's this job to carry out according to schedule, and there's her reputation."

"Good Lord!" cried an infuriated Lake. Then class hostility crept into his cold eyes as he looked at Peter.

"I'm keeping her in order for Mayo," said Peter blushing. "As well as I can, that is. I hope she'll never know."

As Lake looked at Peter, his cold eyes began to twinkle, and a smile softened his mouth. "By Jove!" he said. He stretched out his hand and wrung Peter's. "Confound all women!" he added with fervour. [*Turn to page 67*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

The WORLD EVENT of the MONTH of INTEREST to WOMEN

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING

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THIS month several hundred thousand boys and girls will be graduating from colleges all over the country and many times that number will be receiving diplomas from high schools and normal schools. The newspapers will re-echo the commencement oratory and no doubt we shall hear much of the promising future which awaits the younger generation. Commencement speakers are for the most part old-fashioned. They may deplore some of the shortcomings of this much advertised younger generation but it is safe to say that they will go on to emphasize the same ideals and give the same advice that they gave to us of the older generation when we graduated "before the war."

Will the young people for whose benefit this wisdom is poured forth listen to and profit by it? About as much, I suspect, as their mothers and fathers did. They have problems of their own which do not come within the range of most commencement oratory and they naturally will be more preoccupied with them than with eternal truths. Every generation is.

The first concern for most of them is the job, and the perplexing question for this generation is *which* job. One eastern university announced last year that some five jobs were waiting for every member of its senior class; six or seven months ago several corporations sent their representatives to interview college seniors anxious to enter business. But that does not make the decision any easier for the individual senior whose wide range of college subjects has suggested an equally wide range of possible occupations. This year's seniors, men and women alike, really appear to be more exercised about finding a job that will lead to an interesting life than a job that will bring easy money.

Certainly much worry was saved when it was taken for granted that a boy would enter his father's business and that any girl who, somewhat rashly, intended to earn her living would, of course, teach school. Nowadays girls are coming to regard elementary teaching as a last resort. But they still face the problem of finding a job which will offer some hope of advancement to real responsibility in the future. They are rightly warned that there still are many businesses in which women are never advanced beyond the grade of superior clerk. And to make matters more difficult, many of these young women are looking for jobs which they can continue when they have married and while they are bringing up their children.

While I can make only a wild guess, my impression is that marriage offers a more [*Turn to page 60*]

CALLES AND OBREGON, PRESIDENT AND EX-PRESIDENT OF MEXICO
(International Newsreel Photo)

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

MEXICO—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

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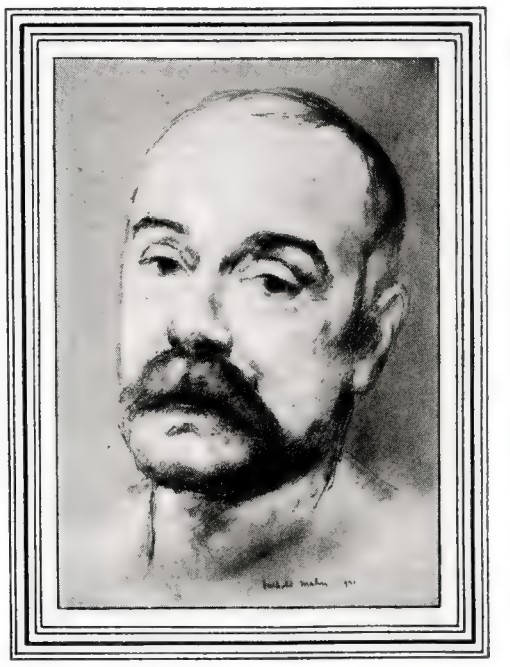
THERE is no more fascinating chronicle in history than that of Mexico. The mystery surrounding her early civilization, the almost complete destruction of that civilization by the Spanish conquistadors; the attempt of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian to become the successor of the Montezumas and re-establish an empire; the subsequent revolutions and the rise and fall of governments, have given to the world an almost unequaled story of romance and adventure.

In Mexico today we find that the government has definitely become ultra-liberal. Whether its policy is just to capital; to aliens who made their investments largely under Diaz' régime, attracted by unusual concessions and believing themselves assured of ample protection; whether, indeed, it is fair to the Catholic Church, we will not discuss. That it is a settled policy seems certain, and we may look forward to its continuance.

Next in importance to what is actually happening in legislative and administrative Mexico is the attitude of Washington toward these happenings. The [*Turn to page 54*]



ELIE FAURE

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

ELIE FAURE

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

IF I were asked for a guide through the field of the plastic arts, I would unhesitatingly recommend Elie Faure. This doctor who lives in a flat overlooking the oldest church in Paris, has surveyed the entire landscape of art not in the spirit of dry academic scholarship, but in the spirit of the enthusiastic convert.

He has cast over that field something of the warmth and intensity of Mediterranean sunlight. His *History of Art* is, if you like, a great impressionistic panorama rather than a detailed and organized piece of architecture, but it is the most eloquently whole-souled hymn to man's art achievements ever written.

It is history become poetry. And if it is more catholic and less provincial in tone than many French artists or art-critics reveal themselves to be, that is due to the fact that Faure is not a Parisian, though he lives in Paris. One side of his family is Huguenot and Northern, the other side is Gascon and Catholic. And he was born in Montaigne's country, where the good wine of Bordeaux is grown.

Apart from his art-history, which is Faure's most popular and comprehensive achievement, he has written a number of other books that have special bearing on what we in America have created and will create. One of these books, for example, contains the best study of the art of Charlie Chaplin ever written.

But from the standpoint of the intelligent human being, whose interest in art lies less in individual examples but rather in the great question whence art originated and what its purpose is, I can recommend no better introduction to Faure's work than his *Dance over Fire and Water*.

Briefly the thesis is this: that all art comes out of social upheaval, movement of multitudes, dramatic and revolutionary changes in the body politic, and foreign wars. This theory Faure illustrates by a number of examples. Fifth century Athens after the Persian conflict, and Elizabethan England are already familiar ones. But there are others, and Faure masses an impressive weight of testimony on his side.

The difficulty with this theory is that it does not define the artists' aim correctly, nor does it account for the changes of style and subject which have so frequently taken place in the history of art. Beethoven and Balzac for example may have both derived from the current of energy loosed by Napoleon but their aim was not the same as that of Napoleon. And what effect have France and her wars had upon the best minds of France, to produce in turn the classicism of David, the Romanticism of Delacroix, the Realism of Courbet, the Impressionism of Monet and the Post-Impressionism of Cezanne?

Surely in order to study the reason why the style of French painting changed so often in the course of a century we need to understand other factors than political and military ones—we need to look into spiritual and psychological currents as well!

Yet though Faure has uttered rather a brilliant surface generalization than a profound inner truth, he has done us a very great service by showing us that art is no gift from the skies nor glory aloof from the earth, but the reward of pain and struggle endured in fraternity with all of us, by those who are most sensitively aware of that which is in man.

Tempting color! Delicious flavor! Glowing health!

When you lift this tonic and refreshing soup to your lips you taste the flavor that is famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Such a universal favorite that housewives know they can obtain it any time, anywhere food is sold in the United States.

Do you realize how splendid in quality and how delicious in flavor a soup must be, before it can win such a reputation?

Pure tomato juices. Luscious tomato "meat". Strained to a smooth puree and blended with rich country butter, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning.

With the meal or as a meal soup is an important part of the daily diet.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Balloons

The Most Luscious Dainty Dessert!

No one will dream they are fried if you fry them in Crisco.

1 cup water
1 tablespoon Crisco
1 cup pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 eggs unbeaten

Bring Crisco and water to boil in a saucepan. Take from fire, add flour and salt. Return to fire, beat until it forms paste which leaves side of pan. When partly cool add eggs, one at a time, beating each one in thoroughly. Drop tablespoon of batter in moderately hot Crisco (350 to 360 degrees F. or when cube of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry slowly until puffed and brown. Test with toothpick. Drain on soft paper. Cool. Make slit in one side, fill with jam mixed with sweetened whipped cream or crushed strawberries with whipped cream, or any other favorite fruit. Dust with powdered sugar.

In frying Balloons be sure and leave room enough in the kettle for them to puff.

Time-saving desserts *French fried*

FRENCH FRYING in Crisco has become such a delight to me (it's so simple and easy and saves so much time) that I fry even some of my desserts! For now that days are growing longer and warmer, frying saves heating the kitchen with a hot oven.

On this page I am giving you recipes for four of my favorite fried desserts. They are as delicious and attractive "Frenchy" things as one could wish for.

For everything properly fried in Crisco comes out a beautiful golden-brown, and digestible—never greasy. Crisco, at proper frying temperature, puts a quick brown seal on foods which keeps them crisp and prevents the fat soaking in. And, at proper frying temperature, no smoke or unpleasant odors in your kitchen, either!

If you wished, you could even fry a whole meal in the same kettle of Crisco and no one food would taste a bit of any other. Fry in the same Crisco over and over again—simply strain the Crisco back into the can after each use.

Really I do not know how I could keep house without all the good things to eat that Crisco gives me: cakes of every kind that you simply cannot tell from butter cakes; tender, flaky pie-crust; fluffy, golden biscuits; feathery muffins and crisp, brown cookies.

Winifred S. Carter

Vanilla Creams

Make them the day before—you can fry them quickly when you are ready to serve them. They will not soak fat when fried in Crisco.

2 eggs (beaten)
½ cup sugar
6 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups scalded milk
1 teaspoon Crisco
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup fine dried bread crumbs
1 egg
2 tablespoons water

Mix sugar, flour and salt. Add two eggs alternately with milk and beat until smooth. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thick. Add Crisco. When partly cool, add vanilla. Pour into Criscoed pan to ¾" thickness. The next day, cut into pieces 2" long and 1" wide. Roll each piece in crumbs. Dip in the egg beaten with the water and roll again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot Crisco (360° F., or when a piece of bread browns in 60 seconds) until brown. Drain on soft paper, dust with powdered sugar, or serve with maple syrup.

Fried Tarts

Just the right thing for many occasions. Quickly cooked without heating the oven.

1½ cups flour
⅓ cup Crisco
½ teaspoon salt
Cold water

Sift flour and salt. Cut Crisco in with two knives. Add only enough water to hold together. Roll about ⅛" thick. Cut in 4-inch squares or in circles. Put tablespoon of thick, seasoned applesauce in center. Moisten edges, fold over to make semi-circle. Press edges together with fork. Fry in deep Crisco (heated 360° F., or when small piece of bread browns in 60 seconds). When cool, dust with powdered sugar.

Rags

Just the thing to serve with ice cream, a dish of strawberries and cream, or freshly-stewed rhubarb. They will be dry and snappy and not a bit greasy if fried in Crisco.

3 eggs
2 tablespoons Crisco, melted
2 tablespoons milk
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour

Beat eggs light, add sugar, milk, Crisco, salt and vanilla. Last beat in flour. Take about ¼ at a time, roll to wafer-thinness on floured board. Tear it with a fork into ragged strips. Brown in hot Crisco (375° F. to 385° F. or when a piece of bread browns in 40 seconds). Fry until brown on both sides. Drain on soft paper, dust with powdered sugar. It takes only about half a minute to cook them.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. *All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.*

An Astonishing
BLINDFOLD TEST

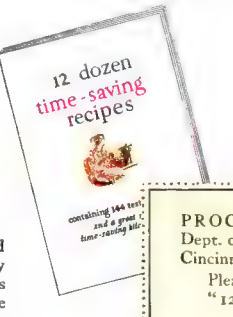
See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience: Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you, and give you first one, then the other to taste.

Now did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of cooking fats? Think what an improvement Crisco's own sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits, and fried foods.

Free! COOK BOOK

"12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"

A new and unusual cook book. Into it we have gathered 144 tested recipes, all chosen because they are simple, easy and *quick to prepare*. Yet each makes a perfectly delicious dish. There are dozens of suggestions, too, that will save you endless time and trouble. To receive the book, simply fill in and mail the coupon at the right.



PROCTER & GAMBLE,
Dept. of Home Economics, Section L-6
Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me free the cook book entitled "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

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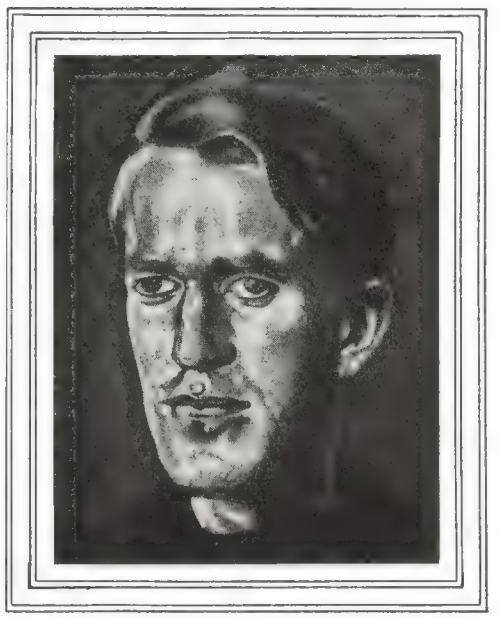
To test your cooking fat, taste it. Crisco's sweet flavor will astonish you

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



LIEUT. COL. T. E. LAWRENCE
PORTRAIT BY ERIC KENNINGTON

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

REVOLT IN THE DESERT
By LIEUT. COL. T. E. LAWRENCE

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

ALL the world knew that Lord Allenby entered Palestine and claimed the Holy Sepulchre for Christendom. The act came late in the war against Germany, and hastened the fall of the Central Empires. But few have ever known the mysterious figure of T. E. Lawrence, a slight and studious young Englishman who single-handed led the Arabs and Beduins to revolt against the Turks. It was this revolt that opened the way for Allenby's great cavalry victories in a land of miracles.

Lawrence was twenty-eight, and unfit for active service, when he left a British gunboat at Jiddah in the Red Sea and went alone into the Arabian desert. His ancestor had been a knight of the crusades, and he had written a history of the wars of a thousand years before when all Christendom strove to win the Holy Land from the Saracens. Lawrence was twenty-eight and scholarly, a gadfly and spur upon the British intelligence service in the East. The powers were glad to see him take leave and disappear.

The young man alone and without funds inspired the Arabs to drive the Turks from the land. It was a miracle of his own working. He combined the genius of archaeologist, philosopher, linguist and soldier in one nervous and weakened body. He will remain one of the few great figures of the great war.

Lawrence tells of the Arabian leadership in his first book to be offered the public. *Revolt in the Desert* is a straightforward account of the most adventuresome exploit of our times. It is filled with the colors and sounds of the desert and it is packed with bright action and fierce companionships. Men of a thousand villages who never before combined against a common enemy rallied to Lawrence. This young and studious fellow became known as *El Aurans, Harbinger of Action.* Lean wolves of humanity rode at his saddlebow and wild *sherifs* went to their deaths at his bidding. Feuds were buried and vengeances forgotten as a Christian youth gathered the most uncontrollable peoples of the East into an army ready to attack and harass the Turks.

It is said that the mystery and profound secrecy which veiled this revolt is bared in all its political surfaces in a book Lawrence has written to be sold for $20,000 a copy. For he is still as eccentric as ever, and his secrets of eastern diplomacy he offers in an edition of five copies at this startling price. As for Lawrence himself, ex-Lieutenant Colonel of British cavalry [*Turn to page 60*]

ART OF THE MONTH

THE AMERICAN ART OF JOHN MARIN

By WALDO FRANK

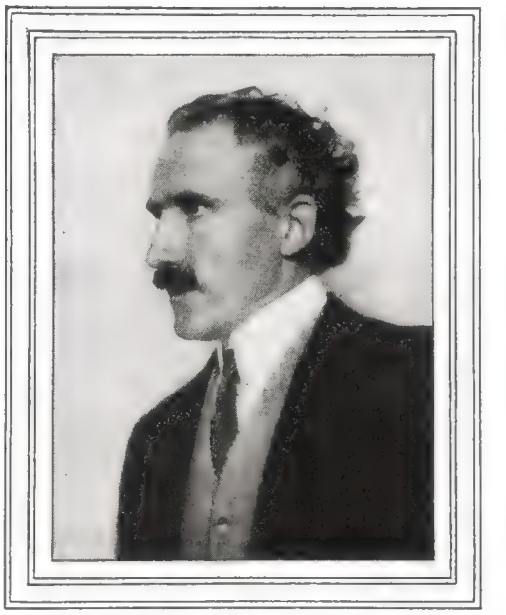
WHAT is American art? To answer that would be to know what is typical and most essential of our country. With a land so vast, so complex and so noisy as the United States, it is best not to jump at conclusions. We all know individuals who are completely deluded about themselves; they insist that they are strong yet they are weak; they believe themselves pious, industrious, intelligent, and are indeed frivolous, lazy, dull. Perhaps a country also can be deluded about its nature—particularly one so young and so busy as our own. We know the rubber-stamp conceptions of America. But the first thing to do is to forget them. It is safest—if we would really know ourselves and our national world—to consider our artists. For those artists are indeed most truly *ours* who express life most universally. If for no other reason, they are ours because we shall make them ours. That shall be American art, which is true and which is deep.

Now, John Marin—the man—is certainly American. He was born about fifty years ago in Rutherford, New Jersey; he has some French-Canadian blood in his veins. But if ever there was a Yankee, here he is. To look at him, short, stocky, slightly bowed, with furrowed face, gnarled hands, you would imagine he had just left his plow around the corner and was ambling home to mend the stone-wall before he sat down to supper with his wife.

Yet in the art circles of New York, the name John Marin calls forth a very different picture. Everything that is subtle, exquisite, exotically delicate and aloof is associated with the pictures of John Marin. He is a water-colorist—perhaps the most original water-colorist in the world. He paints landscapes that seem mere prismatic fantasies—faërie creations of much color and little shape. What has this "precious" artist to do with a Yankee with a plough or with the mending of stone-walls? And above all, what has he to do with America beyond the accidental fact that he and his forebears were born here? Isn't America big and bold and rude? Well, Marin's work is slight and filmy. Isn't America self-assured? Marin's whole history is that of a timid man. Aren't we a most ostentatious, forward-pushing nation? Marin is modest as a flower, and the color of his art sings a song so fragile that one must watch sharp to hear it.

BARN IN BERKSHIRES
A TYPICAL WATER COLOR BY JOHN MARIN

So they would say, perhaps in the art circles of New York. And as happens often enough even in art-circles—"they" would be wrong. The deepest qualities in the work of John Marin are the very ones that ally him—not with what is on the surface of American life—but with what lies deep within us. [*Turn to page 61*]



ARTURO TOSCANINI, GUEST CONDUCTOR
OF THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

THE RETURN OF TOSCANINI

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

WHEN Arturo Toscanini arrived in New York early this year, to be guest conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, he was a sick man. Not only had he put behind him a season of almost incessant conducting at La Scala, in Milan—a season that had included the world première of Puccini's *Turandot* and several memorial performances of Beethoven's ninth symphony—but he was paying the inevitable penalty of the terrific pace at which he has worked for years past. He took to his bed almost immediately after leaving the steamer, and for days hovered on the brink of a complete nervous collapse. Several of his Philharmonic concerts had to be cancelled, but he did recover sufficiently to conduct three in New York and one in Philadelphia. Those four concerts were among the high lights of the musical season and, like most of Toscanini's performances, were unforgettable occasions for those who heard them.

This lean, nervous, sombre Italian is generally conceded to be not only the greatest living conductor, but one of the greatest of all times. He plays upon an orchestra much as a great virtuoso plays upon a piano, exerting an almost uncanny power over the players that makes them perform like men inspired. Six years ago he visited this country with a rather nondescript collection of instrumentalists, called by courtesy the "La Scala" orchestra, and made them give performances that, in interpretative finish at least, equalled those of our finest symphonic organizations. The Philharmonic, under his baton, has revealed itself as one of the world's really great orchestras.

Toscanini is to music very much what a great actor is to the drama. He possesses the great actor's power of completely identifying himself with the character he is interpreting. He has an intuitive grasp, not only of the salient characteristics of a composer's style, but of his personality, and what he is endeavoring to express in his music. Toscanini's interpretations of orchestral works are striking and unmistakable; yet, hearing Toscanini conduct some familiar symphony, one is hardly conscious of hearing a "reading," in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word. When Toscanini conducts Beethoven it is, for the moment, as if he had become Beethoven; when he conducts Tchaikovsky, it is Tchaikovsky that one hears speaking through the music. I have heard many people discuss his conducting; but I have yet to hear anyone say: "Toscanini [*Turn to page 60*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

STARK LOVE
DIRECTED BY KARL BROWN

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

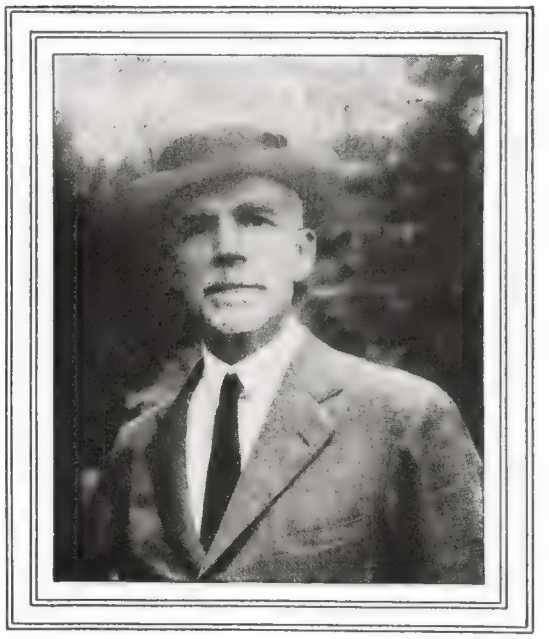
ONLY THESE TWO REALIZED
A FILM WAS BEING MADE

STARK LOVE belongs, with *Nanook of the North, Grass,* and *Moana,* in that small group of moving pictures which have reflected reality in terms of drama. Like the others of this group, *Stark Love* is an actual record of the lives of an obscure, unknown race of people, enacted by the people themselves without benefit of the Hollywood clergy. There is no grease paint in *Stark Love,* no artificial lighting, no studio settings, no trick photography—nothing, in short, but the truth.

Karl Brown, who wrote, directed and photographed this extraordinary picture, was previously head camera-man for James Cruze. He had worked with Cruze on *The Covered Wagon, Beggar on Horseback, The Pony Express* and other productions; it was a good job and Mr. Brown had no reason to be discontented. But within him burned the ambition to do something on his own account—something unusual—something apart from the regular movie routine. He had been in the Southern mountains, knew the strange, primitive ways of the mountaineers, and believed that, in these lonely localities, he could find material for a great picture. He communicated his enthusiasm to Jesse L. Lasky, who advanced him the small amount of money necessary for financing this odd enterprise. Then, armed with his camera, a few cans of film and a considerable supply of hope, Karl Brown marched up into the remote hill country of South Carolina and started work. The result of his intense enthusiasm and his intensive labors is *Stark Love;* it is, to my way of thinking, a fine and superlatively creditable achievement.

Mr. Brown's difficulties were many. The mountaineers in that region are so completely isolated from "civilization" (as we confidently call it) that they don't even know what a movie is. Furthermore, they are preternaturally suspicious of anyone from "the settlements" who invades their mountain fastness.

That Mr. Brown should have gained the confidence of these folk is sufficiently remarkable; that he should have persuaded them to act his story for him is little short of miraculous. He built his drama around the characters of a boy and girl—Forrest James and Helen Mundy—both of whom were literate, and able to understand what Mr. Brown was trying to [*Turn to page 60*]



REV. EDGAR Y. MULLINS, D. D.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

THE RIGHT TO BELIEVE
BY REV. EDGAR Y. MULLINS, D. D.

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

WHAT right have we to believe? By what authority do men make such tremendous affirmations about God, about the moral meaning of life, about life beyond the grave? What is there in the struggle of man with the forces of nature to suggest such a faith, much less to sustain it? Is our faith anything more than the shadow of our desires cast upon the screen of our hopes? If a great religious teacher cannot tell us these things, to whom can we go?

Dr. Mullins is the president of the largest school of religion in the world, the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky. He is also the president of the Baptist World-Alliance, which numbers between ten and fifteen millions of people in its fellowship. In that [*Turn to page 60*]

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

THE ROAD TO ROME
BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

JANE COWL CONTRIBUTES HER BEAUTY
AND SINCERITY TO SHERWOOD'S PLAY
(Photo by White)

FROM the very start *The Road to Rome,* while it was still being tried out on tour before coming to New York, established itself as a success; and since its opening at The Playhouse the box office is week after week sold out and tickets at a premium. This comedy by Robert E. Sherwood follows in the footsteps of Professor Erskine's *Private Life of Helen of Troy,* which has been so widely read. It belongs to the ancient and honorable school of historical burlesque, which, for us at least, begins in Athens, where Aristophanes and his sort parodied gods and heroes; and which has flourished ever since. In the modern theater *The Road to Rome* is related to Bernard Shaw's masterpiece of *Caesar and Cleopatra,* though it is not of the same importance, of course.

The method of such drama is to take famous personages from the past and famous events, and so to handle them as to chastise or satirize the author's own contemporaries. The trick is to take us unawares by turning upside down some majestical conception of hero-worship that we may have, by suddenly inverting a piece of historical grandeur or heroic idealism, by passing out great things through the small end of the horn as it were; so that the great hero turns out to be only too frailly human. Mr. Sherwood's play differs from Shaw's magnificent drama in the application of the satire. Shaw's Caesar is more or less what Caesar in his genius might have been; he is at least not unlike the Caesar that our imaginations have created and our spirits admired. Mr. Sherwood on the other hand bothers little about a heroic or historical Hannibal or about great ideals. What he does is to let history go hang; he sports with his wit, he makes wise-cracks, he writes by means of these famous personages a satire on our American scene today, with all its cant, its leagues, its heedless pursuit of external progress and success at the expense of a fuller living.

The shortcomings of *The Road to Rome* lie in the fact that the author has plainly not quite decided what he himself wishes the play to mean. His dramatic situation is not entirely considered as to its final purpose; so that his effects as the play proceeds are not always unified; the mood and spirit of his theme needs more certainty and conviction. It must be said, also, that to conservative people [*Turn to page 60*]

A DRAMATIC SCENE WHEREIN HANNIBAL FAILS TO
OVERAWE THE STAUNCH AND MATTER-OF-FACT ROMAN
(Photo by White)

Enchantingly pretty debutantes, with a skin smooth as ivory, delicate as cherry blossoms

THE FASTIDIOUS WOMEN GUESTS *of the* WASHINGTON GOLF *and* COUNTRY CLUB

tell how this soap has helped them to gain a clear smooth skin

IT'S May in Washington . . .

Magnolias . . . cherry blossoms drifting to the grass . . .

And on the golf course, along the bridle paths, laughing voices, the rainbow flutter of bright costume. . .

All the familiar figures of the social season flocking to the Washington Golf and Country Club; enchantingly pretty debutantes in new sports frocks from the Riviera; the lovely wives from the foreign embassies—

Among the distinguished women who make up Washington society, one notices everywhere the dazzlingly soft, clear complexion that has given Southern beauty its renown.

How do these women, whose lovely skin is their greatest charm, take care of it day by day?

We asked nearly one hundred women guests of the Washington Golf and Country Club what soap they find best for regular care of their skin.

More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"*Delicate*"—"*healthful*"—"*refreshing*," they said. "*It purifies the skin.*" "*Helps to overcome roughness—large pores.*"

* * *

Women of fine traditions and associations everywhere—college girls, debutantes, society women belonging to famous clubs and groups—are expressing in overwhelming numbers, their preference for Woodbury's Facial Soap for the care of the skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's, one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

WITHIN A WEEK or ten days after beginning to use it, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today—begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

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For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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The real homemaker is always on the lookout for something different to tempt her family's appetite

Can you tell WHEN A RECIPE IS GOOD?

Some Rules and Tests Suggested by McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ANN OWEN

THERE is still a spirit of adventure which lures every good cook to try new dishes, and real homemakers are always on the lookout for "something different" to tempt their families' appetites.

We cooks of today have so many delicious foods to work with that cooking need never become monotonous. Yet in spite of this and regardless of the many good and reliable recipes, cooking often brings grief and disappointment, as letters from our inexperienced or new homemaker-readers tell us. "Why does my cake fall?" "Why won't my popovers pop?" "What makes my pie-crust tough?" These are only a few of the inquiries we get. Recently we had a letter from a bride asking us, "How can I tell when a recipe is good?"

We answered her as fully as we could in a letter, but her question set us to thinking. Perhaps there were other homemakers who would like to know the same thing. We decided that this month when there are so many young homemakers just starting on their careers we would tell you how to distinguish a good recipe from a poor one.

When we give you a recipe we have chosen it from many we have tested, because we think it is the best and we have written it as clearly and concisely as we can. You can get so many excellent recipes from other sources, too, today, that it is a waste of time to use questionable ones.

Suppose it is a cake recipe you want to try. First, read it over to see if it seems to be correctly proportioned. It should follow in a general way one of the standard recipes in our magazine or in a reliable cook-book. If it is too far from the standard, it probably will not be good. If the recipe looks good, make sure that the method of mixing is right, then follow it exactly. Measure with standard cups and spoons. Have your oven temperature right. If you have a regulator or a thermometer, then watch the clock where the time for cooking is given. When your cake is finished, you can judge whether the product is good. If it is a failure, what was your mistake? Too much flour causes a cake to hump up in the middle. Too much sugar makes the crust sugary and sticky. Too much shortening makes it greasy and so rich it falls apart when cut. If it is good, you can put the recipe away in your file for another time. If you know how to correct its mistakes, you can use it again. If not, discard it.

SOME GENERAL RULES FOR DOUGHS AND BATTERS

Doughs and batters belong to the same family and are classified in two ways: (a) according to the methods of mixing; (b) according to the consistency of the mixture.

Method of Mixing: 1. Pastry. Biscuits, shortcake and pastry belong to this class. The dry ingredients are mixed and sifted, then the shortening cut in with knife or pastry blender, until of the consistency of coarse meal, but not too fine. The liquid is then added slowly. The shortening acts as a lubricant, which keeps the particles of moist flour apart, forming layers which give a flaky biscuit or pastry. Butter and cooking oils used alone give a crust which is tender but not flaky. Vegetable shortening or a combination of butter and another shortening gives excellent results. Hot water pie-crust is tender and mealy, but lacks that coveted flakiness.

2. Butter Cakes. Cream the shortening, add sugar and cream well, add egg yolks, then sifted dry ingredients, alternating with the liquid. Then add stiffly beaten egg whites and flavoring last. Another standard method is to beat the whole eggs together and add to shortening and sugar mixture.

3. Muffin Mixtures. Combine dry ingredients, sift together, add milk, beaten egg and lastly melted shortening.

4. Sponge and Sunshine Cakes (butterless). Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, mix well, then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, sifted flour and salt and flavoring.

Consistency of Mixture: 1. Pour Batter (equal parts of liquid and flour). This includes griddle cakes, waffles and popovers.

2. Drop Batter (approximately one part liquid to two parts flour). This includes muffins as well as all the cake batters.

3. Soft Dough (approximately one part liquid to three parts flour). This includes biscuits, dumplings, shortcakes.

4. Stiff Dough (approximately one part liquid to four parts flour). This includes doughnuts, cookies, pie-crust.

PROPORTIONS FOR SHORTENING

Fats or shortenings are added to doughs to make the product brittle, friable, short, or to enrich the mixture. The fat counteracts the adhesive properties of the gluten and starch in the flour. Pastry flour contains less gluten than bread flour, hence requires less shortening. Butter and margarine contain about fifteen per cent water, so have less shortening power than lard and vegetable fats. In substituting butter in a recipe calling for lard, use about one-fifth more butter. In substituting lard or vegetable fat in a recipe calling for butter, use about one-fifth less. Here is a convenient chart showing the proportions of shortening which should be used with 1 cup of flour.

Plain pastry—¼ cup shortening to 1 cup flour
Rich pastry—1/3 cup shortening to 1 cup flour
Puff pastry—½ cup shortening to 1 cup flour
Cookies—¼ cup shortening to 1 cup flour
Plain cake—4 tablespoons shortening to 1 cup flour
Biscuits—1 tablespoon shortening to 1 cup flour
Shortcake—1 to 4 tablespoons shortening to 1 cup flour

Cooking need never become monotonous

PROPORTIONS FOR FLAVORING AND SEASONING

The amount of salt used depends on the total amount of food in the recipe, according to measure. One teaspoon salt to 1 quart of liquid in soups and sauces, 1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart of flour in doughs, 1 teaspoon salt to each pint of water in cereals is the rule. Less salt is used with delicate flavors, more salt with strong flavors. Cakes in which much butter is used do not need salt, but those which are very plain or are made with cream or an unsalted shortening, need 1 teaspoon salt to each cup of shortening.

The amount of sugar used depends on the taste, unless, as in the case of cakes and yeast breads, it affects the texture. It helps in the browning of the crust in all quick breads. Frozen foods need more sugar than foods served warm. One tablespoon vanilla per quart of cream is the rule for ice cream, while one teaspoon per quart is the rule for puddings.

In recipes which call for onion, be sure there is not too much. In soups and sauces, try new spices, chop suey sauce, kitchen bouquet, cheeses of different kinds, curry powder or the faintest suggestion of garlic.

LEAVENING RULES

In popovers, the only leavening is the air beaten into the batter in the five minutes of vigorous beating just before baking, and the steam from the milk in the batter. In butter cakes, steam is a partial leavener, but 2 teaspoons baking-powder should be added to leaven each cup of flour in a very plain cake. For each additional egg added omit ½ teaspoon baking-powder. One egg to 1 cup flour is the general rule in plain cakes, muffins and waffles. In pie-crust pastry and angel, sponge or sunshine cake, cold air worked or beaten in which expands when heated is the leavening.

Although in making baking-powder dough we add 2 teaspoons baking-powder to each cup of flour, we must use ½ teaspoon soda in addition to each cup of sour milk, if sour milk is used instead of sweet. One teaspoon soda takes the place of 4 teaspoons baking-powder, or ½ teaspoon takes the place of 2 teaspoons baking-powder. To use sour milk in baking-powder biscuits the recipe should be changed to read: 1 cup sour milk, ½ teaspoon of soda, [*Turn to page 49*]

Foremost in the Brilliant Society of Europe

PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT - DUQUESA DE ALBA

AMONG the many distinguished and beautiful women high in the ranks of European society, perhaps no two are more unlike than the Princesse Eugène Murat and the Duquesa de Alba.

The Princesse Eugène Murat, granddaughter of Maréchal Ney, Napoleon's brilliant officer, loves to act, to direct, to achieve. Wife of a leading prince of the family Murat prominent in the history of the Napoleonic era, she is a leader in the most interesting circles of French society. Vigorous, original, dominating, she is French—and an aristocrat—to the backbone.

The Duquesa de Alba is a Spanish beauty in whose veins flows the bluest blood of Spain mingled with a noble strain from the England of the Stuarts. Fourteen times a Spanish grandee, and Tenth Duchess of Berwick, she plays a vivid role in Court society at Madrid and San Sebastian. But all Europe pays tribute to her romantic youth and beauty.

Different though they are, this Princesse and Duquesa have much in common—both take the same pride in maintaining the high standards which tradition demands of them. Each knows that charm and refinement of appearance still play an important role in women's lives; that in today's brilliant pageant of European society, beauty keeps its place of first importance.

BOTH believe that a clear, fresh skin should be carefully guarded. "I know of no better way to protect it from the pilfering of years and social activities," says the Princesse Murat, "than by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams." The Duquesa de Alba, voicing the same enthusiasm, says: "In using Pond's Two Creams, I have found my skin to be receiving the sum of all good care—refreshment, stimulation, protection."

The glamour of centuries of Spanish grandees lives again when the Duquesa de Alba dons the national costume

All the world has learned to depend upon these Two cool, delicate Creams prepared by Pond's. Your skin will be clearer, firmer, finer, if you give it every day the following care:

Cleansed, Refreshed, Supple

For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and during the day whenever your skin feels dusty, drawn, tired, pat this light cleansing cream generously over face, throat and hands. Let it remain a few moments. Its oils, fine and pure, will penetrate the pores, softening and removing all dust and powder. Wipe off the cream. Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing and let it stay until morning.

A Fresh Cool Radiance

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, that radiance and finish which you need for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly—over face, throat, hands. You should do this after every daytime cleansing with the Cold Cream and always before you powder, and before going out into wind, dust or hot sun.

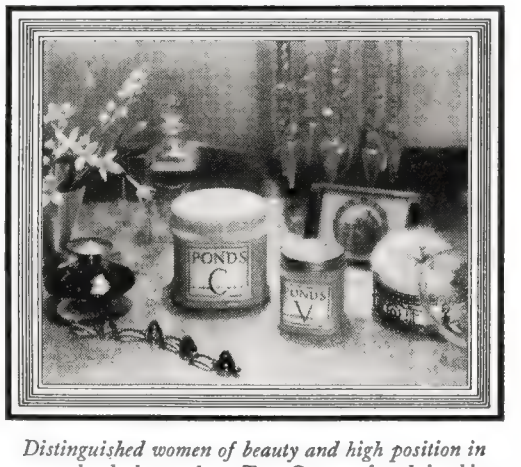
For this delicate cream not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder softly, naturally, but it gives you, no matter how delicate your skin may be, unfailing protection from the irritation caused by dry winds, dust and soot. Try these Two delicious Creams. Mail the coupon for free tubes.

The DUQUESA *de* ALBA

Aristocrat to the manner born—fourteen times a Spanish grandee, Seventeenth Duquesa de Alba and Tenth Duchess of Berwick. The very name spells romance! She is moreover, fashionable, young and perhaps the most beautiful woman attached to the Spanish Court today. The Palace of Liria at Madrid is her home, but the smart world of Paris and the chic resorts pay tribute to her beauty. Dream shadowed eyes with velvet depths, soft dark hair brushed simply back, skin of moonflower whiteness—these weave the Duquesa de Alba's irresistible allure

The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

A vivid, interesting figure in French society. In Paris she entertains in her house in the Avenue d'Eylau, while on her country estate, near Versailles, she indulges her hobby for breeding white animals. Violette Ney by birth, a great granddaughter of Maréchal Ney whom Napoleon I created Prince of Moscow, she married into one of the leading Catholic families of France whose founder married Napoleon's youngest sister



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WHEN Uncle Sam mustered his greatest Army and Navy to fight overseas, he had a million and one things to plan and arrange for. You remember the ships that were built and the equipment provided—camps at home and supplies abroad.

One of the wisest and kindliest provisions was to supply everyone in Service with life insurance at less than its cost to the Government—a lower rate than could be offered by any life insurance company in America. The Government had no taxes to pay and made no charge for overhead expenses.

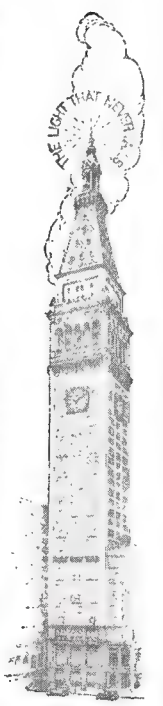
More than $39,000,000,000 of insurance was taken by 4,500,000 Service men and women. Many of these wisely took $10,000 policies—the largest written by the Government. Others neglected their opportunities and either took out smaller policies or no insurance at all.

The policies were originally issued on the yearly renewable term plan. After the war, holders were invited to convert them into policies on a level premium, legal reserve basis such as is employed by America's large life insurance companies.

But, unfortunately, many policies were allowed to lapse. And now the officials at Washington, gratefully remembering the way the Government was supported in time of need, offer veterans a final chance to restore protection to their families with life insurance at rates below actual cost. All Service men and women who lapsed their term policies may have their insurance reinstated by the payment of one month's back premium when accompanied by a certificate of good health which any physician may give. Or they may now take out smaller policies at the same special rates. But—the necessary formalities must be carried through before July 2, 1927.*

There are perhaps 3,500,000 of you men and women specially privileged to get insurance at the old bargain rates offered in wartime. Will you, who have earned this right, neglect the golden opportunity?

*For information and necessary blanks send to any local headquarters of the United States Veterans' Bureau, or of The American Legion, or of the Red Cross, or to the national headquarters of any one of these organizations at Washington, D. C.



One of the most common misconceptions in the public mind regarding life insurance is that lapsed policies are a source of profit to insurance companies and therefore are desired by them. As a matter of fact, lapsed policies mean loss to both policyholders and companies. Worst of all they often spell domestic tragedy.

Because of temporary financial pressure, men sometimes stop paying premiums hoping that a little later they may take out new policies—even though they realize that at an older age they will have to pay higher rates, *if*, by good fortune, they are able to pass again the necessary physical examinations.

Life insurance policies are not merely sound investments; in the majority of cases they provide the surest form of protection for American families. Once a man or woman has taken a life insurance policy every possible precaution should be used to keep it in force at its full value.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company spends a great deal of time and effort each year urging policyholders whose misfortune may have caused them to lapse their contracts to apply for reinstatement. Also, we are glad to cooperate with Washington in urging Service men and women to get their Government insurance reinstated before it is too late.

The 3,500,000 eligibles for this bargain insurance are in a fortunate position. We hope they will take advantage of their extraordinary opportunity.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN"

LUCY ASHTON

The Bride of Lammermoor

Illustrated with a portrait of Sir Walter Scott's heroine painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine.

(From Sir Walter Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor* published in the year 1819.)

LUCY ASHTON, with her gold hair and her blue eyes, her willowy form and her gentle ways, betrays the type of woman who through all time and all ages does more to influence mankind than any other. *Lucy* of Scott's novel, *Lucia* of Donizetti's opera, is man's ideal heroine of romance. He may say to himself that his ideal woman is a more active type. He may claim that *Di Vernon,* the out-of-doors girl in *Rob Roy,* is his choice, but it is really the lovely Lucys of this world, set high on pedestals, of whom he dreams. He may admire *Viola* in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night;* but it is *Juliet* and her *Romeo* who stand as the ideal lovers among the characters of the master dramatist.

To *Lucy* her first and only love was the most important thing in life. For the memory of her dark and imperious *Ravenswood,* whose family was hated by her family, she went mad on her wedding night, attempted to murder *Bucklaw,* the unfortunate bridegroom forced on her by her mother, and then died herself. *Ravenswood,* on his way to duel with her brother, rides his horse into the quicksands, and his black plume in the waves shadows the final pages of what has been called one of the greatest of all tragic romances.

In fitting into the pattern of life, these lovely fainting ladies, these ill-starred lovers of fiction and drama, two things must be remembered. They are always fantasies. If they were real, they would take the events of life and move heaven and earth to accomplish their ends. On the contrary, they are always the pawns of events. They weep and wail, they go mad and fight duels; but they never find themselves in each other's arms. What would happen if they did? What would happen if these fainting heroines of our dreams actually materialized? What would have happened if *Hamlet* had married *Ophelia,* if *Hero* and *Leander* had become domestic, if *Eurydice* had cooked breakfast every morning for *Orpheus* and polished his lyre for him? Instinctively, I think, we know that these great figures of romance are destined for tragedy, and that the authors who kill them off, know that the greater tragedy would lie in leaving them together.

How often the villain of the piece is a parent. Sir Walter Scott, when he created in *Lucy* one of the loveliest of all heroines, drew her mother as the most villainous of women. For all his other characters in this tale of gloom and despair, Sir Walter finds an excuse, but his final paragraph proclaims him, long before the days of modern psychology, perfectly aware of the havoc that can be wrought by the machinations of a designing parent. "In all external appearances," he wrote, "she bore the same bold, haughty, unbending character which she had displayed before these unhappy events. A splendid marble monument records her name, titles and virtues, while her victims remain undistinguished by tomb or epitaph."

It is a matter of literary history that *The Bride of Lammermoor* was written when Scott was in frightful agony, victim of a most painful disease. What a relief to him must have been the contemplation of this fair, passive beauty whose "girlish features were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure."

How, indeed, do men feel about witty women? Do they seek in their wives a brittle intellect and a constant play of the tongue? Here, I think, speaks Scott, the great romancer, the man whose business it was to draw characters not as they are in life, but as we would like them to be, and he says of his divine *Lucy,* "she did not speak much, but she smiled; and what she did say argued a submissive gentleness, and a desire to give pleasure, which, to a proud man like *Ravenswood,* was more fascinating than the most brilliant wit." Again, when she floats into the room with the lights shining on her "profusion of sunny tresses," "mantled in azure silk," to her adoring lover she seemed "to be an angel descended on earth, unallied to the coarser mortals among whom she deigned to dwell for a season. Such is the power of beauty over a youthful and enthusiastic fancy."

So it will always be, no matter what the changes may be in the status of man and woman. From the mind of man it is impossible to erase the vision of ideal beauty, and "the youthful and enthusiastic fancy" will always see in the deep blue eye, and in the soft lights of golden hair, his fate, the desire of his life. Neither *Ravenswood* nor *Bucklaw* saw in those blue eyes the hint of madness. For them, it was enough to turn their world topsy-turvy in order to win the coveted beauty as bride. Yet *Lucy* is not pictured as a siren, preying on the souls of men; but as an angel of character and form. If she had suddenly become determined and told her mother what she really thought of her, both the lovers would probably have leaped upon the first convenient horse and run away from her, for fear she would turn out to be as difficult as her mother. No, she always remains the perfect heroine, without faults, without thoughts, without active virtues. A beautiful, doll-like creature, who can be dressed properly for a wedding and is expected to fulfil her duties as a bride and wife.

When the day for the signing of the marriage contract approached, she still remained "passive." "Lucy suffered herself to be attired for the occasion as the taste of her attendants suggested and was, of course, splendidly arrayed. Her dress was composed of white satin and Brussels lace, and her hair arranged with a profusion of jewels, whose lustre made a strange contrast to the deadly paleness of her complexion and to the trouble which dwelt in her unsettled eye."

Yet, with all his artistry, Sir Walter could not invest his dream with life; for like all dream women, she was passive, and though man may dream of a passive mate, he cannot so dream of her stirring the soup in the kitchen or wheeling the baby in the park.

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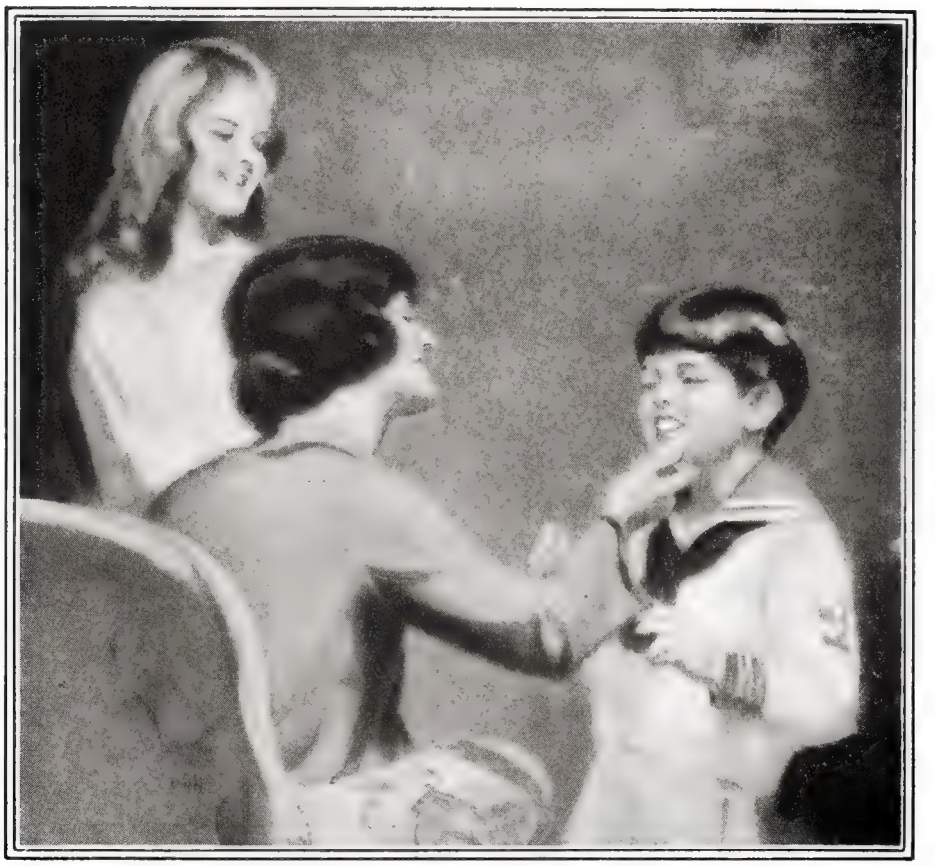

Present-day dental findings urge the importance of starting early in children the habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent. Gleaming smiles, the reward of daily care, bring charm and popularity in later life.

This way is known through professional advice to millions.

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Thus thousands who have taken greatest precautions, even from childhood, with their teeth, still are largely subject to tooth and gum disorders.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised.

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For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

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At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

In daily practice, Pepsodent is urged by dentists for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualites.

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Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

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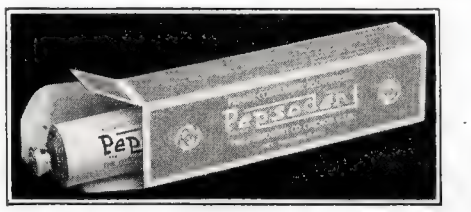

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What does YOUR VOICE TELL THE WORLD ABOUT *YOU?*

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

As manager of the National Broadcasting Company's Station WJZ in New York City, Miss Bertha Brainard has learned much about that important phase of a woman's beauty equipment, her voice in speaking

WE talked of beauty, of those subtle, small things which often escape the eye, but which mean so much to a woman in expressing her greatest charm. "I wish," said lovely, titian-haired Bertha Brainard, who sat opposite me behind a shining mahogany desk, "that you would write about the beauty that is never seen at all, but heard. I mean the beauty of a woman's voice. American women have been criticized because of their shrill, nervous voices. I used to think we were on the verge of losing all sense of the power of a lovely voice when that amazing invention, the radio, came along. Now, however, most of us are on the road to becoming truly 'voice-conscious.' We turn on the loud speaker and listen to the rich, powerful tones of the professional orator or singer or to the sweet, persuasive chatter of the woman who talks about pie-making or crocheting. Radio audiences are so critical these days that the men and women who come to talk or sing regularly from a big broadcasting station now have their voices tested in the audition room beforehand for the proper radio quality. Their unseen audience soon learns to pick and choose for its favorites those whose voices have warmth and color."

From journalism Miss Brainard went into radio work in the early days of this industry and now holds the tremendously responsible job of manager of Station WJZ, in Aeolian Hall, New York City. I could not help noticing immediately that her own speaking voice was charming. Its light, musical quality won for her no small reputation as an amateur actress before she became a busy executive.

"It is hard to realize fully," she said, "how tremendously important the human voice is in reaching the millions that make up the radio audience. I never knew before how vital it was in transmitting to a great number of people the fine quality of one's personality. The success of a performer depends almost entirely on its effective handling and control. I cannot help feeling that it is time we were learning that all this applies, too, in daily intercourse with each other. The radio has taught me some of our greatest weaknesses, weaknesses which only common sense and a critical ear can do anything to correct.

"It is difficult, for instance, to make a woman's voice sound natural on the air. When we're under tension or nervous strain our voices seem to show it immediately. Sometimes the voice is the only thing about us which gives us away. Do you know that in a broadcasting station it is actually possible to 'hear yourself over the radio'? When the doors between the broadcasting room and the reception room are opened, you can hear your own words coming back to you through the loud speaker. This is one of the best ways I've ever encountered to detect faults of diction and modulation. When I began to broadcast, I was horrified to hear how affected my voice sounded. When I pitched it high, it came out shrill; when I tried for low tones it sounded heavy and theatrical. After some practice I found the radio level for my particular voice.

"This may sound like an experience limited only to the microphone, an instrument which does queer things to the voice. But has it ever occurred to you that our nerves and temperaments act the same way? Only the trained actress, or the exceptional woman whose voice is beautifully under control, can keep it firm and even under stress. Frankly, I know of nothing so unbeautiful as the effect of anger or hysteria on an uncontrolled voice. It wouldn't surprise me at all to discover some day that this is the cause of much unhappiness in this world, in homes where children are screamed at, in business offices where women, capable and expert in other ways, lose control and raise their voices in anger or irritation. No one will deny that a lovely, well-controlled voice is a social and business asset. I should go a step further and say that it is one of the true essentials of beauty. It carries a great deal more weight than we think in our judgment of the poise and charm a woman possesses.

"The most beautiful girl in the world, with every outward endowment of loveliness, will prove uninteresting in time if her voice is flat and colorless or loud and harsh.

"I'll admit that it's no small task to keep our voices low and beautifully modulated in the midst of our high-pressure life. In the strident city we instinctively pitch our tones against the noises all around us. We imagine that if we scream high enough, we'll be heard above the racket. This is all wrong, of course. Sometimes we coarsen our voices in this way and we always give the effect of strain or hysteria.

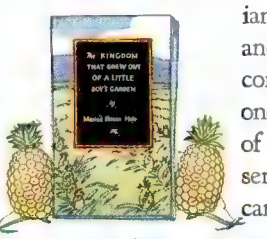
"It would be wonderful if we could all learn to handle our voices under the tutelage of some great diseuse like Yvette Guilbert or some magnificent actress like Mrs. Fiske or Ethel Barrymore. I have a notion that many women would then discover in themselves a source of unsuspected charm. But since only a few of us can ever have the benefit of long study, it behooves us to apply common sense and to attune our ears to sloppy speech and unpleasant intonation. Then we'll stop taking our speech for granted; we'll try to make the most of it as we try to make the most of a lovely complexion or beautiful hair and eyes. A little imitation is good for the soul; too much makes us affected. When you go to the theater, notice how your favorite actress plays upon her voice, as if it were a separate instrument, like a violin. And over the radio try to analyze the charm of some speaker you love to listen to. They will all help you to develop the 'unseen beauty' which lies in that marvelous instrument we call our vocal cords. All my life I have reacted quickly to the quality of a stranger's voice, but in working with the radio, this sensitivity has greatly increased."

THE BRIDE'S BEAUTY BOX

BRIDES are privileged creatures, always. Nothing is too lovely for them. Even the plainest girl has her hour of white satin and lace, of an altar perfumed with lilies, of admiration and envy. For trousseau showers, or an intimate bride's gift, we know of nothing more exquisite than a delicate face powder in a white-satin box, which the makers call "powdered pearls." To go with this, we found a perfume bottled to look exactly like a huge pearl. Sounds bride-y, doesn't it? For the domestic-minded bride, old-fashioned lavender makes a shower gift which carries its fragrant charm through hope chest or linen closet. And for the honeymoon there are many exquisite travel accessories. On the day of days, the bride, or one of her thoughtful attendants, should see to it that last-minute beauty aids are on hand, things like liquid powder, to cover a small skin blemish, brilliantine to make hair gleam and stay in place and perhaps a skin stimulant to take fatigue lines out. A pale bride may sound poetic, but we prefer a wee bit of color, thank you, enough to bring out the sparkle of lips and eyes. (Our Make-up Chart will help here). Though we're partial to brides this month, our Quest of Beauty list, with information as to prices, etc., of these products, ought to be useful to any girl who loves dainty things. Just send a stamped envelope with your letter and we'll enclose it. Don't forget to tell us whether you want the Make-up Chart, too, which is free. For bride-to-be, matron, or maid our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN still remains the practical guide to good looks. It costs only 10c—and it may save you dollars in the purchase of the right aids to loveliness. Address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

"You can thank "Jim" Dole for canned Hawaiian Pineapple!"

HERE is a romantic story. It tells of a young New Englander who went to Honolulu back in 1899—with little money and no very definite plans — tasted ripe Hawaiian Pineapple for the first time, and—but read it for yourself.



In its pages you will learn how James D. Dole created the Hawaiian Pineapple industry and in doing so built the company that supplies one of every three cans of Hawaiian Pineapple served on the American table.

It is a fascinating booklet containing thirty new recipes by three famous food authorities. There is a copy for you if you will just drop a note or card to Hawaiian Pineapple Company, *Dept. M-6*, 215 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

© H. P. Co., 1927

Hundreds of coffees from many lands to choose from

. . . yet the first real nation-wide fame has come to a shade of flavor no single one of these can yield

WHAT WOMAN has not worked lovingly over the mixing of a sauce or of a salad dressing? Stirring and tasting, adding now a bit more of this ingredient, now of that?

Here is the real secret of those rare moments at table when the family lingers and forgets to hurry.

"The supreme art," writes one authority on foods, "lies in blending flavor with flavor." And it is in that one food, in which, perhaps, taste counts most of all, that this art has found its highest expression.

From plantations in many lands, coffees reach the American home—hundreds of different kinds and grades. Flavors in some that are widely separated—in others, differences almost too fine to taste. Yet to build a flavor that will live in the memory, it is these delicate shades that must be valued and combined.

Such fame as never before came to any coffee has today been won—not by a single flavor, but by many skillfully mingled, by a blend of coffees from the old South.

A southerner born with a gift for flavor

Perhaps it was simply because Joel Cheek was endowed with a natural genius for flavor. Perhaps also because he grew up in a land of critical tastes. Certain it is that the touch of extra richness in the coffee blend which he created in old Tennessee, was quickly approved by the great families of Dixie. Long ago Joel Cheek's blend became the first choice of the cities of the South—the favorite of all Dixie.

Today from New York to Los Angeles, Maxwell House is pleasing more people by far than any other coffee ever offered for sale. It has swiftly become the largest selling coffee throughout the entire United States.

A new experience awaits you and your family in your first taste of its full-bodied smoothness, in your first breath of its aroma. A new pleasure at breakfast and dinner, in that particular shade of richness which has made this blend so famous. Plan now to serve it tomorrow morning. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

For years Joel Cheek's blend was served at the most famous hotel in the old South—the Maxwell House in Nashville

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

My husband not only discovers new conveniences for me—he has developed an unsuspected "flair" for cooking!

THERE ARE JOYS IN MAIDLESS HOMEMAKING

BY RUTH DUTILH JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY S. WENDELL CAMPBELL

MORE than ninety-five out of every one hundred homemakers in this country are keeping house without a maid.

The homemaker's problem is so much simpler today than it was a few years ago. Electrical equipment has made housework not only easier, but more interesting. You press a button—wheels turn, dashers dash, wringers wring, as if by magic, and the whole disagreeable job is done! Or you put meat, vegetables and pudding into the regulated oven or the pressure-cooker, then while you take time to keep up with the news of the day they are cooked and, shortly appear on the table, done to a turn without waste of time or effort!

You will find, first of all, that a daily schedule is essential, for things must be done systematically and on time if the household wheels are to run smoothly.

All meals should be planned at least three days in advance. Some homemakers prefer a list of menus made a week ahead, but I find these difficult to follow in my family. There are sure to be some left-overs that I did not count on, or the children will be hungrier than usual and not a sliver of meat will remain from which to make hash. Unexpected guests will devour the lettuce which was to have been the salad for two days—and my whole week's list will be thrown out! I find it entirely possible, however, to make lists of meals and dishes to be served for three days, which I can follow with a feeling of security.

To avoid the rush of Saturday I market on Friday for Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Monday's ordering covers the meals of Tuesday and Wednesday. Then, if anything is lacking, it can be supplied on Tuesday. On Wednesday I order for Thursday and Friday.

Buying in quantity is another essential to good management, even for the small family. I have estimated, by checking my purchases made over a number of years, that I save one-sixth to one-fourth by buying in quantity such things as soap, sugar, starch, flour, dried fruits, canned goods, cleaning powders, vegetable oils and other easily kept commodities. These I buy in lots of 100 bars, 100 pounds, 25 pounds, 2 dozens and 2 gallons. Our cellar-way is fitted up with shelves which hold these. A cupboard in the kitchen has its quota of spices, gelatin, macaroni, raisins, cereals and other supplies in as large quantities as will keep well, put away in glass jars.

The homemaker who wants to know the real joy of doing her own work must have a kitchen that is conveniently arranged, light, attractive, and well-equipped. Recently I had a letter from a friend who has a new kitchen cabinet. "It is going to save me miles of walking," she wrote, "and when the kitchen is painted, I shall really begin to enjoy my work."

This letter reminded me of our own hopeless kitchen when we purchased our home some years ago! How any homemaker could do anything but weep within its dark brown walls, I did not see! Today, with soft linoleum floor, cream painted walls, gay curtains and cover on the gate-legged table, convenient equipment and three windows where there was only one before, it is the prettiest room in the house.

Maidless housekeeping may become drudgery in the best-looking kitchen if one has not the proper working tools. When one does one's own work, none but the finest grade of stainless steel, shining pans, up-to-date equipment and other helps that will make the work go swiftly and easily should be in the kitchen.

I do not believe in the penny-wise-pound-foolish kind of housekeeping that postpones buying what is needed to save a few cents. But you will find, as I have, that when you do your own work a pound of butter will go further, the sugar-bag and the flour-bin will become empty less often and bills will be cut almost in two.

The greatest JOY—I capitalize the word—of my maidless homemaking is the interest and cooperation it has developed in the family. When I had a maid, my husband only passed the threshold of the kitchen on his way to the furnace or garage. Today, not only does he discover new conveniences for me and makes them himself, but he has developed an unsuspected "flair" for cooking! It has been splendid training for the children, too. My daughter of fifteen knows more about housework than I did when I was married!

Nerves and dyspepsia are things of the past—bugaboos of the days before the joys of maidless housekeeping were discovered. Meals are simpler and more wholesome.

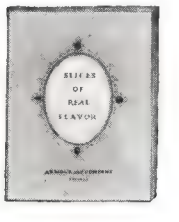
We live more simply in every way, we save more money and we have a richer, deeper life as a family.

Just enough lean . . . just enough fat . . . *and an abundance of savory flavor*

TO BRING out to the full the wonderfully fine flavor of Armour's Star Bacon, fry it gently. Put the slices in a cold pan over a moderate heat. Cook slowly and turn frequently. Pour off the fat from time to time—be sure to save it for shortening purposes. When the bacon is just to your style in crispness, remove to a hot platter and then sit down to a feast.

This delightful quality is never the result of accident or chance. The skill with which we choose bacon for the Star brand, and the unfailing precision with which we cure it, make every slice an entrancing harmony of flavor and tenderness.

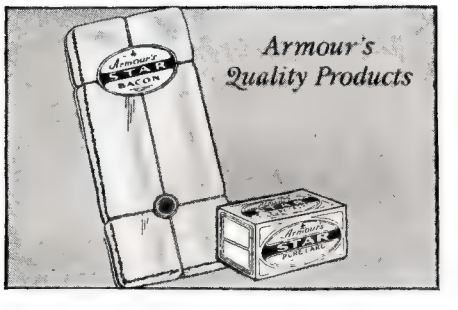
You can eat all you want of Star Bacon because it tops the list in food value and digestibility. What's more, its intriguing, nut-sweet flavor makes countless ordinary dishes radiate new goodness. How well you will realize this when you try the tested recipes in our booklet, "Slices of Real Flavor." You can have it free for the asking.



Our new booklet, "Slices of Real Flavor," will open your eyes to the magical effect of Star Bacon in varying menus and improving ordinary dishes. Mail the coupon for your FREE copy.

Armour's Star Bacon is at your dealer's in pound and half-pound cartons uniformly sliced. Also sold in parchment-wrapped pieces. Mail the coupon now for free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor." Armour and Company, Chicago.

This is the 60th anniversary of Armour and Company—Armour has devoted these years to the vital public service of continually improving food and perfecting methods of distribution.



Dept. 66, Div. Food Economics

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

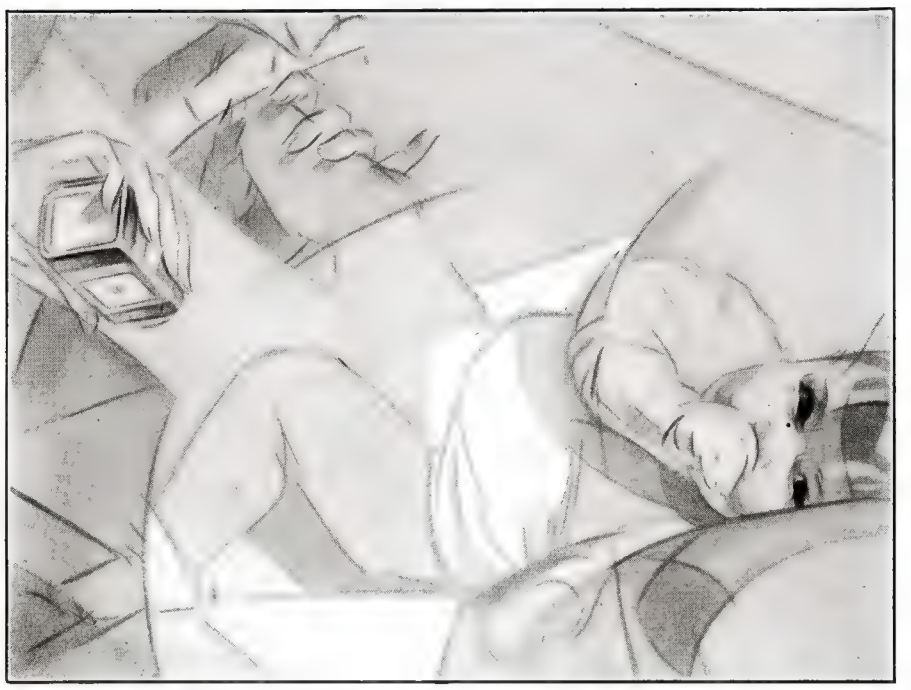
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Please send me free recipe booklet, "Slices of Real Flavor."

Name_____

Address_____

Sprinkles like Cooling Balm on moist, warm bodies



Protection against prickly heat, soothing comfort through the long hot days, with this gentle powder-lubricant

BABIES restless in hot, sultry weather . . . tiny, perspiring skin-folds that rub, grow moist, chafe . . . prickly rash that torments tender flesh—now, more than any other time during the year, women can judge the cooling comfort of this marvelous baby powder—Johnson's.

It's really a cream in powder form. Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder lubricates the skin, covers it with a protecting veil of powder, so that there is no friction and hence no irritation or chafing. More, because this powder is so cotton-soft, it is a super-absorbent of moisture. No matter what the temperature, this fragrant powder helps keep baby cool, fresh. Fluffy, flaky, pure—its effect on the skin is lotion-like—healing and caressing.

Johnson's has for its base Italian talc chosen because its tiny particles are so round, so soft, so fluffy. It is blended with a boracic compound and faint, clean-smelling scents. Because of its fine texture it cannot clog the pores. It only protects.

After his bath, every time diapers are changed, cover the tender skin-folds with a generous sprinkling of Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect without a flaw or blemish, give him care that will keep him always beautiful. (The square-sided can is conveniently tucked into a hand-satchel on an outing to the seashore or mountains.)

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Make this simple hand test

Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.

Three Rules for your baby's health and comfort

First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally relieve roughness, rash, or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream

YOUR DRUGGIST is more than a merchant

A trained helper should be engaged if possible

THE LEAST CONTAGIOUS *of* THEM ALL

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

Illustrated by Sarah F. De Frehn

SCARLET fever has been recognized for many centuries, but its early history has been indefinite. Judging from the contributions of the early writers the disease has always been most prevalent in civilized sections of the world, and has always shown marked variations in the severity of its outlook and results.

An epidemic of scarlet fever occurred in the Faroe Islands where for half a century the inhabitants had not been exposed to the disease and where the geographic conditions rendered observations on its cause unusually easy. Investigation disclosed that the susceptibility to scarlet fever was about seven times greater in persons under twenty years of age than in those over forty years.

It has long been known that scarlet fever is contagious. The nature of the infection has however been the subject of much controversy and while the specific micro-organism was believed to exist in the secretion of the throat and to be operative at this source, it was not until the past few years that the micro-organism causing the disease was definitely recognized. The disease is usually transmitted from the ill to the unprotected by direct contact. Conveyance by an intermediary such as a person, clothing, book or toys is probably a frequent occurrence. Some epidemics are exceedingly mild, so mild that a correct diagnosis may be most difficult and yet a case of this sort may transfer the disease to another individual who may develop the disease in a virulent form. It is doubtless that these undiagnosed cases are responsible for many of those cases supposedly due to an intermediary of different sorts. There is abundant proof, however, that milk may be an agent for the transference of an infection.

My own observation in institution and private practice is that scarlet fever is the least contagious among the contagious disorders. It is exceedingly rare to see a case in a child under one year of age; the most susceptible period seems to be between the second and twelfth year. No age, however, is exempt. Clinical observation has demonstrated that the nose and throat are the source of the contagion. One attack usually is protective but this is not always so. I have had two cases in which from every clinical standpoint there was a second attack. The period elapsing between exposure and development of the disease is from five to seven days. Cases that develop later than seven days after an exposure are exceptional, but it is possible.

The onset of the disease is sudden, often with vomiting, occasionally with a convulsion and always with fever and a sore throat. (In mild cases the symptoms are indefinite.) The temperature is usually high, 103° to 105°F; the temperature range is a fair index to the severity of the infection. In definite cases that have a temperature range from 100 to 102°F we may expect the case to be rather mild. Whether the fever is high or low, the red congested throat is usually present. In average and severe cases a characteristic rash appears in twenty-four to thirty-six hours after the initial symptoms.

In many mild cases of scarlet fever it will be the first symptom, and if vomiting has occurred, the rash is often attributed to indigestion and the case passes undiagnosed until the desquamation appears. The character of the rash, its intensity, and the height of the fever indicate fairly accurately the severity of the disease.

The chest and abdomen are usually the site of the first appearance of the rash; it is composed of minute red dots so closely set together as to give the skin a homogeneous deep scarlet color. The extent of the rash varies greatly, sometimes covering the entire body, and lasting from five to seven days. In others, it is much less characteristic, covering only limited areas and may last but a day or two.

Usually the rash begins to fade gradually on the fourth or fifth day and is followed after a very little time by the desquamation or peeling of the superficial layers of the skin. In very severe infections I have known the rash to last as long as ten days. The desquamation varies greatly; there may be but a slight peeling about the finger tips and toes, or the skin on the hands and feet may shed *en masse*.

Unfortunately scarlet fever patients are particularly susceptible to complications. The kidneys, heart, glands and ears are particularly liable to involvement, through extention from the infected upper respiratory tract to these parts.

Every case of scarlet fever must be quarantined and kept under observation by a competent physician. The mild cases are not to be neglected. There is almost as much danger of serious kidney involvement in these as there is in the much more severe cases.

By means of the Dick test a child's susceptibility to scarlet fever can be determined. An injection is made into the skin of a minute portion of a filtrate of a culture of the scarlet fever micro-organism. The reaction in the skin at the site of the injection tells us whether or not the child may contract scarlet fever.

It used to be generally considered that it was a wise precaution to let the children have scarlet fever early in life and "get it over." Fortunately we have progressed and now the up and coming mother realizes that Prevention is the very best Cure.

SO SIMPLE AND SO OBVIOUS

WHY HAS NO ONE DONE THIS BEFORE?

"One Book Can Change the History of the World"

These words have greeted every new inevitable thought, every invention, every new movement. That is because no idea, no matter how fine or obvious, can come into existence before it is needed. In answer to a great need for good, new contemporary books at lower prices, and greeted by these same words, has come this revolutionary innovation—

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA

ASK any intelligent person why he does not buy more books and he will say: "Because I can't tell which are good before I read them, and because they are too high-priced." And the average person is right. Americans who have bought books in Europe at low prices, have wondered why they had to pay so much at home for new books.

It is no one's fault. It is due to an outgrown system, risks for publishers and booksellers, too few bookstores.

The Literary Guild of America abolishes the risk of uncertain editions and helter-skelter distribution. Its plan is to publish for an organized body of subscribers in advance. These will receive twelve books—one each month—as they would a magazine.

The Guild plan follows logically on the yearly subscription idea of magazines.

Your books are selected for you by an Editorial Board of distinguished critics. The books are chosen from original manuscripts—not from books already published. These manuscripts are submitted by any publisher or author in America and Europe.

BY ZONA GALE

ZONA GALE

"Women of fifty often continue to wear their hair as they did in mating-time, so readers of fifty keep on believing in certain books of their first reading youth as incontestable staples. Perhaps it is those who cannot conceive of a *trousseau* without white skirts, or of an umbrella with a short stick, or of an opera season without *Il Trovatore*, who may ask you at any moment whether you have read *Louisiana* or *A Hardy Norseman*."

In the days of Louisa Alcott a lady was known by her handkerchiefs and her gloves. Today, the modern woman is known by the fact that she has the habit of buying books.

Everybody says that women don't buy books. That is not true. Women of culture do buy books, *modern* women do buy books. The old-fashioned woman, the one who is restricted in her life to gossip and sewing and cooking, never thinks of buying books.

But the modern woman knows that books are absolutely important. The modern woman knows that she must own books, not just get them from the libraries, that they must lie about in her home, that they are as important a part of the furnishings of a beautiful home as curtains at her windows.

It is not merely that books are effective and beautiful decorations. It is true that a row of books in varied bindings will give any room a touch of color, a feeling of comfort, a sense of beauty. Once upon a time in New York a millionaire built himself a home and forgot to put in a library. No one who ever pretends to have a good home would do that now. For now you can get current books—good books—books that you will want to own forever, at reduced prices through the Literary Guild. For the appearance of your home, for the cultural back-ground of your children, for the sake of your own conversation, you should join the Literary Guild.

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Send me free of charge and without obligation to me,—**Wings**—with essays and portraits of your distinguished Editors, and the story of your assured saving to me in the price of contemporary new books. McC—6-27

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DELICIOUS BREADS

Steichen

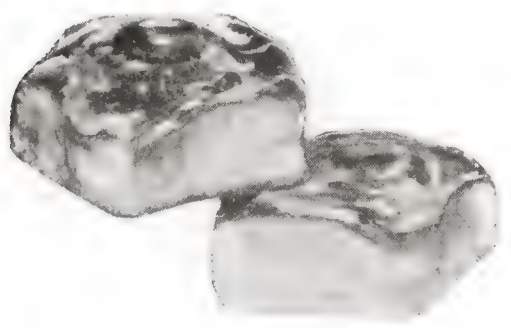
With cooling summer drinks it is now customary to serve a wide variety of fascinating breads such as PECAN ROLLS, CINNAMON BUNS, *and* BRAIDED COFFEE RING, *as well as dainty sandwiches of white bread and rolls.*

"NO imagination" you would say of a housekeeper who served the same meats, salads and desserts day after day.

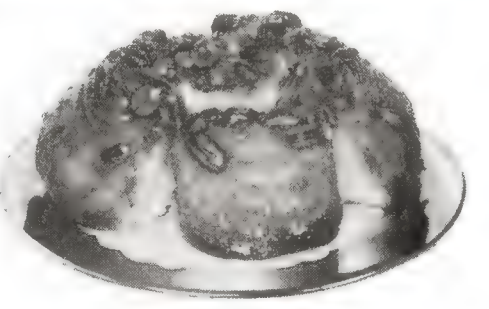
Monotony in breads is unforgivable now because it is so needless. Today your own baker makes so many delicious new kinds, it is no more trouble to have a fascinating variety of bread than to go on serving the same kind drearily for every meal.

Crisp, glistening, crusty rolls; buttery brown buns with delicate frosting; rich, nutritious coffee cakes; loaves of wholewheat, white and raisin bread—it is so convenient to order your baker's "specials" and receive these delicious breads direct from his oven, fragrant, and beautifully browned and tasting unbelievably good.

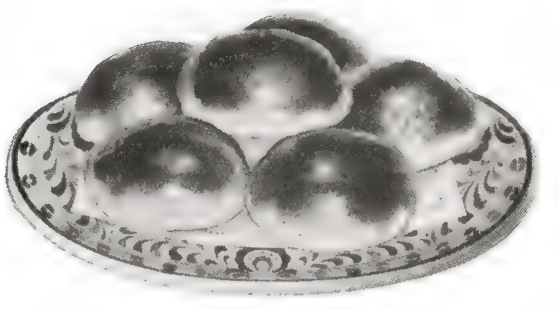
How resourceful it makes you feel to have this wide variety of breads from which to choose those frequent little surprises that lend a bit of glamor to the meals of every day!



Spicy and delicately frosted! CINNAMON BUNS *go particularly well with coffee.*

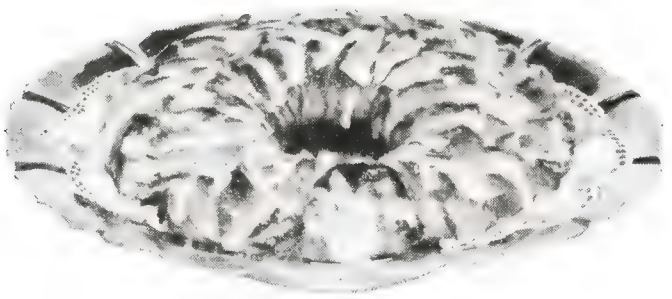


How nice for dessert! PECAN ROLLS *are covered with caramel icing thickly sprinkled with plump nut meats.*



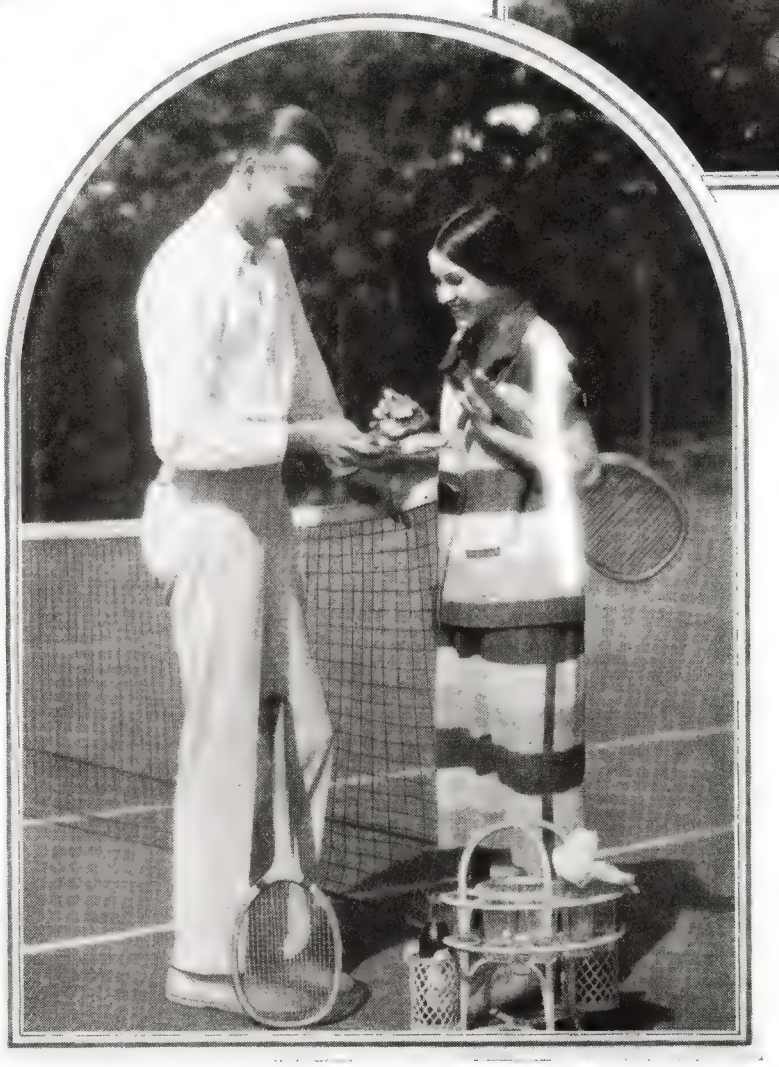
Just perfect for picnics! SANDWICH ROLLS *have a tender, glistening brown crust.*

IN GREAT VARIETY



The most popular of all your baker's coffee cakes, is BRAIDED COFFEE RING. *At luncheon it is now very often served with coffee for dessert.*

Your baker's rich, even-grained WHITE LOAF *slices evenly without crumbling whether you want it thick or medium or very thin. And how perfect it is when toasted a beautiful golden brown. Buttered toast, dry toast, milk toast, Melba toast, cinnamon toast, French toast. Serve them all occasionally for variety.*



BREAD, since it supplies energy more quickly than most other foods is now recommended by physicians for the children's in-between-meals snack.

Unlike foods which take longer to digest, children can eat bread in the middle of the morning or afternoon without dulling their appetite for regular meals. Naturally it is important to keep bread from seeming monotonous.

Your baker's *Cinnamon Buns*, *Butterfly Buns*, and *Braided Coffee Ring* are but a few of scores of nourishing breads which are suitable to give to your children.

Your baker or grocer can now supply a delicious variety of bread for every occasion. . .

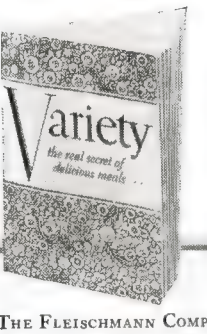
YOUR baker makes all the breads shown here and many, many others. He uses fine ingredients and combines them with unvarying skill.

His breads are always successful, always beautifully baked, because his ovens are scientifically adjusted, and because of his daily experience in making them. Ask your own baker or grocer for their "specials."

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as your own family used to do when everybody baked at home. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities.*

THEY TASTE AS DELICIOUS AS THEY LOOK, those wonderful *Pecan Rolls*, *Raisin Buns* and *Butter Horns* that are served so frequently these days after tennis and other sports.

For breakfast too, they are general favorites. Something about their golden brown crust, their delicate flavoring, their appetizing fragrance makes them seem just the right food with which to start the day.



FREE! Send for this booklet that tells how to make everyday meals more interesting.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Desk 42, 701 Washington St., New York
Please send me free: "Variety—the Real Secret of Delicious Meals."

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The Best Friend *a Picnic ever had*

No. 591 Pint $2.65
No. 592 Quart $3.85
Others $1.25 up

ALL UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles have extra cups with folding handles which nest in the cover and give individual service to three or four people. The heat-proof handles permit serving even the hottest liquids, safely and comfortably, without scalded fingers. This increased bottle utility and convenience is passed on to you with no corresponding increase in price.

UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles are best to buy for other reasons, too. All UNIVERSAL nickel-plated bottles are of rust-proof construction throughout. Every filler—the unseen heart of the bottle—is of highest quality, protected by a patented shock-absorber, insulated by an efficient vacuum, inspected and subjected to a twenty-four hour temperature test before packing. They positively keep liquids hot 24 hours or cold 72 hours. Every UNIVERSAL Bottle is American-made throughout. You cannot see these things, but if you wisely choose a UNIVERSAL that trade-mark becomes your guarantee of quality, inside and out.

Universal Vacuum Specialties

For all Vacuum needs there are UNIVERSAL Products, only a few of which are shown in the border. Ask your neighbor or your dealer about their merits; they know and will be proud to tell you.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DEALERS

Write for Booklet No. E27 showing many other UNIVERSAL Vacuum Specialties

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
New Britain, Connecticut

Here, a consistent early American setting—of mahogany furniture and braided rag rugs makes an appealing nursery setting

CHARM YOUR CHILDREN BY THEIR ROOMS

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

IN the decoration of a child's room, a general effect of appealing simplicity should be the first consideration. This does not necessarily mean the omission of color or of a humorous treatment, providing it is not so grotesque as to over-excite the imagination of the child whose room it is.

Convenience, however, should become a vital factor here and find expression in sturdy, non-capsizable chairs and tables, hooks so low that small hands can readily reach them; walls and floors that can be easily cleaned, and decorations of a cheerful, clear coloring without confusing details to puzzle and strain youthful eyes.

In the new baby's room, the walls may be toned a delicate pink, pale blue or soft ivory, with or without a suitable border. On the floor a large washable or woolen rug will insure quiet and, at the windows simple net sash curtains that admit the sunshine, yet are free from fussiness, will be found most practical. Dark linen shades to draw down during sleeping hours or moments of restlessness or over curtains of some light weight, dark-toned fabric, are also desirable. In the country house nursery, Venetian blinds offer an excellent substitute for outside shutters as they can be regulated to admit the air and yet soften the light of the room.

Although the setting of the nursery may be simple to the point of apparent severity, the bassinette for the baby affords ample opportunity for decorative effect. Those of wicker or woven reed may be covered with dotted net over pink or blue China silk, and the crib protected by a quilted silk lining. A soft silk-covered hair mattress completes the fittings with a daintily embroidered muslin pillow slip over pink or blue. This is a decorative gesture, as a pillow is seldom used now for young infants. Or, one may cover the bassinette with pink flowered mulle.

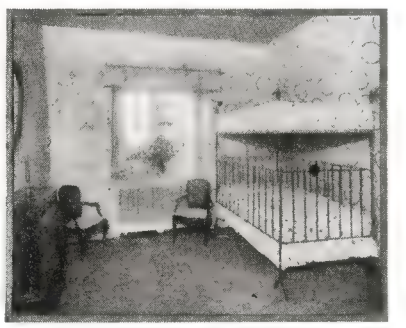
A folding white rubber bathtub, which can be used in the nursery or kept in the family bathroom—is, after the crib, the most important piece of furniture. Those with an outside pocket for the baby's clothes are preferable.

Accompanying the tub, a glass tray, on which are kept covered jars for boric acid, cotton, nipples, talcum and other requisites will be found indispensable, together with a wooden thermometer, to gauge the temperature of the bath. Wicker or metal scales which may have pink or blue China silk covered pad for baby's comfort, are indispensable.

A reed hamper for soiled linen is likewise important. This may be enameled in white with Dresden garland decoration or be painted pink or blue to match the general color scheme of the nursery. Another nursery necessity is a folding clothes dryer which may be painted to correspond with the hamper or may be had in ivory enameled reed, with Dresden decoration. A practical and comfortable means of taking the baby about the house or even to be used for sleeping out of doors is found in an ordinary large-sized market basket, decorated in pale blue or pink with rosebuds painted on the handle.

For the young mother, who gives her baby personal care, [*Turn to page 50*]

In this attractive nursery comfort has been made the keynote without overlooking childish preferences



Painted furniture and a gay patterned chintz, in bold relief, make a delightful interior for a child's room

Ethel A. Reeve, Decorator

HARTSHORN'S
ROVED SHADE ROLLER
50 YEARS OF SERVICE
This Hartshorn Roller was installed in 1876. The tack marks of eight sets of shade cloths appear in the wood.
RTSHORN'S
56 YEARS OF SERVICE
This Hartshorn Roller pulled a shade up, for the first time, in 1870. It was taken down last year only because the house in which it was installed was taken down.
HARTSHORN'S
Ratchet Roller
63 YEARS OF SERVICE
This Hartshorn Metal Roller went up in 1864. It came down in 1927. But there's a lot of kick in its old main spring yet.

What more need be said of the stuff of which Hartshorn Rollers are made?

STEWART HARTSHORN CO.
250 Fifth Avenue, New York

Hartshorn SHADE PRODUCTS Est. 1860

A shade is only as good as its roller.

Hartshorn makes shade cloths, too—of a quality that is in keeping with that of Hartshorn Shade Rollers and in every desirable color. So, specify Hartshorn Shade Cloths on Hartshorn Rollers next time you reshade your home.

Made by the makers of Hartshorn Shade Rollers

CAPRICE ITSELF

[*Continued from page 7*]

The thing had only one answer. That shameless whispering had been going on long enough. Miss Jessica tensed her fingers, opened her lips to speak—and closed them again . . . .

She had in that moment almost caught something. The man was lifting his voice. He sounded angry. A roughness on his mutterings that hadn't been there before. Was the feminine response a surrender or only a putting-off? That time he kissed her—no mistaking it. Amazing what a chilly passion of revolt the faint, almost imperceptible sound of that kiss woke in Miss Jessica! She cried in the depths of her cramped and straining being: "The wretched little huzzy! I always knew it of her! . . . "

But she hadn't always known it of her. Miss Jessica remembered even while she twisted her lips and narrowed her eyes in the throes of disgust, that she had once, for almost a year, taken a keen and friendly interest in Viola.

Viola had seemed to care for literature. She had seemed, impossible as one might suppose it, to take kindly to English composition. Both of which classes Miss Jessica taught. Miss Jessica had noticed her first because, whenever the class had verse to read, or learn, Viola read it or learned it as a high privilege, not a task. Her soft spaniel's eyes glowed, actually glowed, over the mysteries of iambic pentameter. She didn't mind reading *Paradise Lost*. She was full of a childish, an undirected, nevertheless an almost worshipful curiosity about poetry. It seemed as if she were feeling her way after something that belonged to her. She had an intuitional sense of rhythm, and she handled words lovingly. All in the rough, of course, but Miss Jessica could see where it led. She was trained, Miss Jessica was, to follow the flight of other people's arrows.

Also, when day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, one ladles out literature to blank young mouths, perfunctorily opened, one is painfully quick to observe and pathetically grateful to accept any suggestion of youthful appetite for the same.

Miss Jessica had come to watch for Viola's eager eyes in the class-room. She had taken for a time rather a special interest in Viola's English composition papers, crude and naïve as they were.

"My Day in the Country." Viola had really gone into the country and tried to put on paper what she found there. "Decoration Day." There had been a faint, authentic ripple of flags and the acrid smell of gunpowder in the six or seven grubby pages of that effort. The pages were grubby, unhappily, and Viola couldn't spell. Viola, to all appearances, would never learn to spell. But Miss Jessica had felt, for a while, that it didn't so much matter. Always dictionaries were to be had. Inarticulate but living, in Viola, there was, Miss Jessica had, for a time, felt, *something trying to speak.*

Odd, the thing that had abruptly finished Viola, so far as Miss Jessica was concerned.

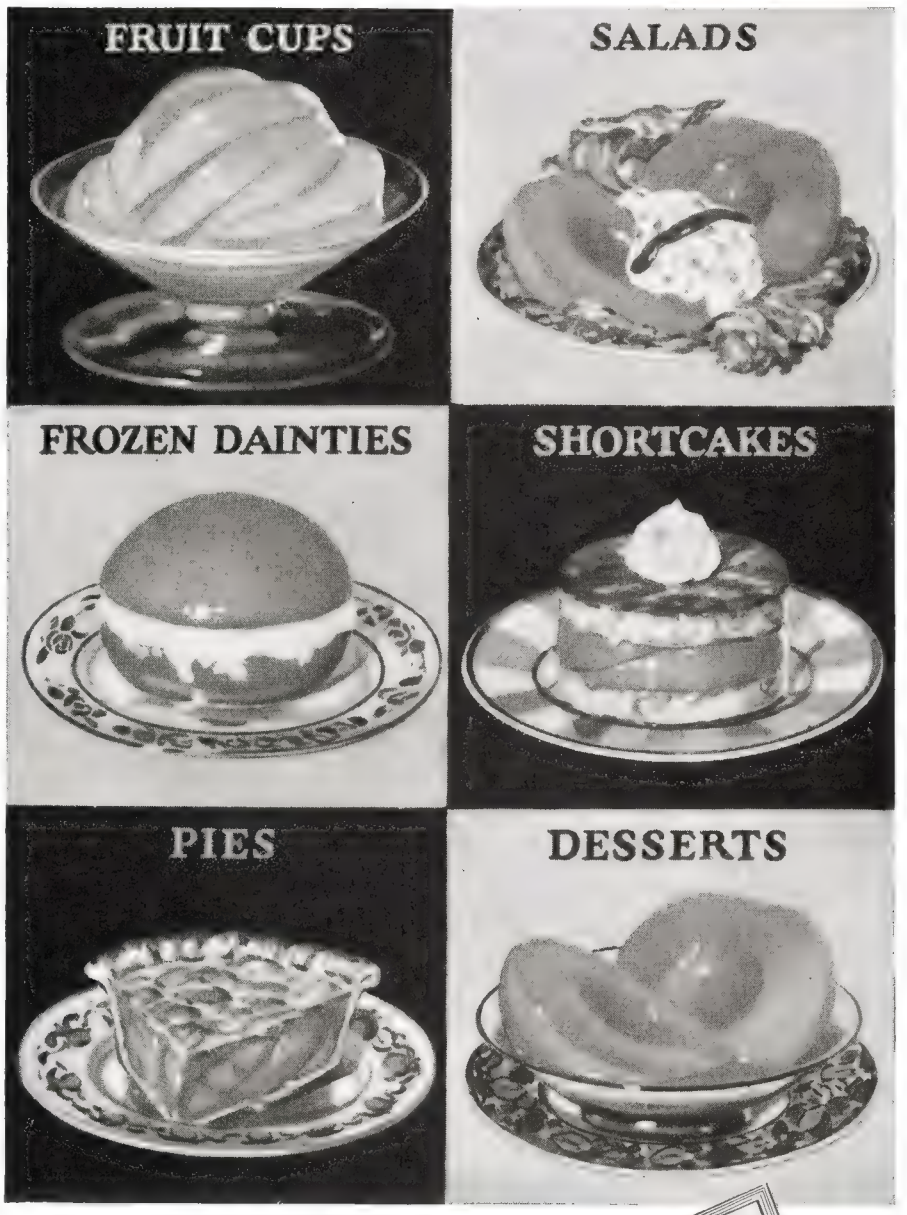
There was on the staff of the Girls' High School a little man named Minifee, professor of chemistry and persistently celibate. He had near-sighted, wistful eyes and a small, ragged, brown moustache. He was not much of a chemist; but Miss Jessica, in an aloof and hungry way, rather fancied him. Once he had loaned her a book; three times he had walked home with her from faculty meeting. Dreams have been built upon less.

Upon the third walking-home, he remarked, in the course of a casual discussion of classes: "There's a pretty little Portuguese girl in Freshman B this year . . . . not too intelligent—no head at all for chemistry—but I like to watch her face when I'm talking. Eyes like Beatrice Cenci. Name's Viola something. Have you noticed her?"

Yes, Miss Jessica had noticed her. She spoke carefully of other matters to Dr. Minifee—and never noticed her again. Not a deliberate and considered ignoring. It was merely that Viola didn't, somehow, appeal to Miss Jessica, after that. Although the flight of Viola's mother with the Sicilian barber, Viola's going out to work and her eventual employment by Mrs. Ferguson were all [*Turn to page 51*]

for tempting Summer menus ~with shorter kitchen hours

Just try a few of these



The peach treats illustrated here are typical of the many delightful summer suggestions contained in our new folder on DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. We would like to send this booklet to you (free of charge), together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," a collection of the favorite recipes of America's best known cooking authorities. Address Dept. 613, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

But be sure you say

DEL MONTE *Peaches*

HALVED OR SLICED

Ask any doctor—
and he'll advise

NURSE
YOUR BABY

EXPERIENCE shows that breast-fed babies generally have the advantage over bottle babies. Mother's milk—the food Nature provides—has never been excelled.

Nurse your baby, if you can. Otherwise select a substitute as nearly like breast milk as possible.

Eagle Brand—whole cow's milk modified with sugar—is nourishing, digestible, pure and uniform.

Send for *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*—booklets of practical feeding information and stories of Eagle Brand babies.

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184 Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*.

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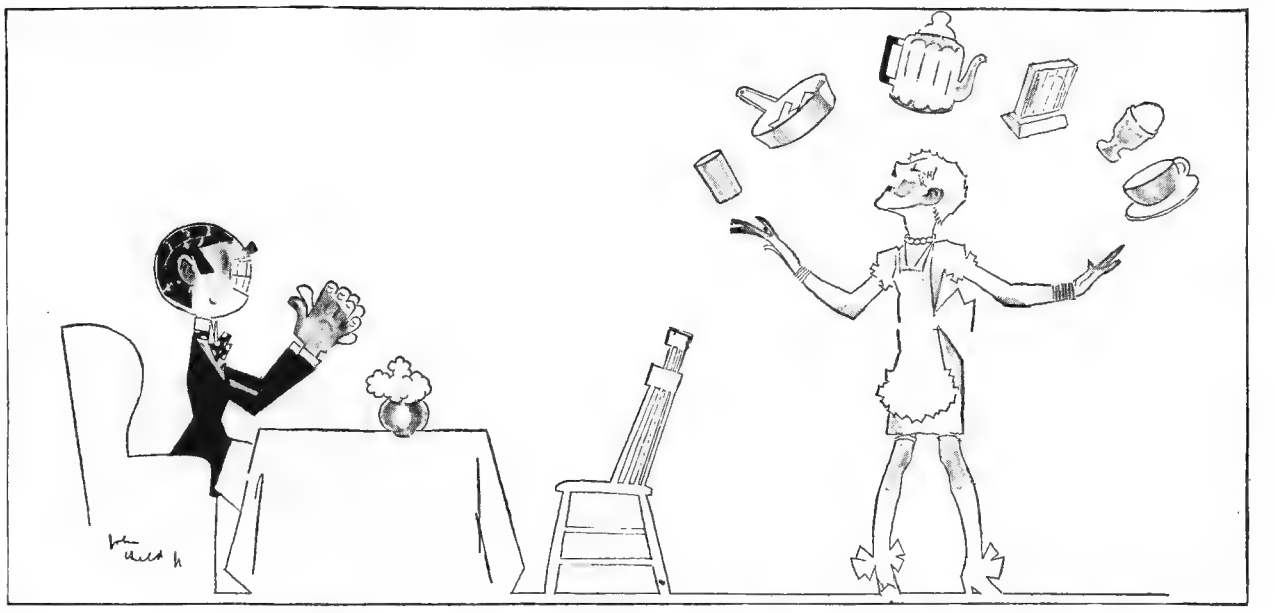


The sleight-of-hand performer is no more to be admired than the good cook

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

BY MABEL CONDICK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HELD, JR.

AFTER all, honeymoons do come to an end, and it is a wise little bride who makes up her mind even while the honeymoon is high in the sky, that she is going to be just as great a success in her new home, whether it be a cottage in a suburb, or a kitchenette apartment in town, as she is as a honeymoon companion. It is not so easy.

With high rents and low salaries the rule rather than the exception among newly-weds, a large proportion of the bride's time is due to be spent on the kitchen end of her homemaking job. Again, if she is wise, she will not resent this, for a well-cooked meal remains the open, and not too heavily trafficked road to a man's affection. He may love you now for your frills and feminine furbelows, but the ability to broil a beefsteak to a turn, will not come amiss when the honeymoon glamor fades.

Let us begin with the first breakfast in the new home. It is an easy matter to make mental notes on the honeymoon of what *he* likes, for the day's first meal.

Breakfast should be the brightest and cheeriest meal of all. In too many households breakfast is rushed through, with one eye on the alarm clock, and one ear out for the train's whistle. And, a natural result of all this haste—the oatmeal is lumpy, the orange juice goes into the glass unstrained, the eggs are soft boiled or hard according to chance not to taste, and half of the supply of toast is scorched along the edges while the other slices are raw in the middle. Then also quite naturally, Friend Husband departs for the office feeling that the days of bachelordom when Mother cooked for her boy had their advantages.

Breakfast for two

Plan the morning meal not only to be wholesome and nutritious, but so that it will be an agreeable surprise to your husband too. Perhaps he has to catch a 7:05 train, and manlike, allows barely enough time to do it, certainly with no time over to wait while you experiment, or cook another rasher of bacon to take the place of the slices you have just burned beyond retrievement.

If you have ever cooked bacon and eggs, coffee and toast all at the same time without one boiling over and the other burning you will know that the sleight-of-hand performer who keeps his three or four balls in the air is to be admired for his agility no more than the woman who can bring all of these dishes to the table piping hot and done to a turn. This requires experience.

Until the bride has practised each thing separately it would be safer not to attempt doing too much at once. Orange juice can be squeezed the night before, strained, and put on ice in a covered jar, but peaches, bananas and berries to be good must be prepared just before serving time.

Until one has had considerable experience in cooking it is wiser not to attempt hot breads for breakfast. These are simple enough after one has learned how to dovetail one piece of work into another, and can think with some degree of calmness of several things at once. But rolls from a good bakery are quite satisfactory. These are restored to their original crispness if you will put them in a clean paper bag, screw the end of the bag tightly to keep in the moisture, and put in a hot oven for a few minutes.

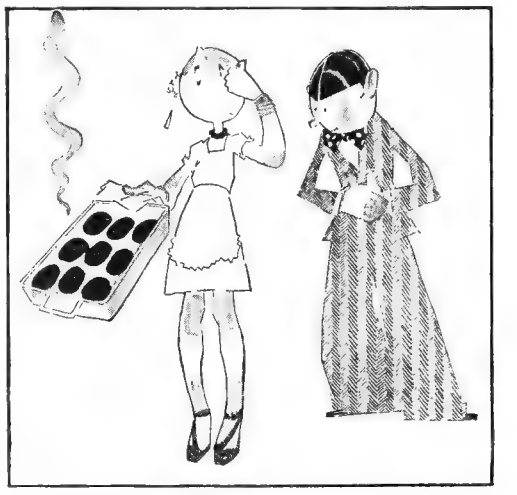
Instructions for making toast may seem superfluous, but the story of the small boy who, when his teacher asked him how toast is made, said, "First you burn it on the stove and then you take it to the sink and scrape it," makes a suggestion or two seem pertinent just here.

For buttered toast the bread should be cut about one-half inch thick and carefully browned on each side.

For crisp toast the bread should be cut much thinner and allowed to dry out.

Coddling is the simplest way to cook eggs. Allow the water to come to a boil in a sauce pan, put the eggs in, cover the pan tightly and *remove from the fire*. If eggs are liked with the white of a jelly-like consistency, five minutes will be sufficient time to leave them in the water; a minute or two longer will make them more firmly set. The eggs can be served in the shell, or if soft they can be broken and served on a buttered slice of toast and are quite as attractive and delicious as a poached egg—which is much harder for the amateur to achieve satisfactorily.

Marmalade is an agreeable finish to the breakfast menu, but it should not be too sweet as a starter for the day's routine.



Friend husband has no time to wait while you experiment

The New, Crisp, *Toasted Whole Wheat* Cereal –a Delight at *Every* Meal

a new convenient shape
a new delicious taste
a new wholesome food

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Muffets are made from whole grains of sun-ripened wheat, cooked and crushed into ribbons, and rolled into toasted, golden biscuit-like shapes. Nothing added, nothing taken away. All the healthful bran, the energy-building vitamins that nature has put into wheat.

Serve Muffets these many ways:

For Breakfast—served hot or cold with cream and just a light covering of sugar, or with your favorite fruit.

For Dinner—hollowed out, filled with fruit or ice cream.

For Lunch—hollowed out, filled with creamed fish, vegetables, mushrooms, etc.

For that Late-at-night Supper—sliced, spread with cheese, and toasted.

"There's a Meal in Every Muffet"

They may be purchased at your grocer's. Ten Muffets in each package.

MUFFETS CORPORATION, Root Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

© 1927, M. Corp.

PINEAPPLE SURPRISE

Hollow out Muffet, pile high with crushed pineapple, mixed with sweetened whipped cream, flavored with almond, decorated with cherries and ground nuts.

STRAWBERRY QUICK CAKE

Hollow out Muffet, fill with chopped strawberries in sweetened whipped cream, top with whipped cream and whole strawberries and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

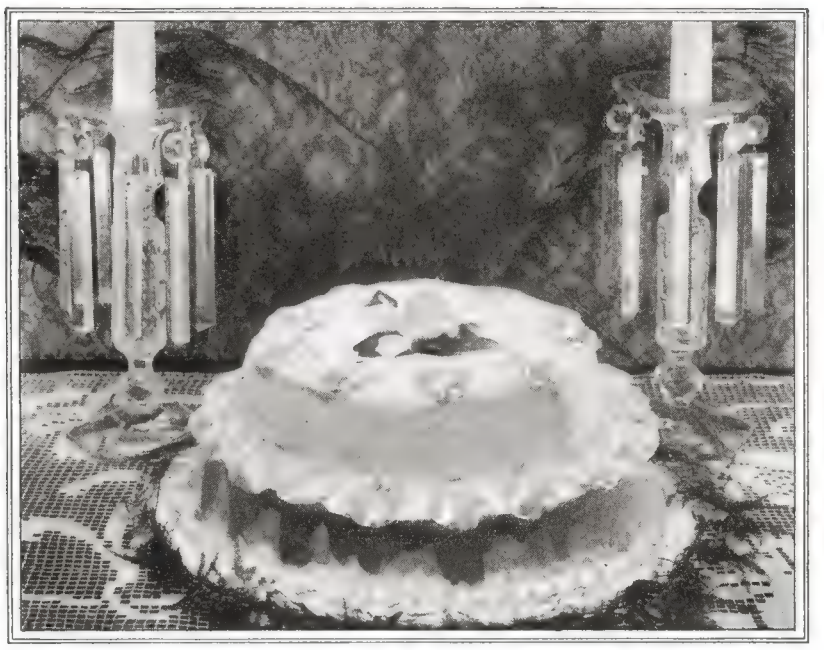
MUFFETS

French Dressing is the most sophisticated of all salad dressings, but, in spite of that, it is the easiest dressing to make.

Just mix three spoonfuls of Wesson Oil, one spoonful of vinegar or lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, and there it is!

You can make it in quantity if you wish by increasing the amount of the various ingredients used, maintaining the proper proportions of oil and acid—three parts of Wesson Oil (some say four) to one of vinegar or lemon juice.

When made in quantity, this dressing can be kept in a covered jar in the ice box, and is ready for use at any time, merely needing a thorough shaking to break up the oil and blend it with the acid. This dressing can always be used plain, or if you wish a change you may add any spices, seasoning or condiments that you like.



This wedding cake has a white sugar rose in the center and rose petals around the edges

IF YOU MAKE THE WEDDING CAKE AT HOME

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

Find the bright gold ring and you're next June's bride,
The silver piece, and you'll wealthy be.
The button small holds the poor man's pride,
While the thimble's for luck of the single—and free.

THE wedding cake, which is always a rich fruit-cake, should be made at least a month in advance. You can cook it in square pans to be cut in pieces and put in small white boxes or you can cook it in a large pan and frost it to grace the center of the table. Another way is to bake it in two round pans of graduated sizes and the two cakes are put together as you see in the photograph with the smallest one on top, then frosted and decorated.

The bride's cake is always a white cake. It is usually baked in a round pan with a hole in the center. In it there should be a ring, a ten-cent piece, a button and a thimble. These are put in after it is cool. Wrap each article in wax paper, then with a sharp knife make tiny cuts in the top crust and insert the favors.

For ornamenting the bride's cake, tiny silver ball candies called *dragées* can be purchased from any confectioner. A frosting syringe for putting on the ornamental frosting, with assorted tubes or ends to make different designs can be bought for as little as ten cents for each part and for each tube or end. Better sets including an assortment of twelve tubes, full directions for use, and designs for ornaments cost approximately $3.50.

If you have never used ornamental frosting, it would be wise to experiment with the various tubes on a piece of white paper, making different designs, so you will make no mistakes on the cake.

Fill the pastry bag only two-thirds full of frosting, and twist the top so the frosting cannot come out. The bag should be held in the right hand and guided with the left. Always squeeze it at the top. If you use a syringe, hold it in the right hand and guide it with the left.

Before putting the decorations on either cake, decide just what you want and draw a plan on a piece of paper the size of your cake so the decorations will be symmetrical and evenly placed. Toothpicks can be stuck in the cake where the decorations are to go, as they can be easily pulled out and leave no mark.

A little fluting is generally made around the bottom of both cakes, next to the board. For this, use the tube which has little teeth on one side and is plain on the other. Hold it so the plain side is next to the cake. Make the fluting by folding the frosting in little loops around the bottom. After the cake is frosted, allow 24 hours for it to harden, keeping it in a cool place.

Any one of the following frosting recipes may be used as a foundation frosting, but only the "ornamental frosting" should be used for the decorating.

PREPARATION OF FRUIT FOR WEDDING CAKE

The fruit may be prepared the day before the cake is made. Raisins should be seeded and cut in pieces. Currants must be washed. Look them over carefully and remove any stems. Almonds may be blanched by putting them in a bowl of water which has just stopped boiling. Let them stand 2 minutes, then drain off water and put them in cold water. The outside skins will then rub off easily. Dry almonds and shred lengthwise. Slice citron very thin in two-inch pieces.

WEDDING CAKE

1 pound butter
1 pound light brown sugar
1 pound flour
1 teaspoon mace
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
3 pounds currants
1 pound citron, sliced thin
2 pounds raisins, seeded and chopped
½ pound almonds, blanched and shredded
9 eggs
¼ cup milk

Cream butter and add sugar, sifted to remove lumps. Beat mixture. Sift flour with spices and soda. Mix fruit and nuts with flour. Separate eggs and beat yolks until lemon colored. [*Turn to page 72*]

The late Mrs. Smith

MRS. SMITH wasn't dead. But her husband sometimes called her "The late Mrs. Smith". For she seldom got anything done on time.

Mrs. Smith never meant to be late. But she was tired. Everlastingly tired. She had lost her old buoyancy, the oldtime zest that carried things along with snap and go. She was on the ragged edge.

She wouldn't have known why, if you had asked her. Yet she had abused herself in "trivial" ways for years. She had eaten foolishly. She had left systematic exercise out of her program. She had failed to get the sleep she needed. Then she had combatted "that tired feeling" by depending more and more on artificial stimulants to keep her going.

So many do that. Caffein is the stimulant most widely used, perhaps. It *seems* to give new energy. Actually, it deadens the warning signal of fatigue—excites the nerves—repels sleep—and keeps the brain hurrying on when every natural impulse is crying "Stop. Relax. Rest."

The "new energy" is robbed from the body's reserve store. Bit by bit this reserve may be lowered until there is no energy left even for tiny emergencies—no margin of safety against disease.

It is so unwise—so needless. Millions enjoy the steaming warmth and delicious flavor of a mealtime drink that doesn't contain a trace of caffein. They use Postum.

A drink made of whole wheat and bran, roasted—wholesome as the grain itself. A drink that costs less, and is easier to prepare.

Try it. Make a test long enough to show results. Let Postum be your mealtime drink for thirty days. Experience the relief from drug stimulation. Note the effect on your health, your appearance. *Then* decide.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, does not limit this offer to the late Mrs. Smith. She includes *you!*

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P.—McCall's—6-27

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes

One aim . . CLEAN . . . One claim

to CLEAN

To clean teeth and clean them perfectly —that is what Colgate's is made to do

THE Colgate idea of a dentifrice is the same idea that dentists have—something made simply and solely to clean teeth. Because Colgate's is made only to clean, it does that one thing superlatively well.

Why Colgate's cleans better

Since the real function of a dentifrice is to *clean*, everything in the Colgate formula works on this principle. The moment it is brushed on your teeth, two things happen:

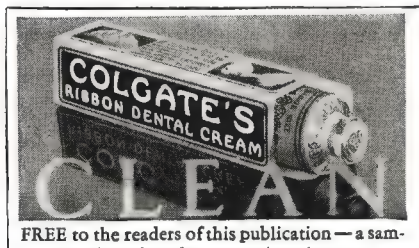
1. It expands into a delicious, bubbling, sparkling foam. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that delicately, *safely* scrubs off all bits of food and harmful foreign matter, polishing each tooth to dazzling cleanness.

2. Then, in a detergent-washing wave, this foam sweeps through the entire mouth, washing away all impurities and leaving teeth, tongue, gums, cleansed and fresh. Thus, the very *causes* of tooth decay are removed.

Dentist to Cure—Colgate's to Clean

Your dentist will tell you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason—to keep your teeth *clean*. If you think you need more than cleanness, if you fear disease of teeth or gums, go straight to a dentist for treatment rather than trust a "patent medicine" dentifrice. Rely on a dentist to cure. Rely on Colgate's to *clean* your teeth.

Colgate & Co. EST. 1860



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 205-F, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

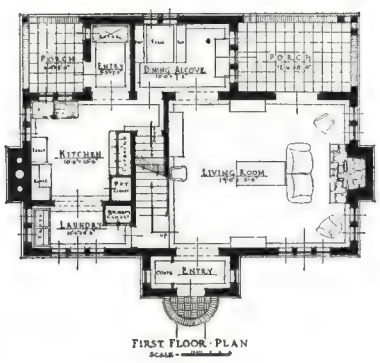
In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

A conveniently arranged little cottage that is admirably planned for the woman who does her own work

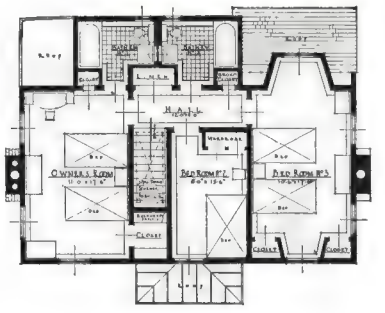
THIS HOUSE WINS FIFTH MENTION IN McCALL'S COMPETITION

WON BY R. ALEXANDER WILLSON

Collaborating with MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Architectural Adviser*



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

HERE is a charming adaptation of the English Country Cottage that is closely akin to our Early American types in its overhanging second story and ornamental "drops" at the corners; yet the vestibuled entrance with the curved roof and the front façade have much of the spirit of the English Georgian style. In its planning Mr. Willson has carried out admirably the idea of economy in the use of materials and especially so in the convenient arrangement of rooms in relation to their service.

Its English character is pleasantly emphasized by the combination of brick that finishes the first story and the siding or shingles of the second story. The house would, however, be very attractive if the first story were of stone, though this would add slightly to the cost.

The interior plan is equally original and quite different from the other houses that have been in this series. There is in that arrangement of the living-room and its fireplace the happy possibility of a cozy family gathering without being disturbed by others passing through the room.

The dining alcove will seat a family of five very comfortably. Then too, the convenient connection with the kitchen makes it possible to serve a group of guests in the living-room without the necessity of re-arranging the furniture, or it would be equally easy to serve tea on the porch or in the garden. And an English house must always have a garden.

The second story of the house is most comfortably arranged. The two large bedrooms have ample space for twin beds and an attractive arrangement of the other furniture. The bathrooms too are conveniently placed.

The house contains approximately 18,000 cubic feet which will serve as a basis on which a local contractor can give an estimate of the construction cost.

TWO complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for the Fifth Mention House will be sold for $30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans and specifications, $5.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs send for McCall's Service booklet, The Small House (price ten cents), showing four to seven-room houses costing from $8,000 to $16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, $15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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AMERICAN SCHOOL

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CAN YOU TELL WHEN A RECIPE IS GOOD?

[*Continued from page 30*]

2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons shortening. The soda is sifted with the flour, and so, less is needed than when it is mixed with the sour milk. Too much soda in biscuits makes them yellow. Too much in devil's food cake makes it red.

Milk that is just turned sour can be used in batters in place of sweet milk. From 1/16 to ½ teaspoon of soda will be needed for each cup of milk, depending on how sour the milk is. One-half teaspoon will be needed if the milk is well clabbered but not extremely acid. In sour cream cookies, if the cream is very sour, 1 teaspoon soda can be used to 1 cup of sour cream. Molasses requires ½ teaspoon soda per cup, honey from ¼ to ½ teaspoon per cup, and corn syrup requires no soda at all.

FOR USING OTHER FLOURS THAN WHITE

In muffins or other quick breads you can use half white flour to give good texture and half some other flour, for variety in flavor. For 1 cup white flour you can substitute one of the following:

1 1/6 cups fine cornmeal, 1½ cups rolled oats or 1⅛ cups rolled oats, chopped fine, ⅞ cup rice flour, 5/6 cup buckwheat flour, 1 cup rye flour, ¾ cup potato flour, 1⅛ cups barley flour.

Oatmeal, rice, hominy and other left-over cooked cereals can be used in muffin mixtures, changing the amount of liquid if the mush is not of the same consistency as the muffin batter.

YEAST MIXTURES

From ¼ cake to 3 cakes of yeast to 1 (one) cup of liquid may be used in a loaf of bread, the difference in the quantity depending on the time allowed for rising. The yeast, if fresh and of good quality, will not affect the flavor of the bread, though when you use a large amount you must be careful not to let it rise too long. Salt gives the bread good flavor, but if too much is used, it slows the action of the yeast because of its antiseptic properties. One teaspoon of salt per loaf gives the best results.

Increasing the sugar increases the volume of the bread because it supplies the yeast more food for growth, and it gives a browner crust, but more than two teaspoons per loaf makes the bread taste too sweet. One to 1½ tablespoons shortening to each cup liquid keeps it moist and of good texture. Milk or potato water used instead of plain water gives a tenderer crumb, better keeping qualities and a browner crust, although water can be used. Three and a half to four cups flour to one of liquid makes the standard loaf.

THICKENING RULES

These apply to most puddings and pies in which a starchy substance is used for thickening. Starches must be very thoroughly cooked, over a direct flame, stirring constantly for three minutes so there will be no raw taste. They are then combined with the egg and cooked over a slow fire about two minutes. For each cup of water or milk, 4 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon flavoring in a recipe, you will need for thickening:

3 tablespoons tapioca (cooked 25 minutes in a double boiler); 4 teaspoons cornstarch; 3½ tablespoons flour; 2 tablespoons flour and 2 teaspoons cornstarch; 3½ teaspoons cornstarch and 1 egg yolk; 3 tablespoons flour and 1 egg yolk; 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ tablespoons cornstarch and 1 egg yolk; or 2 egg yolks and 1 teaspoon cornstarch.

In baked custards, use 1 egg to 1 cup liquid and 2 tablespoons sugar.

One envelope of gelatin (2 tablespoons) will thicken 3 cups liquid, making it according to the usual directions. Be careful that your recipe does not call for too much acid. For example, if the liquid in a recipe for tomato jelly is 3 cups tomato juice, do not add any vinegar. If you like the vinegar flavor, dilute the tomato juice with water and add the vinegar, so there will not be more acid than plain tomato juice would give.

For instance, in thousands of progressive homes every bit of the cooking is done in aluminum utensils

The BEST COOKS *use* Aluminum

Generations of mothers have handed down to generations of daughters the lore of sparkling jellies, of flaky pastry, of crusty bread.

But it was barely a quarter-century ago that the lore of *aluminum* was added to that treasury of ripened experience. Even today some women are just beginning to realize the importance to them of the fact that aluminum *cooks everything well.*

Many hotels, hospitals, railroads, and steamship companies will use nothing but aluminum. They prefer it for its durability, its economy, its all-round good cooking qualities, and its safety.

The light, strong, beautiful "modern metal" offers you the same advantages. You will not refuse them, we know—

For—*the best cooks use aluminum.*

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Busy housewives find Resinol Soap saves tedious treatments

Its Resinol properties help to keep the skin soft and healthy.

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There's no need to spend hours in tedious beauty treatments—the regular daily use of Resinol Soap will care for your skin automatically. The distinctive *Resinol* properties found only in Resinol Soap, make this result possible. Any soap will *clean* your skin, but Resinol Soap goes further—it cleanses and *soothes* at the same time. Because of its Resinol ingredients it preserves the natural oil of the skin, so essential if dryness, roughness and other ill effects of household tasks are to be prevented, and the skin kept soft and natural.

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I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment. Please send free sample of each.

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The "Sleeping Beauty" pictured in the ornamental decoration sustains the interest of this nursery with the bunny andirons on the hearth

CHARM YOUR CHILDREN BY THEIR ROOMS

[*Continued from page 42*]

a woven reed chest of drawers, placed conveniently near her chair brings all the requisites near at hand, and serves as a substitute for the baby basket, formerly used.

An enameled training chamber or a painted wooden commode, that may be easily carried about in traveling, is another requisite for the young infant.

As the age of the baby advances, the nursery should be redecorated to meet the requirements of an older child. In the treatment of the walls, for example, a practical covering is to be found in the washable cloth that is now obtainable in exquisite shades of pink, blue, light gray or ivory. The cloth is easily wiped off, being waterproof, and is thus impervious to tiny fingerprints. Cut-out figures of children or animals can then be applied as a panel motif or as a border around the room with amusing effect. Think of the fun of following the antics of Peter Rabbit around one's very own nursery.

For the older child there is a wicker or painted wooden crib with drop sides. For outdoor sleeping purposes, the screened crib provides the greatest comfort and protection, while the deep-sided English perambulator, with lacquered wood body and leather hood, together with the go-cart, has entirely superseded the old-fashioned carriage.

As a place of safety within the nursery the folding play-yard with a pink or blue washable Turkish toweling rug is to be recommended. The newer types have panels of colored bead numerals to amuse the child. In floor coverings, a polished or painted floor that can be frequently wiped or brushed, is the most practical and sanitary, with small sized rag or hooked rugs. Choose for the latter those with animal motifs.

In furniture, a wardrobe comprising four or five drawers and a compartment in which the little dresses and coats may be hung on tiny decorated hangers is most useful. On the nightstand may be placed a lamp fashioned like Peter Rabbit, or like a 1776 drummer boy with an electric light within his drum. One of the new nursery clocks has the painted wooden figure of a peasant woman above the clock face, with a lamb and sheep on either side.

For storing away toys, a chintz-covered box is another desirable nursery feature, likewise a screen of the same material. In the newer chintz designs there are many of a distinctively juvenile character from which one can make a selection at a moderate price. Folding chairs may have seats of the same chintz, which may also be used for the top of a folding table. Because chintz coverings are easily soiled, however, painted wooden furniture is preferable for durability.

A decorated painted tree on which to hang such of the younger child's little garments as are in daily use, is an unquestioned convenience; but the older child should be taught to hang his or her things in a closet on hooks placed low so as to be easily reached. For coats and hats a painted wooden rack, ornamented with cut-out dog heads, and below each one a large knobbed peg is among the many accessories now made for children.

Having provided for the actual conveniences of the nursery, the next important matter to be considered is the effect of the surroundings upon the child's mind. Many furniture makers are designing nursery furniture made of maple and pine—ladder back, Windsor and wing chairs, butterfly tables, drop-front desks, bureaus with hanging mirrors, four-posters, high-boys and chests that create a really charming and desirable early American setting Colonial nursery furniture of mahogany and also of Italian walnut has come into vogue along with the rage for "antiques."

A night nursery, decorated by Mrs. Harry F. Guggenheim, in her Long Island home. Against a sky-blue background are conventional flower motifs in circles of gold. The gilded, wrought-iron bed has valance and spread of embroidered linen

Photo by Drix Duryea

Sparkling cleanliness

A VERY necessary task, yes. But a hard task, a disagreeable task—no! Use Sani-Flush. It quickly removes every stain and mark, all incrustations. And the closet bowl shines as bright as a new pin.

You need only sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. No scrubbing, no scouring. And what used to be an unpleasant task is over and done with in no time at all.

The nice part is that Sani-Flush cleans the whole bowl, even the hidden, unhealthful trap. It banishes all foul odors. Harmless to plumbing connections. A necessity in every bathroom? Assuredly!

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CAPRICE ITSELF

[*Continued from page 43*]

known to Miss Jessica, indirectly. No denying it.

Dr. Minifee had quite innocently wiped Viola out of Miss Jessica's life, at one dab, as it were—until Miss Jessica woke in the room filled with "luminous poison" and heard voices in an alley below her window. At which Viola came back, breathing, sighing, smiling—with the dark-flower flush under her creamy skin, her deep eyes misting shamelessly, her smooth black head thrown back, her mouth upturned . . . . to the man in the alley. If Viola had stood at Miss Jessica's elbow, wrapped in the same scrim cerement, she couldn't have seemed any nearer. And Miss Jessica couldn't have recoiled from her any more violently.

The talk in the alley was lagging . . . . curt questions with long, dumb pauses for answer. Reproachful mutters. Brokenly gentle responses. Suddenly a silence, a smothered, throbbing silence that every nerve in Miss Jessica's chilled and stiffening body knew for an embrace . . . .

Sharply, upon that, one word, distinct and final: "Well! . . . ."

Then the sound of footsteps going briskly, yet with a certain caution, across the gravel.

Miss Jessica watched, bare feet gripping the floor, hands clenched in the curtain, lips parted, eyes unwinking . . .

One person, a man, turned into the empty arc-lit street, dappled with tree-shadows. Miss Jessica watched him out of sight. His tread rang clear, in the unholy stillness of that green-gilt place. Sound in the alley there was none. The closing of a door, perhaps, beyond Mrs. Ferguson's hedge . . . . the merest outline of a sound . . . . but enough.

Miss Jessica, getting back into bed, rubbing her cold feet together in a vain endeavor to warm them, drawing the cover up to her chin, saw, with shut lids, Viola creeping up back-stairs, her dark hair slipping down above her shining eyes, smooth cheeks burning, small brown hands unsteady . . . .

There was a little blue-leather-covered clock upon Miss Jessica's table beside her bed. She switched on her light and looked at it. Three in the morning. A cock-crow threaded the silence to prove it. Miss Jessica smiled. A faint contortion of dry lips.

Remained, of course, only one thing to do. Mrs. Ferguson must be told. It wasn't from any possible point of view, fair to Mrs. Ferguson to leave her in ignorance of such behavior on the part of her handmaiden.

Mrs. Ferguson was a good woman. She would certainly want none but good women about her. Unfortunate that Viola's inherited tendencies had been too strong for Mrs. Ferguson's kindly influence—but Miss Jessica could have told Mrs. Ferguson to begin with that she was taking a dangerous chance in employing Viola.

Eyes like Beatrice Cenci. Well, they hadn't done her any good!

Miss Jessica would have preferred to think no more of Viola's *heure exquise* just past. She would have preferred to dwell dispassionately upon the drawbacks, where a girl of mixed parentage is concerned, of temperament combined with an indelicate sort of prettiness. It was (it *must* have been, Miss Jessica considered, looking back) exactly that hint of indelicacy in Viola—the worm i' the bud, so to speak—which had put Miss Jessica off. There was something about that sort of girl which subtly announced her for what she was, be it never so nicely masked by a childish smile and a feeling for poetry. Just as you couldn't mistake night-shade in a garden . . . . the peculiar evil sweetness.

Miss Jessica's dispassionate analysis of the situation, however, suffered recurrently from dim vignettes of the alley. She kept seeing Viola, close in the shelter of the hedge, leaning her head against a man's shoulder, melting into the covetous hold of a man's arm, lifting her face, with a long sigh of ineffable surrender to the touch and cling of a man's lips . . . .

". . . . the place where you shall never be; the lover whom you shall never know . . . ." [*Turn to page 53*]

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When even parties seem a drag and daily duties leave you listless and let-down—Auto-Intoxication may be wearing you out and sapping your strength.

, , ,

Follow a woman through an average day. Think of her worries and cares, of her social obligations and the hundred petty duties that clamor persistently for her time and attention.

Borrowing tomorrow's energy for today's tasks, the busy wife and mother is a flagrant offender against the rules of careful eating, prudent exercise and those daily habits which she strives to implant in her family.

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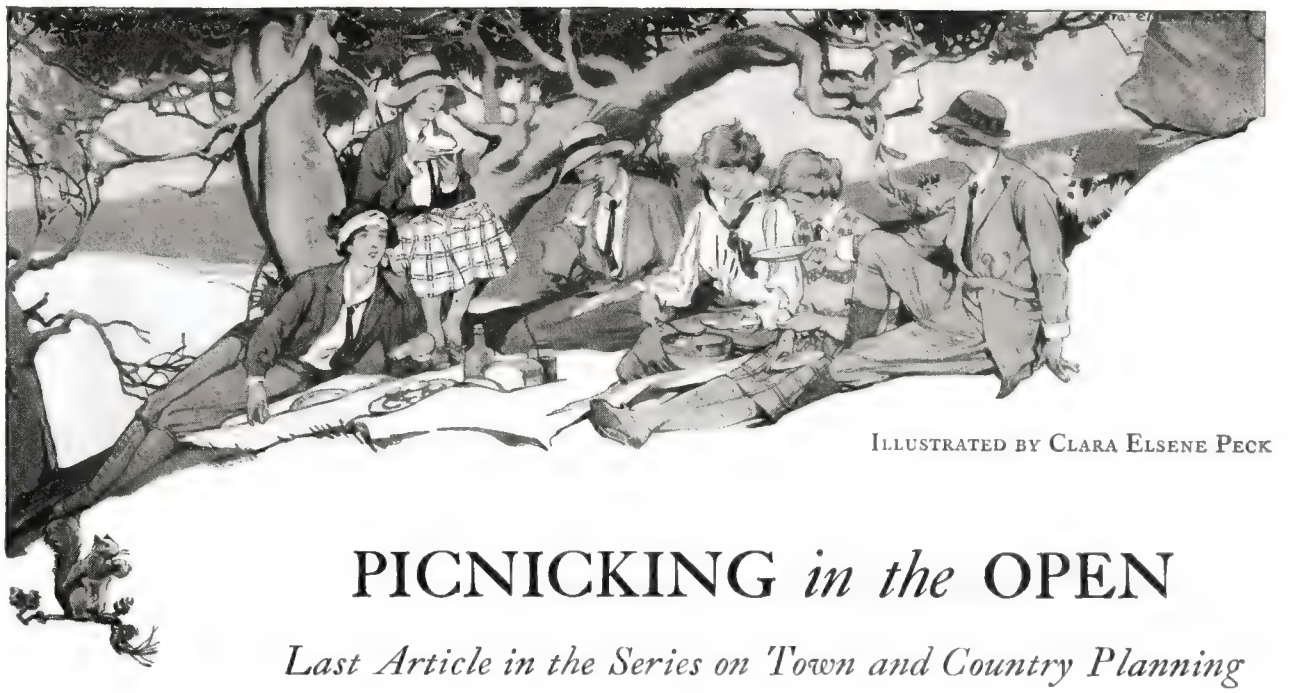

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

PICNICKING *in the* OPEN

Last Article in the Series on Town and Country Planning

BY MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Architectural Adviser*
Collaborating with GEORGE B. FORD, *Director*
City Planning Department, Technical Advisory
Corporation, New York City

ONE of the happiest auguries for the future is the tendency to live more out of doors. Our houses are becoming simpler; windows are being made larger, and the garden is now a part of the home. A simple régime is giving more time for freedom in the open.

To one raised on a farm, living now in the big city, and not owning an automobile, it is a boon to gather together a few friends and within an hour sit down for a picnic supper under green trees in the face of the setting sun. Living in a tall building and enjoying single blessedness has its advantages.

For the housewife with little children to look after it is not so easy, even though transit may not be a problem. With a sizable luncheon to prepare, the children to dress, and many carfares to pay, it may be a real hardship to go far from home for a half-day's outing. Yet she and her little family need outings more than anyone.

Open spaces should be provided within walking distance of every home—not just small places with a few trees and "Keep Off the Grass" signs, narrow walks and rows of seats—but areas spacious enough for family groups to sit on the grass with a reasonable degree of privacy and spread out their sandwiches, fruit and thermos bottles before them for a sociable meal.

The most disheartening thing to recreation enthusiasts is the maltreatment of parks. The litter that people strew about almost makes me throw up my hands and say "What is the use?" No amount of paid service can keep parks clean unless those who use them are clean at all times.

Many people who ride about in flivvers act as if they had never been out before, and treat the out-of-doors as if it were theirs to despoil. They scramble over fences, help themselves to fruit and flowers, and camp in orchards and groves, leaving all sorts of rubbish behind them. If they should come home and find some one helping himself to silver or food in their apartment, they would call him a thief.

To me there is no difference between cattle rustlers, fruit rustlers, silver rustlers and any other kind of rustlers.

There is much to be said for the motor traveler, however, for he has the same right to the out-of-doors as the people who live in the country all the year 'round.

But we do not always want to confine our picnicking to just one day. The automobile, which is the friend of the rich and poor alike, gives us the chance to vacation on the road as long as we can spare the time. Thus we can see and enjoy much of the country at comparatively small cost.

Our forest reserves are perhaps more vital to the health and happiness of our nation than any other of our national resources. Out of our original wealth of forests we have built our homes and innumerable industries. We have spent them lavishly and every man and woman of us who uses wood in any form should sense that the end of the supply is in sight unless some measures are adopted for reforestation of our waste areas and more economic use of our timber. Growing trees mean health and life for all animate things.

One of the most terrific and destructive fires of the western forests was traced to the remains of a picnic supper left by a motoring party. The forest ranger brought them back, subdued in spirit, to witness the waste before them, from which a tell-tale charred path led to their fireside of the night before. They thought they had put out their fire, but they did not stay by until the last spark had died out.

Under the auspices of the Laura Spellman Rockerfeller Memorial, Vacation Service has been organized for the region of New York City. In their handbook for vacation days they record accomodations they have visited and know to be good. There are brief accounts of recreational facilities, the means of getting about, transportation costs and general expenses. Then too, the Playground Association of America has a "Camping Out" manual which is most helpful in planning a trip.

Let us do our bit in contributing to the beauty of the wayside and the attractiveness of picnic grounds by leaving the trees and flowers as we find them. The most beautiful wild flower is the one that is left where nature had meant it to grow.

The trees in the forest trembled.
"Here come our enemies," they said.
"Fine lot o' timber," said the lumbermen, laying about them, right and left, left and right, with their axes.
"Don't you dare cut down our beautiful trees!" cried the children, while their mothers unpacked the picnic baskets and their fathers made a jolly camp-fire saying, "Well, we'll have one more good time here before it's ruined."
The children wandered off hunting flowers. "Mother, aren't these lovely?" Wilted bunches of Jacks and trilliums, roots and all were held up in little hot hands.
"See there is some dogwood, too," said one woman. "I always love dogwood. Cut me some branches, John, as many as we can get in the car."
Late in the afternoon, the happy picnickers departed for the city and the lumbermen went home and the trees and the wild flowers murmured: "Peace! All our enemies have gone."
But down by the camp-fire, the worst enemy of all winked a red eye like a semaphore.
Then came the wind.
For two days and two nights the whole countryside fought the fire. Most of the village was saved, and some of the birds and squirrels and rabbits that lived in the woods managed to get out; but for acres and acres not a single bush or fern or flower or green leaf could be seen. Only cinders.
And even the lumbermen had no use for the trees.

HARRIET CHALMERS FORD

CAPRICE ITSELF

[*Continued from page 51*]

Miss Jessica settled her pillow restlessly as from yet another angle light flowed in. She concentrated on the problem in hand.

As well as Mrs. Ferguson's peace of mind, there was Viola herself to be considered. Would it not be the chiefest of kindnesses to Viola for Miss Jessica to expose at once the whole affair? The thing might be just in the beginning; a word, now, might stop it, with no real harm done—to Viola. Later might be—too late.

Wasn't Viola's whole future, in a way, tonight in Miss Jessica's hands? And should Miss Jessica fail to meet such obligation? Viola would some day thank her for it. That clinched the matter. Viola's nebulous some-day gratitude. Taken in conjunction with the fact that Mrs. Ferguson certainly had a right to know what was happening behind her hedge.

Miss Jessica slept, shortly after that, soothed by an extraordinary feeling of relief, as Abou Ben Adhem after the angelic visitation.

It was full sunlight when she woke, and there was already that shimmering stillness in the air which betokens a hot day. Not much wind. Noises, thin and listless. Hard to believe that, at three in the morning, the world had been green and chill as a world under-seas.

Miss Jessica dressed herself with her usual care, putting on a thin black-and-white dress she had had several summers and which, with decent attention, would last her at least one summer more. She combed her reddish-gray hair in its usual tidy knot on the back of her head, loosened it into a kind of wave around her face; dusted her thin, aquiline nose with rice-powder; pinned her embroidered white collar with a flat gold bar-pin that had belonged to her mother, and went down to breakfast.

Mrs. Gale had gone to market. She had left Miss Jessica's grapefruit, her coffee and dry toast in the kitchen, from whence an indifferent and inefficient maid brought them at Miss Jessica's request. Miss Jessica recalled the fact that Mrs. Ferguson had spoken not long since of Viola's improvement in her work.

"She really is the willingest little thing!" Mrs. Ferguson had said. Willingness, Miss Jessica reflected, pushing aside the remains of her toast, had likely been Viola's undoing. An emotional Barkis.

When she had glanced through the morning paper and found it, as she expected, extremely dull, Miss Jessica rose and set her face toward the house across the alley.

"No use evading an unpleasant responsibility!" she said to herself as she rang Mrs. Ferguson's door-bell.

There was no immediate answer to that frail, muffled trill; no welcoming step in the hall. Miss Jessica knew a strange sense of bafflement in the thought that Mrs. Ferguson, like Mrs. Gale, might have gone early to market.

Upon the second ringing, however, the door opened abruptly, and Mrs. Ferguson herself drew Miss Jessica in and turned the key behind her.

"What's that for?" asked Miss Jessica in crisp surprise.

Then she saw that Mrs. Ferguson's neat white hair was uncombed, that the collar of her dress was unpinned and that her eyes were red from recent crying.

"Why, my dear!" said Miss Jessica. "Whatever is the matter?"

She was really very fond of the older woman, in a detached, indulgent fashion. They gossipped together once or twice a week through a gap in the hedge. Mrs. Ferguson had embroidered several handkerchiefs, the Christmas before, for Miss Jessica, who had presented her in return with a blooming pink azalea in a crêpe-paper-frilled pot.

It startled Miss Jessica to think that Mrs. Ferguson might have had bad news that morning from her daughter who lived in St. Paul and who had recently undergone a severe operation with apparent success. Mrs. Ferguson adored her daughter . . . . anything of that sort would come as a cruel blow. Miss Jessica trembled for her kindly neighbor. She said fearfully:

"You haven't heard—there's nothing wrong with your daughter, I hope?" and put a friendly hand on Mrs. Ferguson's arm. Mrs. Ferguson patted Miss Jessica's fingers.

"No—no. It's very kind of you to think of that! Helen is better—much better. I had letters yesterday from both her and her husband. No, Miss Jessica . . . ." The good soul's voice quavered. She cleared her throat and went on again. "I locked the door because I didn't want anybody coming in without ringing. I'm in dreadful trouble this morning—dreadful trouble . . . ." Something in the back of Miss Jessica's mind decided, "She knows!"

And Miss Jessica said aloud, calmly: "Is it about Viola, Mrs. Ferguson? I wouldn't let it worry me too much. After all, there are homes, institutional homes, for girls of that sort. It might be the kindest thing, in the long run—if she has no moral fiber . . . ."

Perhaps because Mrs. Ferguson's mouth stood open, queerly, Mrs. Ferguson's look brought Miss Jessica to silence after one sharp demand: "It *is* Viola—or something else?"

"Viola!" repeated Mrs. Ferguson weakly. "Viola! Oh, Miss Jessica—the child has—killed herself . . ."

Miss Jessica cried out. She cried upon a name which she commonly reserved for Sunday. Her voice, in the one syllable of it, squeaked grotesquely. Viola, to Miss Jessica, was still in that shade-hung alley, whispering and being kissed.

"Look here!" said Mrs. Ferguson, sniffing pathetically. She groped in the pocket of her dress and brought out a bit of paper, crumpled and blotted. "Read that—it was on her bureau this morning when I went in to call her, at half-past six. She had found some tablets . . . . I don't know how I came to leave them in the medicine-chest in the bathroom—the doctor gave them to me last winter, when I had neuralgia so badly, after flu . . . but I thought I had put them away somewhere—I am so careless—I only—"

Miss Jessica scarcely heard. It was a grubby piece of paper—Viola's English Composition papers had always been rather grubby—and her handwriting poor. "Dear Mrs. Ferguson," it said, "I have found out that the man I thought wanted to marry me has a wife already. He just told me tonight. He wanted me to go with him anyhow but I can't. It's too ugly. Only I don't know if I will always feel that way because I love him. And so I am doing what seems to be the best thing, like Juliet. Excuse me for taking it out of your medicine chest. I am writing you this note so as not to have any trouble with the police.

Viola."

A blot and a smear just after the name.

Mrs. Ferguson was saying something hysterical, now, about a chauffeur.

"I told the child she couldn't have him here—a worthless rascal—he drives a taxi. Where she did see him, after that, I don't know. . . . I'll never forgive myself for not looking after her better—she was such a *good* little thing!"

Miss Jessica gave back Viola's letter. She looked on wordless while Mrs. Ferguson began to cry. "It's too ugly," Viola had written. And, "like Juliet." At once, Viola's credo . . . . and her epitaph.

"Would you like to go upstairs and look at her?" suggested Mrs. Ferguson at last, wiping her eyes and heaving a long tired sigh. "She looks so white and little and innocent—enough to break any woman's heart!"

"No—no—no!" gasped Miss Jessica, shrinking back against the wall. "No—please!"

Because the other appeared dimly surprised at the vehemence of that refusal, Miss Jessica forced herself to add, in the shopworn phrase of a thousand sorrows, "Is there anything—that I can do?" Slow, shamed tears were rising in her. A hideous ache grew in the neatly collared throat.

"Not now," said Mrs. Ferguson, with a grateful touch on her neighbor's ringless hand. "Not now, dear . . . . the doctor's been here and gone."

FOUR DELIGHTS
FOR JUNE ENTERTAINING!

all made from one package of Knox Gelatine

TWO exquisite desserts and two equally delightful salads! You can make *six servings of each* from one single package. Such economy is notable in a product so high in quality as Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It is *all* gelatine—not flavored, not colored, and not sweetened. You get "the highest quality for health" when you buy Knox Gelatine.

Send for Mrs. Knox's Books. They contain recipes for all kinds of menus and occasions — valuable economy hints, too. *Write today*—please mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c for postage. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

TRY THIS MENU
Ideal for June Entertaining

Fruit Cup
Chicken in Jelly
Hot Rolls or Fancy Sandwiches
Tomato Aspic Salad with Vegetables — Cheese Straws
Radishes — Olives
Pineapple Sponge Pudding or Strawberry Whip
Small Cakes — Coffee
Knox "French Dainties" — Salted Nuts

KNOX
Sparkling
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Pineapple Sponge Pudding
(*6 servings*)

Soak ½ envelope or 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in 1 cup hot canned pineapple juice; add ½ cup sugar, few grains salt and 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice. When it begins to stiffen, beat until frothy and add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating. Fold in 1 cup diced canned pineapple and ½ cup sliced strawberries and bananas. Turn into wet molds or into glasses. Serve garnished with strawberries.

Tomato Aspic Salad with Vegetables
(*6 servings*)

Soak ½ envelope or 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes, dissolve in 1 cup hot stock or bouillon and add ¾ cup strained tomatoes. Season highly with salt, pepper, paprika and cayenne, and when it begins to stiffen, add ½ cup cabbage or celery, peas, asparagus tips or any preferred vegetables. Turn into wet molds and when firm, unmold and garnish with olives and lettuce.

Strawberry Whip
(*6 servings*)

Soak ½ envelope or 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in ½ cup boiling water; add 1½ cups strawberries, which have been crushed with ¾ cup sugar, few grains salt and 1 teaspoonful lemon juice. When it begins to stiffen, beat, and then whip in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into sherbet glasses, or serve on sponge cake with whipped cream.

Chicken Salad
(*6 servings*)

Soak ½ envelope or 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes, dissolve in 1 cup boiling water and add ½ cup canned pineapple juice and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoonful salt. When it begins to thicken, add ½ cup cold chopped chicken or veal, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ chopped pimento and ½ cup canned pineapple cubes. Turn into wet mold; when firm, unmold and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

"My little girl gained 4 pounds in 4 weeks"

—Mrs. R. E. J.
(Name on Request)

If your child is underweight, nervous and hard to make eat, this mother's experience with Ovaltine will prove a revelation and inspiration to you

We offer this 3-day test

"My little girl was plump and robust up until the time she began to walk. Then she seemingly went on a hunger strike. I tried coaxing, pleading, threatening. All to no avail. She refused to eat and became thinner every day. Lots of times I cried when I looked at her pathetically thin little legs.

"I was advised to try Ovaltine. I began by giving her a cup at night and for breakfast. She loved the drink at once—and the change in her was almost magical. She gained 4 pounds in 4 weeks. Now she's a regular 'stuffer' at the table, sleeps better and looks and acts like a different child."

How Ovaltine Builds Healthy Robust Bodies

If your child is underweight or nervous or hard to make eat, try Ovaltine—a pure delicious food from Switzerland. 20,000 doctors recommend it. Even a 3-day test will show a difference.

For Ovaltine quickly builds-up in two ways:

FIRST—Ovaltine combines in easily digested form, certain vital food-essentials in which the daily fare of so many children is often lacking. *One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods* which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, it is turning itself *and other foods* into rich, red blood.

Nature's danger signals

Underweight, restlessness, fretfulness, listless appetite, or a whiny voice—these are Nature's danger signals. Unchecked, they often lead to ills that may ruin your child's whole future!

Quick restoration

Ovaltine supplies the needed essentials for healthy growth. It restores normal appetite in a natural way. Thus, "free to gain," children pick up weight almost at once. They store up vital energy to grow on. They are bright-eyed and happy—filled with the zest of life.

Ovaltine taken at night brings children sound, restful sleep. Morning finds them fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Ovaltine taken daily, keeps them in the pink of condition. A tremendous aid to normal growth.

A pure delicious food

Children *love* Ovaltine And it is good for them any time of the day. It is particularly good to tone them up after sickness or a bad cold. It contains *no* drugs or chemicals. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years. And is now in universal use in England and her colonies.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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We are now on our second large tin of Ovaltine. I can see wonderful results with us all. It is working wonders with my little girl, who is a very nervous child. I am certainly happy that I sent for Ovaltine.

[Signed]
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My grandchild is underweight and does not care for milk. With the Ovaltine, however, she loves it and drinks a cup for breakfast and one going to bed at night. She is five years of age. She sleeps better.

[Signed]
Mrs......
Sea View, Wash.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 146
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine

Name.....
Street.....
City.....*State*.....

[One package to a person]

Send for 3-day test

AISLE OF DREAMS

[*Continued from page 11*]

battle like others did. She'd rather far live and be a little unhappy than just exist.

Then came the offer of a position for Harry with a branch of the Company in Toronto, with a salary of $50.00 a week.

"It's a man-sized job too, Carol, no office boy work. There's some responsibility attached and no loafing around. Madison said as they were just beginning that branch there will be a darned sight better chance of getting up in it. And now——"

Well you see they could get married now. But Carolyn knew even as Harry spoke that neither her father nor mother would ever let her go that far away from them.

However, Harry had gone to them with a world of hope in his heart, and after all, Carol's parents weren't selfish people. Of course they wanted their daughter near them but what they really wanted was her happiness. And after Mr. Conklin grumbled a bit to himself and looked at her mother and she nodded a little, their answer was "yes."

Carolyn clasped Harry's hands tightly and waited for the rapture to overwhelm her. Oh, she couldn't, couldn't, couldn't believe it was true.

The wedding was set for the sixth of July and they were to leave directly for Toronto afterwards. Carol had a hopeless feeling that everything was rushing past her, not bothering to wait for her, yet somehow she was carried along too. She longed to sit by the roadside and rest, to call out to Harry and her mother, to everyone to stop hurrying. Yet she felt she could not stop them if she wanted to. Oh, of course she didn't want to stop them. Why, Carol, this is what you have looked forward to, hoped for and planned for all these months. Perhaps, perhaps, she didn't—oh no, not that! It was just because Toronto seemed so far away, July so near—then.

Harry rushed in every night with more plans. He had a distant cousin in that part of Canada who had promised to arrange about their apartment. They rode down to the bay one evening after dinner and he showed her the cousin's letter and drew a map of the small but modern apartment he had described.

"Darling sweetheart, it's pretty soon now, isn't it?"

"Oh I know it is, Harry."

"Are you glad, dear?"

"Yes, Harry, I'm awfully glad."

"Your mother and father are wonderful, aren't they?"

For a moment Carol could have cried. She was, oh so tired and everything. If only she was a little girl again going down-town with her mother for lunch. They would meet Aunt Helen and Betty and she and Betty would have cocoa to drink. She was always thinking things like this. Oh, if she only wouldn't.

"You look tired, sweetheart."

"I am, a little bit, dear. Oh, Harry how shall we arrange the furniture?"

"My darling." He kissed her till all the queer, heavy feeling was gone from her heart.

"Oh, Harry dear, you *are* awfully sweet."

"Not half good enough for you my darling—wife." He buried his lips in her hair then lay with his head in her lap, turning so he could look up at her.

"Would you rather have a little girl than a little boy so you could dress her up in pretty clothes?"

"Oh, Harry, I don't care."

The heavy feeling had begun to creep back into her heart. Little waves had curled up on the beach, swished faintly and disappeared. Across the bay on that narrow strip of ocean sand the waves might pound and roar but here they only swished or lapped against wooden posts with a click click, click click. Carol loved the sound. It was home.

"Harry will you mind the cold in Toronto? I think it is very cold there sometimes." (So silly to think of the weather now yet she couldn't help it.)

Harry smoothed the velvet petals of a rose Carol had brought with her, a soft yellow tea rose that was the color of the sunset across the water.

"Mind the weather? Why Carol it will be just like Summer. Won't I have my little rose with me?"

Then he had blushed a bit, surprised at his own romance.

"Precious!"

Wishing she had not spoken, Carolyn kissed his forehead, the tip of his nose and his dear lips. Yet a little shiver ran through and through her.

The bride came quietly up to the altar. It had not been such a dreadfully long aisle after all. The organ still sang and the light of the last window was like cloth of gold where they stood. Harry took her hand and looked at her smiling faintly. His voice was so beautiful and it made her want to cry when he spoke those old solemn words.

"To love and to cherish till death us do part."

The rest was soon over too, the reception and all. The sun had disappeared but there was still a hazy glow about the air and it was warm. Only a short, short time ago it had all started and now it was over. They were out in the car, they were going away.

Harry took her hands.

"Tell me how much you love me, my little darling girl."

Her throat went dry. She felt hard and icy. There were heavy bands around her heart—they were breaking it. She was hard, oh so dreadfully hard. This was not like a dream, this was deadly real. Could she ever speak again, ever ever answer her husband? Why, she didn't love him! Oh, she had really known it for weeks. Oh, if she could only undo those bands that frightened her so. She didn't want excitement or romance any more. She didn't want to "live," just exist in peace. Would it ever pass? Her throat was so tight and dry.

Harry, not waiting for an answer, pressed his lips against her little ears in his old familiar way. He cared so, he loved her as no one else ever would. Wasn't there peace in that? What would life be without him? Then a wave seemed to break within her and something flooded through and through her. Carolyn had grown up. Swiftly she caught at the sleeves of his coat. It had never been like this before. Then half drowned in joy, half in tears:

"Oh Harry, Harry, I do love you."

MEXICO YESTERDAY

[*Continued from page 24*]

difficulties which recently have become acute between the United States and Mexico mainly concern oil and land and have their origin in the Constitution adopted by Mexico in 1917. There are four major points in the controversy:

(a) The retroactivity of the land law.

(b) The retroactivity of laws relating to oil and the title to oil lands acquired prior to May 1st, 1917.

(c) The interpretation of what the Mexican Government's undertakings were as set forth at the Conference at Mexico City in May, 1923, preceding the recognition of Mexico by the United States.

(d) The demand of the Mexican Government that foreign property owners agree not to ask their own governments to support their rights, but to submit to Mexican jurisdiction where their property rights are concerned.

The United States Senate, practically by unanimous vote, declared for a settlement of our disputes with Mexico by arbitration. That was a hopeful sign for undoubtedly it voiced the prevalent opinion throughout America. Arbitration is becoming an insistent demand by the peoples of the world. It is the one sane and practical panacea for war. A refusal to arbitrate casts a reflection upon the justice of a nation's contentions, and there is no time better than now, and there is no place where arbitration is more desirable than between two neighboring American Republics. There should be no difficulty in agreeing upon the points at issue, or the manner of the arbitration. Such a policy would mark a distinct step forward, and would be in line with the best traditions of the United States.

From the juice of sun-ripened fruit comes the luscious flavor of *Strawberry* JELL-O

For an especially beautiful dessert serve molded Strawberry Jell-O—clear, sparkling, glowing, and so delicious!

JUST as spring turns at last to summer, the strawberries begin to ripen. Such berries! Huge and scarlet and bursting with juice, they grow thick along their vines, under sheltering leaves. When the hot sun finds them, color glows and fragrance rises. Fragrance that promises *flavor*—one of the most wonderful flavors the world knows.

Pure strawberry flavor—flavor captured from the actual juice of the fresh, ripe fruit—is one of the things that make Strawberry Jell-O so delicious. Try this tempting dessert soon. Its sparkling clearness, its lovely color and melting tenderness, will make you proud to serve it.

There are five Jell-O flavors—strawberry, raspberry, lemon, orange and cherry. All are from *fresh* fruit, of course. Only ingredients of perfect purity and high quality go into Jell-O.

You can make ever so many different desserts and salads with Jell-O. You will want to serve it often, for its economy, the ease with which it can be prepared, and its *healthfulness*. Jell-O, you know, is remarkably easy to digest, and it supplies valuable energizing and body-building nourishment.

Your grocer sells Jell-O, in all five flavors. Notice the Jell-O package particularly. It is specially sealed—to keep out dampness, to prevent caking, and to preserve Jell-O's pure fruit flavor in all its perfection.

Wouldn't you like us to send you a Jell-O recipe booklet? . . . Just mail the coupon.

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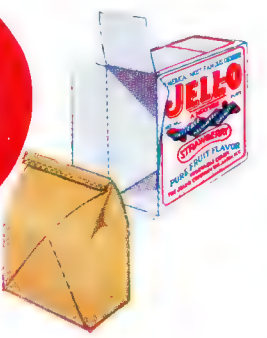
Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DESSERT



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Youthful Beauty instantly

with these youthful shades of Pompeian Powder and Bloom

BY MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

COMPLEXIONS as smooth and exquisite as satin! All women may not have the natural gift of a perfect complexion, but there is a way to make your skin look fresh, delicate—young. Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom used together give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a smooth, uniform tone from brow to throat and down over the delicate curves of the shoulders. Exquisite women use it for its purity and its velvety texture, which makes it adhere so admirably—and because its shades are perfect in matching the various types of skin.

It has a haunting little odor that insinuates its sweetness with a piquant note of difference from many perfumes.

Pompeian Bloom completes the effect of instant beauty when used with Pompeian Beauty Powder. Like the rich warm blood that comes to the cheeks of a lovely child is the natural coloring given by this rouge. It brings a rose tint to your cheeks that your mirror declares is your own.

Medium, Oriental, Orange, Light and Dark Rose tones are to be found in Pompeian Bloom—with the more subtle differences in the shades of Pompeian Powder—Flesh, Peach, Rachel and White.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter.

Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out the coupon and mail it with Four Cents in stamps. You will receive samples of the Powder and the Bloom, each in its individual box—powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.

New SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit—one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2210 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

I should like to try the Powder and Bloom samples mentioned in your offer. Enclosed please find 4c in stamps, as requested.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

Address _____

Powder shade wanted _____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested.

Photo by Ruth Alexander Nichols

A few suggestions will send children off into realms of imagining

WHAT SHALL WE DO NEXT, MOTHER?

BY ALIDA E. DeLEEUW

MY mother used to tell the story of an experience which she had as a young woman, which was quite an eye-opener to her. One day she was going out of her front door and she saw four or five children playing on her steps. They had some leaves laid in rows on the steps, and a pile of leaves to one side. That was all the paraphernalia there was. It seemed that they were playing "Store." The groceries for sale were supposed to be lying on the leaves which had been arranged in rows, and as the customer bought his sugar or tea or raisins, the storekeeper took a leaf from the pile, which then became to him a paper bag, in which the commodity was handed to the person who had come shopping in the make-believe store.

The game was going very quietly, very busily and very happily. My mother looked on for a while and then, in the kindness of her heart, she went back into the house and brought out a supply of real sugar and raisins and tea and flour, a little bit of everything that she could conveniently produce, and gave it to the children, hoping that these realistic touches would make the game more pleasant. Of course, she was greeted with joy and her contributions to the children's happiness were accepted gleefully. Soon the provisions were arranged on the leaves and apparently all was well, but, within less than two minutes the five participants in the game were quarreling lustily, no longer content to buy their imaginary groceries. Each grabbed for what he could get of the various delicacies at hand, and it wasn't five minutes before the whole lot of them were disbanded and the leaves and what remained of the stores that my mother had given to them were scattered over the steps. The little game had ended.

Looking on at this result of her kindly-intentioned interference, my mother was surprised, but, as a matter of fact, her experience is a very common one. It seems that in most cases children are very much happier when using their imaginations to the fullest extent, than they are when material things tie them down to playing with actual objects. I have noticed this again and again, in the course of my work as Director of the Kindergarden Training Division in the Cleveland Normal School.

The fact that so little in the way of material possessions goes so far, should be rather a comfort to the many mothers whose lives are punctuated with the ever-recurring question: "What shall we do next, Mother?"

It may seem at first as if it would be easier to hand out toys or materials for some occupation such as the children are trained to in the kindergarten or the first grade, than to make suggestions for games in which no such objects play any part, but, after all, children tire of toys whereas the mother can train herself to make a few suggestions which will send the children off into the realms of imagining.

We must remember that the child is full of interest in the ordinary affairs of life that he sees about him. To him, school and home and kitchen and store, automobiles, horses, wagons, even to such a simple thing as knocking a nail into place, are matters of supreme interest and surprise, so that he finds in them material for his most delightful pastimes.

"What shall we do now, Mother?" says Mary, as she and Helen follow you into the kitchen. "Why not play school," you answer. "This," pointing to the chair, "is the teacher's desk." Nothing more is needed. It is not necessary to supply books, papers, pencils, ink-well, or even a class. Helen will be all the people except the teacher; Mary will be the teacher, and as for all the etceteras, they are all there for the mind's eye of the little actors.

This is just one simple example. Anything connected with what goes on in the home about them is full of possibilities for children, but what they love in most cases is being allowed to help mother. I think it is safe to say that all children love to play the part of apprentices to a grown-up. And some of the proudest moments in a child's life are those when he is allowed to do some little act which he feels is part of something of real importance—stirring the pudding, kneading the bread, or cutting out biscuits, or tacking something together while mother sews; helping father in some of the little repairs that the handy man does about the house.

Mothers would be wise if they would make use of this fact in child psychology. Not only will it help them many times to keep the children happily occupied, but it is building for the future. The child who has been allowed to help in its early years, when the assistance given was perhaps in itself not of particular value, develops a habit of happiness as well as skill in many domestic occupations of which the mother will be glad when the child reaches an age when she can become a real cooperator with the home duties.

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be sure you get this
special treatment for
DANDRUFF

LIKE many other serious problems–*dandruff* deserves expert treatment. You can easily find many preparations that claim to "cure" dandruff. One *special* dandruff treatment has stood the test of years. It is called Wildroot. And it *works*.

The hardy dandruff germ

Dandruff is, indeed, a stubborn condition. The pernicious germ that causes dandruff is a "hard-to-kill" little fellow. Wildroot is *specially* designed to fight this germ–to chase him out of your scalp.

Such is the story of Wildroot. Not a "hairgrower." Not a "cure-all"... but a *special* remedy. An expert at removing *dandruff*.

There is no magic about Wildroot. It must be used faithfully. One treatment will not end a stubborn case of dandruff. But, as you use Wildroot day by day, you will see the dandruff loosen up... and gradually disappear.

ONE WOMAN WRITES:

"I have used Wildroot Hair Tonic for a number of years, and find that nothing can equal it for dandruff."

(Signed) Mrs. Mabel Smith
70 Washington Street
Malden, Mass.

Send for a Trial

Ten cents and the coupon will bring you a small bottle of Wildroot – enough for you to test its pleasant feeling on your scalp–enough to loosen up some of your dandruff. Then get a large bottle of Wildroot at your druggist's to really *end your dandruff*.

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Buffalo, N. Y.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing the TRIAL BOTTLE of WILDROOT.
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TRIAL BOTTLE

YOUTH *and the* CHANGING WORLD

A Graduation Talk to the Girls on McCall Street

BY CASSITY E. MASON
Principal of the Castle School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

It is a new world that you are stepping into — a world generous with possibilities

THE parents of today know what it means to bid good-by to gallant Youths going out to war, ready and eager to sacrifice life for ideals. With moist eyes they bade them farewell; with a sob in their throats but brave faces they saw them embark for unknown dangers, unknown adventures of the spirit. As thousands of young people are graduated from many institutions this June to go out into an unknown world we should bid them farewell with even deeper reverence and feeling. For the soldier's duty was simple; he had the word of command and the one duty of obedience to that command; the place, the time, the duty were all decided by experts in war. But you who leave your Alma Mater this year have no command of experts among living people to guide you, for the world is changing so rapidly that even the experts are floundering in doubt and perplexities; their world is unknown to them also; therefore the world you enter changed and changing as it is, lacks positive guides. Youth today goes out like Columbus, seeking a new pathway to some India of its dreams; but the old compasses behave strangely, the old maps no longer guide, and today we may well feel toward Youth something of reverence deeper even than we gave to our soldiers bound for war.

The world you face is changing over night by scientific discoveries. You can telephone to London; you can travel through the air; you can dance to the radio tune from Hawaii; you can hear the sound of atoms as they crash against an impediment in their path; you can see chemical crystals forming, each as if according to its own will; you can see the flower opening with motion strangely like that of the great machines used in building sky-scrapers; you can see the butterfly emerge from its cocoon and find it so wonderful that you do not doubt the immortality of the soul of man. You can see in your own home the surging multitudes of India and in the daily news of the film the latest battle in distracted China. At the same time you know that in the jungles of Africa, in the deserts of Asia, far in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, the so-called savages see in films the daily life you live. The whole world is becoming a place of common understanding in spite of differences in country, race, government, religion or political theories. There is growing from day to day what some philosophers call "A New Climate of Understanding."

Miss Cassity E. Mason
(Photo by Underwood & Underwood)

The educational world around you is changing though with a slowness which all progressive educators deplore. New discoveries in biology, physiology, psychology, call for changes in curricula to meet the needs of the life of today, to meet the call for adventure in the human spirit, the expansion of mind. If it were possible to build a vehicle which would be part ox-cart, part horse-drawn, part automobile, we would have a correct picture of education as it exists today. Progressive educators would like our school curricula to meet the needs of the world, of the aeroplane, the world of invisible rays, the world of the harnessed atom about to come, but we are held back by curricula founded in the days of the ox-cart.

The world is changing through invention. Our whole country is on wheels today—the automobile speeds up the mental alertness of those who drive it as the movies speed up the alertness of audiences who number millions. Ten years ago the radio was not listed in the reports of industries, but today the American people spend $1,000,000 between every sunrise and sunset to make the world audible in their homes.

In such a world of change, naturally Youth has changed; yet thousands of men in the ministry and in the educational profession, in law, in medicine, in social and civic life criticize Youth because it is changed! The magazines, the newspapers are full of articles which rail at Youth, using such unflattering adjectives as "ailing," "revolting" and terms even more condemnatory. From the pulpits come a thunder of voices warning, protesting and condemning, and Youth—whether young woman or young man—stands looking at the detractors outwardly calm, unafraid, unashamed, critical.

And why not critical? For Youth sees clearly the lacks in the civilization of the social organization of the time. Are we sufficiently thankful that at last Youth has come out of superstition, out from fear, unfettered in its duty by forces which have always hampered and held back the children of men? Of course, this freedom is fraught with danger—mistakes will be made—some will go down to defeat. Geologists know that after every geological period, even before man walked this earth, animals and plants had to adapt themselves to world changes or perish.

We read the other day of the discovery of a new ray invisible and powerful beyond any the scientists have known. The discoverer passed the ray through a vessel of water in which he put some gold fish. The fish swam normally so long as they stayed outside of the lines of the ray but when they swam across its path they died and their bodies rose to the suface. Now the Youth of today is plunged, as those fish were, into a world filled with unknown forces—some deadly, some beneficent, some powerful for progress beyond the imagination of man to conceive. We may be sure that the thoughtless will swim where the deadly forces injure them; some few will be killed; others with greater intuition, greater wisdom, greater power of adaptation and self-control will avoid the deadly forces, will master and control those powerful for good. *It is those who float on the surface like the dead fish who cause the thunder of denunciation.*

Youth has ready answers to the older generation. A young colored boy brought before a Juvenile Court was sternly admonished by the presiding Judge who asked if he had anything to say for himself: "Yes, Mistah Jedge, I jes lak to sey it's ma parents. If I could jes pick out another set of parents I'd be all right." Many a Youth who calls forth denunciations could make the same answer.

Said an English girl when reminded of the strange behavior of the Youth of her country and its unwillingness to be guided by older people: "We could not possibly make a worse mess of our world than you have made of yours. Why then should we ask advice of your generation? We wish to try our hand at making a better world."

Today, too many institutions are sending out to face the world young people who lack the great faith necessary to great tasks and who lack the power of instantaneous righteous decision so necessary when time is an element of safety in the social ferment. These young people can use instant automatic decision in driving a car in the traffic but they are not trained to instinctive, instant [*Turn to page 69*]

Today~imagine it!~a shower of Silverplate~~

For the bride-to-be, silverplate is the choicest of gifts. A shower of silverplate in selections adapted to the needs of the day is no more extravagant than an assortment of commonplace presents. ¶Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate offers many lovely patterns to choose from—an endless variety of pieces to give. Useful ones for every day, like Tea Spoons—Forks—Knives with blades of stainless steel or the service of essentials, the "Pieces of 8" set illustrated. Special ones for the more elaborate dinner, such as Oyster or Salad Forks, Serving Spoons or a Carving Set. ¶And you will have the satisfaction of knowing that in Wm. Rogers & Son you are giving silverplate of high quality, guaranteed without time limitation, at a cost surprisingly low.

6 Tea Spoons $1.75 **6 Butter Spreaders $4.40**
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The New "Pieces of 8" set, 34 pieces in a Glass-Bottom Serving Tray, contains 8 Tea Spoons, 8 Table Spoons, 8 Forks, 8 Solid-Handle Stainless Steel French Blade Knives, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell $24.25

6 Dinner Forks $3.50 **Two-piece Carvers $6.60**
6 Hollow Handle Dinner Knives (Stainless Steel) $9.80

Popularly Priced Silverplate~Quality Guaranteed by INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

To-morrow morning, wake up your gums, too!

WHEN you wake up in the morning do your gums remain asleep? The chances are that they do, for the gums of most of us are dull and dormant, and their circulation is sluggish and slow.

That is because our food, dentists point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten, to give the gums the stimulation which they need so much. The act of mastication no longer yields to our gums the exercise and massage so needful to keep them in health.

Small wonder that gums become soft, weak and tender—that "pink tooth brush," the first sign of gingival breakdown, may almost be counted a national ailment.

How Ipana and massage rouse the gums to health

At the first sign of trouble, speak to your dentist. Very probably he will recommend massage of the gums—to make up for the lack in your diet. Very likely, too, he will mention Ipana's benefits. For our professional men have acquainted more than 50,000 dentists with Ipana, and it is the dentists themselves who, through their recommendations, first gave Ipana its start.

So massage your gums gently with the brush and Ipana, after the usual cleaning with Ipana. This will rouse the dormant circulation. And because of its ziratol content, Ipana will aid the massage in toning your gums and in rendering them more resistant to disease.

Switch to Ipana for at least one month

You'll find Ipana's flavor a delicious surprise. And Ipana will keep your teeth white and brilliant. The ten-day trial tube will readily prove these things. But the better plan is to get a full-size tube at the drug store. Use it faithfully for a whole month, and see how your gums respond to good care!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E67
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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COMMENCEMENT WEEK

[*Continued from page 24*]

pressing problem to those graduating in 1927 than it did to those who graduated ten years ago. The accelerated pace at which these young people have been living appears to make it impossible for them to prolong the period of romantic doubts and hesitations. They want to test out the validity of even such an old-fashioned institution as matrimony. I think it is time to revise those statistics on the failure of college graduates, especially women, to marry and raise children which pessimistic old gentlemen keep citing with alarm in the magazines. In going over the record of my own class which graduated twelve years ago I find that nearly seventy per-cent are already married, and I know that in classes recently graduated the proportion of early marriages is much greater than in my day. And one important factor in this change has been the determination of wife and husband alike to find jobs which they can reach from the same house and which they can hold throughout the adventures of raising a family of their own.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

accomplish. Of all those who appeared in *Stark Love*, these two were the only ones who knew what parts they were playing or what the story was about or, indeed, why Mr. Brown was continually turning a crank on a queer box mounted on stilts.

The story of *Stark Love* is a simple one, but it is charged with tremendous dramatic power. The boy loves the girl, and because he has learned something of chivalry, he wants her to be spared from the terrible fate that overtakes mountain women. He wants her to go out to the settlements, to have an education, to be given the opportunity to live.

The boy's mother is killed by overwork, and his brutal, lazy, selfish father selects the girl to take the dead woman's place. The son, in fierce desperation, fights with his father for the girl's freedom; it is a situation as potent as anything in the greatest of the Greek tragedies, and one that is almost gruesomely real.

Also recommended—*Old Ironsides, The Fire Brigade, The Scarlet Letter, Beau Geste, The Big Parade, What Price Glory, Let it Rain,* and *The Rough Riders.*

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

capacity he recently made protest to Queen Marie of Roumania against the injustice to religious minorities in her country. As a leader of stalwart conservative religious thought and scholarship, Dr. Mullins is one of the outstanding men of our generation.

Taking as his text the words of John, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," Dr. Mullins tells us that our right to believe is written in the nature and need of humanity: it is a part of the sanity of life. The laws of thought, which are not drawn from the outer world, and the laws of life, which are not created by our thought, unite to confirm it. Ages of tragic and heroic experience attest not only the validity but also the vitality of religious faith. It is the greatest tradition of humanity, and no man can deny it or ignore it without thwarting his own nature.

"There is something in the make of the soul of man," says Dr. Mullins, "which is a warrant for faith. Indeed, when we look at the spiritual nature of man closely, it becomes evident that he is so made that faith is the natural and normal expression of his nature. Atheism, pessimism, cynicism are diseases, abnormalities; they mean that something has hit man and he goes lame. As Tolstoi said to Gorki, 'By nature you are a believer, and you cannot get along without God.' The profoundest instincts of man make him aware of his dependence upon a Being greater than himself and greater than the world around him."

Strangely enough, suffering and sorrow, which seem to deny a good God, have in all ages given man his surest right to believe in God. It is faith that overcomes the world and its cruelties. The Cross of Christ was the most ghastly scene in history—love put to death by hate, purity entrapped by cunning—yet the crucifixion has become a theology. There man, by faith, faced the worst and found the best. Thus our right to believe is vindicated by its results; it takes the blackest tragedy and finds in it the brightest truth. No wonder it gives courage and an unconquerable hope.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

the play might appear bolder or more risqué than their taste admits, and to others more flippant and reckless than they deem desirable; to such people the remarkable content of *The Road to Rome* may not offer enough by way of compensation.

This comedy owes much to its acting. Mr. Philip Merivale gives a superb performance of *Hannibal.* He does not attempt a historical portrait, but gives us a picture of a mystical soul, a being solitary with his dream, full of force and magnetism for the men around him. Miss Jane Cowl contributes to the rôle of the Greek woman her beauty and sincerity, and greatly deepens the meaning of the theme.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

plays that passage in such-and-such a way." His interpretations are so extraordinarily "right," are so musically just, that no one thinks of them as interpretations. They are the music itself, sounding, one believes, as the composer must have meant it to sound. Indeed, while the spell holds, it is hard to believe that it could possibly be played otherwise.

Part of the freedom and suppleness with which he handles an orchestra is attributable to his phenomenal ability to conduct long works—even operas—without a score, an accomplishment forced upon him by defective eyesight and made possible by a memory of photographic exactness. But the real secret of his success lies in his uncanny power of projecting his ideas and communicating them to his men.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

and leader of Arabian Independence, he is even now somewhere in the British army serving as a private under an assumed name. Certainly there is nothing usual about his career or his disposition.

Revolt in the Desert opens abruptly with Lawrence's arrival on the coast of Syria, and closes with the victory at Damascus. There was never another general's account of battle so singular as this one. Here was a cavalry leader who was an archaeologist and ethnologist as well, who spoke twenty tongues and had all his training as a scholar, and who accomplished the impossible by tact and diplomacy and intelligence and personal daring. He misses nothing, and he withholds nothing. No soldier ever wrote more baldly and simply of war. No man has given us of the western world such an harrowing account of Turkish warfare, where women and children met the fate given men upon the field.

Revolt in the Desert. By Lieut. Col. T. E. Lawrence. George H. Doran Co., $3.

Use Lemon Rinse

for *Complete Hair Beauty*

THE use of lemon juice in rinse water after shampooing gives your hair the beauty of an absolute *cleanliness* that rinsing with plain water, no matter how often repeated, can't effect. The mild, natural, harmless fruit-acid of the lemon juice cuts the sticky curd formed by the soap, leaving the hair immaculate.

Try this shampoo accessory the next time you wash your hair. Note its delightful fresh appearance. See its lustrous sheen. Feel its soft, fluffy texture. Note the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Thousands of women have found that the use of lemon juice in rinse water is the one best way of insuring the complete beauty of their hair. Whether you wear it bobbed or long, it assures that shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly — at least two soapings — and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about four quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one sure way to keep your hair looking its best.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 606, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

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Keep baby's clothes

soft, unshrunken, comfortable—

LITTLE clothes can quickly become rough, matted and shrunken—then they scratch and irritate baby's soft skin, making him fretful, peevish.

It is washing in ordinary soap—flakes, chips or cakes containing injurious alkali—which makes wee clothes, diapers, scratchy and uncomfortable. Alkali is difficult to rinse out completely—it clings in a fine white powder which irritates and inflames wherever it comes in contact with your baby's skin.

Rubbing his clothes with cake soap adds greatly to baby's discomfort. Rubbing mats the sensitive wool fibres, making them shrink. Then little shirts and bands or socks, bind baby too tightly, cause him distress.

With Lux you do not have to rub. Its tissue-thin diamonds contain no harmful alkali.

After washing in pure, mild Lux suds all your baby's clothes are fresh and sweet as new—soft, unshrunken, *comfortable!* Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Hundreds of thousands of mothers keep baby's bottles clean — safe — with Lux!

ART OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

Modesty, timidity, humility are indeed basic traits of this artist who with such sure gait has progressed from long obscurity to perhaps the very pinnacle of American art. Whether, beneath our brash and rushed demeanor, we Americans are not as well a wistful, seeking people I cannot decide on this page. For the present, we had better stick to Marin. He is a water-colorist. If you say to him: "Why have you never used oils? Why have you always used water-colors?" he will answer with a sweet shy drawl: "Well, I dunno. I s'pose it's because I'm lazy. Water-color, you see, is the lazy man's color. Anyone can make a pretty picture with water-colors. All you got to do is mix your paints and wash them out on paper. When they dry, they'll be lovely—you see if they aren't." He is not deliberately lying, when he speaks so—nor is he telling the truth. He is a man innately modest, timid, self-effacing. The fact is, that for over thirty years, this lazy man has been incessantly at work at the most delicate problems of color and of form and that this "timid" man exhibits powerful mastery in his art. The fact is further that he would always have liked to use oils—but that water-colors were cheaper.

In the richest country on earth, an artist was confined to water-colors because they cost less money; and in the richest country on earth, in consequence, this humblest medium of painting has attained a significance, which has no rival in all Europe. Now, why is that not as American as Henry Ford and his flivver?

Even today, when John Marin is over fifty, when he is the proud possessor of a motor-car and when art museums pay thousands for his work, there is in him as his dominant note modest spirit. So many artists begin "big," tackle huge problems at once, sketch out vast aesthetic empires to conquer. Not Marin. He did not say to himself when he was twenty: "I am going to be a great painter." He did not even say: "I am going to be a painter." He just painted . . . And he was nearly thirty before he had the assurance to tell his folks: "I am going to leave business and devote my life to painting."

He went to Paris to study, he visited Venice and made etchings. Years ago I spent a night in a hotel in a Western city. There, over the bed, was an etching of a canal in Venice. It was about five inches by two and a half. But around it, the hotel had put an enormous white mat and a huge black frame. The etching itself was almost lost. I had to stand on the bed to make out the palaces and the gondolas. The work was a fairly conventional bit. It stuck in my mind because of its true deliberate craftsmanship—a sort of modest excellence—and also because of that immense frame in which it so wistfully resided. Years later, I got to know the mature work of John Marin, and I recalled that his had been the name on the hotel-room etching.

When you first look at a Marin picture, you feel confusion. Here are subtle colors—whites, blues, browns, daubs of red, strokes of black and of pencil. What are they doing? They seem to be moving about among themselves in a sort of restless dance. You think of waves broken into sun-tinged foam by a great rock; or you think of a dawn, when the sun bursts through the mists. Light and movement are here; that is about all you are likely to find at first.

Now gradually you see clearer. These puffs and flakes of color begin to have form. Here is a field, a house, a tree; rocks and bushes are there. The dazzling disarray of brush-strokes miraculously falls to order; you realize that you are looking at a landscape so true to life in *its feel*, that you almost breathe the air of that world, smell the turf and the grass, sense in your ears that faint, fresh vibrance of the open country. You have now come half way in your reception of this picture. Look a little longer; or, better still, close your eyes, turn aside, and then come back to it again. The landscape is clear; every stick and stone has fallen into place. You take it for granted, and forget that at first you did not "see" it at all. But now, a deeper significance has come upon the picture. Yes, it is the picture of a hillside with trees and [*Turn to page 62*]

Eat well and be well

In every well balanced diet there will be included a liberal portion of good cheese.

Whether it is to be eaten in its natural state or as a part of some prepared dish, all dieticians prescribe cheese because they so highly respect its concentrated food value.

Many have refrained in the past from eating as much cheese as a proper diet demands or even as much as their appetite craved; some because of the uncertainty of obtaining a good quality; some because of a notion that cheese did not agree with them.

But the coming of Kraft Cheese removed entirely all such restrictions from this best and oldest of foods. For Kraft Cheese is now known to be both good and "good for you"—flavor of unvarying deliciousness, and as easily digested as the pure whole milk from which it is made. So, no matter what your favorite variety may be, the Kraft label should be your guide in cheese buying.

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General Offices, CHICAGO

Send for our new book of tested cheese recipes.
It is beautifully illustrated in color and contains many new and surprisingly delightful dishes. It is free.

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KRAFT CHEESE

Eat it freely—Easily digested

Their agony wrings your heart!

A mother writes: "As I was carelessly taking the coffee pot off it boiled over, terribly scalding the face of my little daughter, who was standing beside me. I quickly applied Unguentine. She stopped crying. We were worried, but thanks to the Unguentine, not even a tiny scar was left."

To stop pain instantly · *ward off scarring*

THE pity of it! Their tender skins scorched, their little drawn faces . . . Will the doctor never come?

Don't wait. Delays are dangerous. Unguentine, quick!

Your own physician approves of Unguentine. For this is the famous surgical dressing used for burns in 8 out of 10 hospitals from coast to coast.

As soon as you apply Unguentine, as if by magic the pain is eased. But more—the wound is made germ free, festering is prevented. And healing is clean, quick—most wonderful of all, almost invariably *without a scar!*

Even the smallest burn or cut may become infected. Keep a tube of Unguentine handy in your own home. Spread it on the wound thick; in severe cases spread on gauze and apply. If necessary, bandage lightly.

Unguentine is invaluable for all the many cuts and burns that occur in every active family. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. At your druggist's, 50 cents.

Onewoman's story: "One day I slipped and in attempting to save myself burnt my hand frightfully on the big cooking stove. The doctor prescribed Unguentine. The hand healed marvelously—*without the slightest scar.*"

For boy or girl, there are few greater tragedies than a disfiguring scar. So many scars are needless! Care for burns at once. Be ready in your own home with this tested surgical dressing.

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—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

Unguentine · FREE · *a generous tube*

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Department M-30, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name .....

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City and State .....

AMERICAN WIVES AND TITLED HUSBANDS

[*Continued from page 9*]

pal with a foreigner! He simply thinks you have gone mad, and will treat you with the pained courtesy, tinged with apprehension due a lunatic, but he will not comprehend you for a moment. If, on the other hand a German girl married an American man, why there you have a horse of a different color. She will be amazed at his 'chummy' proclivities, at his fantastic efforts to make her equal. She will be in the seventh heaven of happiness, until some dark and rainy day she will take her bed-spread, and tearing it into a hundred strips, will hang herself on the highest limb of the tallest possible tree, because she will have had just one day too many of not being able to fathom this protracted palship. She keeps waiting for the 'master,' and having waited in vain, she will think that perhaps she has done something charming and different in marrying him, but sadly against nature, and she will, as I have said, inevitably climb that tree and go to an adjusting God.

"Americans you see, are no longer people, they are what they call in biology a throw-off. Look at the case of Anna Gould and the Marquis de Castellane, he could not understand her, nor she him. He was used to that life in which women figure as good mothers, though of the highest social cast, in which they adore their children as the greatest thing in their lives, where even a dowager thinks first of the ingredients in her son's supper before those of the family tree. American women live for pleasure, foreign women for duty. I also have my opinions of American men. I married one. I don't think they are half as chivalrous as foreigners fancy. They are nice to a woman as a person is 'nice' to a mummy. They don't know what she is made of, and worst of all they never think that they don't know. They imagine she is just like themselves. This accounts for their 'pal' attitude. It is also the reason that marriages do not last. Well, you say, who then is the perfect husband? I've come to the conclusion that possibly the Englishman is. I've never had one, so perhaps it's an illusion, but he seems, from where I must inevitably regard him, to be the most considerate, in that he does not 'watch you.' He does not give you freedom, precisely because he does not know when you take it. He is so divinely oblivious, and a little oblivion is essential to the peace of any two people who elect to live together.

"I know, *per se,* there is no such thing as freedom when two people are bound in wedlock. Freedom is a nice, impossible dream of those persons who do not know how to adjust themselves to life; it is a word for inadequacy, a symbol of a lack of power. Anyone can be just as free, and no freer than the general condition of life. But that freedom comes of courage, and American courage and foreign courage are so dissimilar! A gazelle and a buffalo hitched to the same car would draw most exceedingly different."

The Comtesse de Chambrun, who was Clara Longworth, spoke briefly and to the point.

"People," she said, "who are happily married do not talk, they do not feel the need, they have nothing amusing for the public. This is my case, nevertheless I will say that as a rule, I am not in favor of international unions. Why? Because in difference of nationality one overlooks too much and sees too little. If they find fault, they will do one of two things, they will say either 'he or she acts so because he or she is French, and therefore the things should be forgiven;' or, 'he or she acts so because he or she is French and therefore it should *not* be forgiven.'

"With the right people the fact of their difference will work for the best, not because they fundamentally comprehend each other, but because they don't, and therefore pass it over. Yet after all, this is a blind sort of felicity, it does not lead to a real community of feeling, it simply overlooks the nice points of a psychology for a nice oblivion. If, on the other hand, the couple are ungenerous it will be this precise inequality that will bring them to a hurried breach. The marriage will split on the very rock which for the other type was a refuge. Othello did not smother Desdemona because she was unfaithful, but because she was a Venetian. He did not kill unfaithfulness; he killed a pattern of unfaithfulness that ran counter to the pattern of his own blood.

The Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, on one occasion when I spoke of the increasing number of young American girls abroad as possible brides in the foreign market, made some sentient observations to the effect that the old race needed the vigorous life force of the American.

"If," she said, "Americans could have knowledge of the foreigner, could learn him from the heart out, as only a lover can, she would be vastly enriched mentally, and he as vastly improved, physically. He would value the beauty of energy. The French are always putting off until tomorrow what should be done today. A Frenchman is always hoping to have something better to do than business. If he is a bootmaker, he will make you boots, but not this month, next month will do. So Americans are annoyed and with this annoyance they might teach him the value of immediate action, in which he is sorely deficient. But marry him—never! A Jew, yes. They make an ideal marriage the world over, because they have no land. You say, well, the American is the outcome of so many races that she too should be easily assimilated. Yes, but the mixture is too new, like some new wine, not yet justly proportioned, she is always popping out of her bottle, she is too heady and too violent. The question is not so much what of the present generation but what of the future? The children of the international marriage are the ones who will suffer most, they will neither lie quietly in their bottles, nor will they be able to escape in a burst of effervescence. They will simply ferment."

ART OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 61*]

houses. But it is rather more a *dance, a music.* These physical objects are graphically there; yet they are swinging, leaping, singing like notes in a song, like children at play. What miracle is this, making the common objects of a landscape tremble and glow as sunmotes do, or as the broken waves of the sea?

You are at the heart of the significance of Marin. He observes a country scene, he observes in it so deeply that he has discovered the relation it holds with all else in the world—with the waters, the sunlight. In that countryside is the mysterious and universal element which we call life—and which we may call God.

There is great strength in this quiet man. You feel, in his work, that he was never anxious, never hurried. Perhaps he was modest because he was sure: sure, not of himself so much as of Life and of the beauty and rightness of Life. He had no need of insisting on himself, when he was so sure of the divine all about him. Many artists and many other men and women harp on their own importance, because if they lose the sense of that, they will have nothing left. The strength of Marin is, then, the strength of acceptance—of the religious acceptance of life. And how is it to be felt in his pictures? Chiefly by the fact that he leaves the world alone. Between the trees, the houses, the rocks of a Marin painting, there breathes a quiet open-ness. Most painters of power feel the need of filling every inch of their canvas with positive assertions of themselves—with their attitude I mean, and their point-of-view. Marin, like every true creator, controls what he is painting. But he is able to control without insisting too much. He commands with a light and quiet touch. Is that not the truest strength?

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[*Continued from page 15*]

had been driven to attempt this interview with Astell by her feeling that things could not continue as they were—that the crash might come at any moment.

But most of all, perhaps, the groceryman's wife felt that the change in her husband's attitude toward her was ominous. In spite of his resolution to act as if nothing had happened until, for Georgia's sake, he could be sure of doing the right thing to save their home, Joe Paddock could not play the game beyond a certain point. Mrs. Paddock was puzzled and anxious. If her husband knew, why did he remain silent? If he did not know, what had changed him? She had always thought that she dominated her commonplace, groceryman husband by virtue of her intellectual superiority. Like many women of her type, she was incapable of understanding that she ruled her mate, not by right of *her* superiority, but by the grace of *his* love. Suddenly, with no apparent reason, she had lost her power over him. She, all at once, discovered in this man, who had always been so pliant to her will, a rock-like quality against which she felt herself helpless.

It should be said, too, that Georgia's mother bitterly regretted her affair with Astell. After all, her husband and her daughter were more to her than this man. But she lacked that strength of character which might have enabled her to extricate herself from the situation into which she had drifted. If the crash should come, as it might any day, she would be left helpless. Her husband and daughter would have each other. Who would take care of her?

By this it will be understood that Mrs. Paddock was born with a not unusual feminine complex which led her to assume that, though the heavens fall, someone must take care of her. She felt that she had paid all her obligations to life by being born a female. She fulfilled her mission on earth by permitting some man to provide for her. She loved her groceryman husband, yes, but she expressed that love by accepting all that his love prompted him to do for her as her right. The more she loved him the more he was obligated to do for her. She instinctively sought to absorb him. Because she loved him, he was her personal property—he had, in her mind, no existence except as he existed for her. She recognized that as husband and wife, in theory, they were one but she never failed to remember that, in fact, she was the one. Her love sought fulfillment not in what she could be to him, but in what he could do for her. This arrangement had worked because, while the only expression of love which she knew was *to take*, it was the groceryman's nature to express his love by *giving*.

And now something had happened—her commonplace, groceryman husband was no longer her personal property. She did not ask herself if she had lost his love; she was too much alarmed that she had lost *him*. He had for so many years yielded himself to her that she was frightened to find that he could so calmly and quietly become his own master. To establish dominion over some man, became an immediate necessity; to be left without a man to provide for her, was a fate too horrible to contemplate. She much preferred to keep her husband and daughter and home, but if the situation developed to make that impossible, then she must be assured of some other man's support. Astell, of course, was the logical candidate.

Mrs. Paddock heard the front door close. Surprised, wondering, she stepped into the upper hall and listened.

It—she could not be mistaken—it was Georgia's voice. The girl seemed to be entertaining some one. Why was she at home when she had gone to the country for the day? And Astell was coming! He must not come—he must be warned—he—good Heaven! That other voice— a man's voice! It was Astell! Astell was there with Georgia! And Georgia believed that her mother was with Mary Winton—and Astell thought that Mrs. Paddock was downtown—and they were there together! Her daughter and Edward Astell!

The groceryman's wife forced herself to listen. She could not distinguish their words, for the two had gone into the living room, but the tone of her daughter's voice was unmistakably teasing—and she laughed. The man's voice was as clearly pleading. Then their voices sank to low, confidential murmurs.

The woman, in the hall above, was almost beside herself with anger, humiliation and fear. She pictured the scene which, she believed, was being enacted in the living room. One moment she wanted to shriek—to rush in upon them— denounce them—upbraid them—to strike—to hurt them physically. The next moment she wanted to crawl away somewhere, anywhere, and hide her shame. If only she could disappear and never be seen again by anyone who knew her.

When Astell was gone, the groceryman's daughter came slowly up the stairs and found her mother waiting for her. For what seemed a long time they stood looking at each other in a dead silence. The mother's face was white with anger. The girl's face was pale, but serene.

The older woman spoke first, "I thought you were at the farm?"

"And I thought you were spending the day with Mrs. Winton," the girl answered.

"Will you explain the meaning of this?" demanded Mrs. Paddock. "How dare you receive that man here, in this house, when you believe yourself alone?"

"I have a better right to Edward than you have," the girl retorted. "You seem to forget that I was present when you thought *you* were alone with him. You told me you were not going to be here today. I drove away to make you think that I was going to the country. Then I came back and 'phoned him. Surely you don't think that you are the only woman in the world for him. Edward and I have often met at Tony's and the Inn and other joints."

Mrs. Paddock gasped. "Do you mean—is it possible—" she faltered, "that you 'phoned and asked him to come to you—this morning?"

"It was easy," returned the girl, impudently. "When he knew you were away he came running. He would have spent the day with me if he had not had important business this afternoon. And why should I not invite him—why should he not come? We are both free souls, you know. Am I so ugly and ill-formed and unattractive that you wonder a man of Edward's taste would want me?"

Laura Louise Paddock was crushed. Her punishment was almost too cruel. Her face was haggard and old. Her eyes were pleading—filled with shame. Her form relaxed and drooped.

The daughter's eyes filled with tears, but the mother did not see.

As the older woman bowed her head and turned away she said, with a faltering whimper, "I could not have believed it—I shall never, never see that man again."

"Just a minute," cried the girl.

Mrs. Paddock halted on the threshold of her room.

"You are right that you will never see Edward Astell again," Georgia said and paused, as if to give full emphasis to her words. Then she continued deliberately: "Astell is leaving Westover this afternoon. It will be a long, long time before he dares return. I warned him that when Father came home tomorrow I was going to tell him about you two, and that Daddy would certainly kill Astell as any decent man would kill such a dirty rat."

Again she paused, then: "Of course, with Astell gone, I shall not tell Father, and you will go on as if nothing had happened. You can do nothing else but go on. I have shown you that Astell does not want you. If you were to leave home, and Daddy and me, you would have no place to go. You could not earn a living at anything. You are too old to go into the open market with your beauty. When men pay for women they want them young. So, you see, there is nothing left for you but to be a respectable wife and mother."

The girl's voice faltered, and the tears came: "Oh Mother, Mother, for Daddy's sake, let's help him to save us and our home."

Mrs. Paddock, without a word, without a look toward her daughter, closed the door of her room.

[*Continued in* JULY McCALL'S]

NOW— POWDER AND ROUGE CAN STAY ON FOR 9 FULL HOURS

9 AM
You apply it; just a single exquisite touch

6 PM
Your skin still fresh as the morning

FREE—
To acquaint you with the remarkable qualities of this new way to complexion charm, a generous sample of Creme Elcaya will be sent to all who mail the coupon.

Keep morning freshness all day long

THIS offers you a revelation in cosmetics, a new way to look your best every hour. A way which insures an alluring use of powder and rouge—a way which gives them an opportunity to enhance. A way to prevent them from streaking and caking. A way to avoid artificiality.

This is to introduce you to one of the outstanding achievements of the Elcaya Company—for 25 years honored as one of the outstanding beauty laboratories of the world.

What It Is—How It Acts

We call it Creme Elcaya. Perfected some years ago, we waited for countless tests to prove themselves before offering it to you.

Now scores of thousands have tested it. Results have proved a revelation. It largely ends the make-up problem of the woman who has little spare time during busy days to apply a cream or make-up.

More than a Base
—a Scientific Skin Normalizer
No Pore Clogging

With simple home treatments it acts to normalize an oily skin to shineless texture; to normalize a too dry or flaky skin to all day smoothness. Thus it goes to the basis of correct complexion care. It does not cake. Hence ends danger of pore clogging. Apply rouge, powder over it at will. There will be neither streak nor smudge. One application lasts the day.

Walk, shop, dance, exercise—it will keep your skin of exquisite texture throughout the whole day. Consider what this means. It is different in ingredient and action from any other foundation known.

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Let us give you a generous supply to try, also our booklet of simple home treatments to unique skin beauty.

One day's use will prove its points to you. You, like thousands of others, will thank us for what this new creation brings.

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Standard Size Jars . 60c.
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The June crop of brides never fails

Can You Afford to Blunder on Your Wedding Day?

America's greatest etiquette authority advises you how to be "the bride that the sun shines on"

THE POST BOX

BY EMILY POST

Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

LETTERS from Brides! Brides, and more Brides! Which is, of course, just as it should be since June is of all months the favorite for weddings. This June crop never fails. I think this California one will be enchanting:

Dear Mrs. Post:

My wedding is to be in the morning out of doors, under a wide rose arbor in the garden. I, as well as my six bridesmaids intend to wear dresses of organdie, and we will all carry leghorn hats filled with roses. The aisle is to be formed of garlands of flowers tied to stakes which will have baskets of flowers fastened on top. Do you approve of this idea? And if so, what color would be prettiest for the bridesmaids' dresses?

Must the ushers wear cutaways? And can they place the stakes and garlands to make an aisle before the bride enters? What else do they do when there are no pews to show guests to?

Could you suggest any music to replace the worn out wedding marches? Also can you suggest other instruments because we haven't a piano?

What time must the wedding be, so as to have a sit-down breakfast, and can a sit-down breakfast be at little tables? Or must everyone be placed at one table? What is a "bridal table"?

Is a buffet suitable for a morning wedding? Does anyone ever sit at a buffet?

What is a clever and novel breakfast menu?

I am not planning to have a train because of the dirt under the arbor, so must I wear a hat?

The list of our guests totals fifty-eight names. Is it necessary to have engraved invitations, because as a great many of these are Mr. and Mrs. and children, we need only about twenty separate invitations?

Please describe "little boxes of wedding cake." Are they put on the tables as place cards?

Please give correct order of procession.

That is all, thank you.

To which I can only reply that if she had thought of any more questions the answer would take not only the whole Post Box but a row of Post Boxes!

A June wedding under an arbor in a garden, with bridesmaids in organdie and all the rest of the picture sounds perfectly charming! Bridesmaids all in rose-color or in pale lettuce green would be equally lovely in a rose garden. Or, if there is too much pink and green in the background, you might dress two girls in pale blue, two in orchid, two in butter yellow. There is only one snag: With hats held in their hands like baskets and filled with flowers, what are they to wear on their heads? They can't have two hats. So either they must carry actual baskets and wear the hats or else wear other headtrimmings. If you prefer the latter they could tie narrow ribbons around their heads with a small cluster of ribbon flowers over one temple. Or they could wear wreaths. The bride carrying a hat would be out of place. Nothing takes the place of a bridal bouquet of lovely *white* flowers.

Bridegroom and ushers wear cutaway coats *at the most formally correct weddings*. But, remember that the first rule of etiquette is suitability, and at just such a wedding the groom and his attendants may wear sack suits or flannels. At this particular wedding I should dress the men of the wedding party in dark blue sack suits, white shirts of course, white waistcoats, and white flowers in buttonhole. Or they might wear white flannel trousers, white shoes and *blue* waistcoats. The important thing is that the bridegroom and his attendants shall be clad absolutely *alike*.

Although the garlanded aisle is always beautiful, I think that white satin ribbons might be a better contrast than flower garlands to mark the aisle. This is, however, a matter of your own choice. Also, the ushers *can* place the stakes and ribbons if you want them to, but it would be better to have these placed in advance. The ushers would then show the guests their standing places behind the ribboned aisle. The groom's family on the right, and the bride's family on the left. After the ceremony the ushers remove the stakes as well as the ribbons.

To call the Lohrengrin wedding march "worn out" is almost the same as calling the marriage ceremony "worn out"! But you can have any music played that you prefer. I think the music of a violin, cello and harp would be better than a piano. Also I am told the phonograph people make some wonderful organ and choir records for this very purpose, and during the ceremony one of these might be loveliest of all.

Twelve o'clock or twelve-thirty, or even one, if you prefer, would be suitable for breakfast.

A sit-down breakfast for more than a dozen or two is always at separate tables. At your wedding, six bridesmaids, two ushers, best man, bride and groom, make eleven. To which, as you are short of men, you should invite three young men friends, making the number fourteen. This is the bridal table. It is elaborately decorated with garlands of white flowers and the wedding cake.

The table is seated: Bride on groom's right, best man on her right, first bridesmaid on groom's left, and then bridesmaids and ushers (or the extra young men guests) alternating the rest of the way around. At a real sit-down breakfast there is a second table of from six to twelve, for the fathers and mothers with the nearest members of both families. The clergyman and his wife usually sit at this table. The other guests are sometimes seated (with place cards) but usually they find their own places at little tables each seating four or six.

A buffet is always appropriate and much simpler. If you have a buffet, there can be a bridal table and no other—or even the bridal table can be omitted. A buffet merely means that all food is put on one big table, with piles of plates, napkins, silverware, and everything necessary; and that guests help themselves and sit wherever they find chairs. The gentlemen forage for the ladies.

There should be ginger ale, or a fruit cup to drink the health of the bride and groom.

There should be at least one dish that is palatable and "filling" at a one o'clock breakfast. If the wedding is at a between-meal hour, nothing more than the lightest refreshments would be either necessary or fashionable!

Wear a veil by all means. You *can* have it short to the hem of your dress, but why not a train about a yard—or even three-quarters, on the floor? Stretch a width of green cambric or sateen just for the pathway between the ribboned aisle and put down a rug where you are to stand afterwards to receive.

It is entirely proper to send written invitations, or to ask verbally. Announcements are NEVER [*Turn to page 69*]

Shredded Wheat

Delicious with fruit for any meal

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Makes any fruit jell perfectly every time . . .

BY the Certo method the fragrance of the fresh fruit is sealed up in the jelly jars for future enjoyment. Jellied fruits should no longer be considered as luxuries, but as economical food staples to be used freely every day—they satisfy the natural desire for sweets and furnish them in a healthful and appetizing form, in an endless variety of flavor and color.

The best jam or jelly now is made with only *one minute's* boiling

50% more Jam or Jelly from your fruit

WITH Certo you save all the juice which used to boil away.

This means that by the old-fashioned method, you got six glasses of jam from two boxes of berries, while *now,* with Certo, you get at least nine. Your cost per glass is one to three cents less, to say nothing of the saving in time and fuel!

Moreover, your jams and jellies look better and taste better than ever before, because the bright, natural color of the fresh fruit is no longer darkened by long boiling, and its delicate fresh flavor no longer drifts away in steam.

"*BETTER!*"—"Nearer the fresh fruit in color and flavor," women say. "I *never* have a failure now!"

In making jams and jellies by the old-fashioned, long-boiling method you know only too well how you would get a jelly texture one time and a syrupy failure the next.

However careful you were, using the same fruit in exactly the same way every time, the result was always uncertain. You were not to blame. The reason for the failures in jam and jelly making has been that fruits vary so much in the amount of jellying substance they contain. Even those which have the most of it differ from season to season—and within the same season, losing it as they ripen—so that at the very time when their flavor is finest they have been least suitable for jelly making.

Very few fruits have enough of this jellying substance to jellify all the juice they contain. That is why by the old-fashioned method you had to boil half your fruit juice away before this jellying element was concentrated enough to jell the remaining juice.

Certo has changed all this. Now anyone, even without previous experience, can make perfect jams and jellies with only one or two minutes' boiling. You can use any fruit you like, when it is fully ripe and the flavor is at its best. You can be absolutely sure of success every time. Never another failure!

FOR Certo is the natural jellying substance, taken from fruits in which it is abundant, concentrated, highly refined and bottled for your convenient use. It is so flavorless and colorless that it can be used with the most delicate fruits, such as pineapple or strawberry, without changing their color or flavor. Just one or two minutes' boiling by the Certo method and you are sure of a perfect jell every time.

Get Certo from your grocer today. It is now packed with the recipe booklet directly under the label, so you will be sure to have complete instructions for making nearly 100 delicious jams, jellies and marmalades. Douglas-Pectin Corp., Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

A new delight—

STRAWBERRY JELLY!

Thoroughly crush about 3 qts. fully ripe berries. Squeeze out juice, then drip through cotton flannel bag if a sparkling jelly is desired. Measure 8 level cups sugar with 4 cups juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to boil. At once add 1 bottle Certo, stirring constantly. Bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin.

Free

New Booklet beautifully illustrated in color! 24 pages of new ideas about the making of jams and jellies—new and interesting ways to serve them. This coupon will bring you a free copy. Mail it today!

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(*In Canada address: Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.*)

Please send me free booklet "How To Make Jams, Jellies, Marmalades with One Minute's Boiling."

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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[*Continued from page 23*]

Peter went back to his room, locked his door, and lay awake thinking of Carey till dawn. And about nine o'clock in the morning, when he went downstairs and made his way straight to the terrace, he saw her sitting there, all in white, at her ease in a long wicker chair.

He sat down beside her. "I am leaving Tangier this morning," he said, without any preamble. He wanted to surprise her, to catch her off her guard. But her guard was incalculable.

"Good morning, Sir Heriot," she said, in a little low voice full of regrets. "So you're going?" She poised a flower in her exquisite finger tips. "But you have a few minutes to spare for me?"

He smiled, and lit a cigarette. Carey Mills had the rare gift of expressive silence. She armed herself with silence now, and let him ask the first question.

"You still want me to believe you are a common thief?"

She lied beautifully, with courage and aplomb. "It's true, isn't it?"

"I don't believe it is the truth," said Peter.

They looked at each other for a long while. Carey was the first to break the silence with a low laugh. "You believe I've fallen in love with you!" Her eyelids flickered.

"No," said Peter calmly. "Not yet."

A shadow passed between them and the sunlight. Murillo stood there, having padded the length of the terrace in his curiously quick way.

"Ah," said he, "good morning, Miss Mills. Good morning, Sir Heriot. May I sit down?" He regarded each of them blandly. "Tonight you'll come and dine with me?"

"I'm leaving this morning."

"Eh!" said Murillo; then recovered. "Too bad," he chatted. "But still, business is business, eh, Sir Heriot? Especially matters of international politics and trade?"

"I have no such business," said Peter affably.

"Pleasure cruise, merely?" chatted Murillo.

Receiving no answer, he went on: "You'll dine with me one night at my house in Algiers, Sir Heriot? I will collect one or two nice people—interesting people. Miss Mills, for example, will perhaps honor me?"

"Thanks!" said Carey graciously.

"Now, Sir Heriot!" said Murillo. "You will escort our charming friend to my dinner party? Let us say, a week from now."

In a small space of seconds merely, thoughts weaved like wildfire in and out of Peter's brain. He weighed the situation.

While he hesitated for these few seconds, Carey slanted her face upwards as he stood above her; and gave him a smile of exquisite warmth.

"Thank you," he said briskly to Murillo. "I shall keep myself free for it." Murillo was extracting a card from a gold-mounted case.

"That'll be my address," he purred. "And the time? Please suit yourselves." His gleaming smile bracketed them cleverly. "Eight-thirty? You shall be amused. Zarah shall dance. Although," he said, suddenly turning upon Peter, "you will see plenty of her sort dancing where you are going."

Peter preserved the perpetual unsurprised phlegm of Heriot Mayo with an effort.

"Where's that?" he asked with a laugh, bowed to Carey, turned on his heel and was gone before Murillo could frame a reply.

As soon as the leisurely figure of the Englishman was out of sight, Murillo turned to Carey.

"Did you get anything?"

She shook her head. Murillo gave a little growl like an impatient dog.

"He's a pretty strong man," said Carey unemotionally. Again Murillo gave his impatient growl. "I've met a lot of men in my time," she continued, her sophisticated little face turned seaward, "and he—he's different—somehow. There's something about him that—" Her voice trailed away, while Murillo glanced at her curiously.

"Think of your father," said Murillo. "Different, is he? Remember your father?"

"I do," said Carey, sitting bolt upright, and clenching both nervous hands.

"Had a chance to look around his room yet?"

She hardly knew why she denied this to Murillo; why she didn't want him to know of those few extraordinary minutes in the dark. She shook her head. "Give me time," she answered, staring seaward.

"Ah! Time!" exclaimed Murillo. "That's just what we haven't got. Watch his weak moments. He's got 'em." But he kept looking at her askance, a little sourly, as if he distrusted her. "How women do fall for one of those hard-bitten, hand-made English devils!" he growled out.

"I," said Carey, flaring. "I! Why—I—I'd kill him with my own hands, and you know it." But as she said this, she recalled a certain moment in a quiet room, at a writing table, presented deliberately to her view, a man's broad, defenseless back. Her eyes flinched involuntarily from Murillo's scathing stare. "I would kill him," she repeated with extreme bitterness, and clenched her teeth on her underlip. Murillo grunted dispassionately.

Peter appeared again, walking leisurely away from the hotel towards the pier. Carey looked after him, a strained look, and resolutely turned her eyes away. She rose and went upstairs to her room, which looked over the harbor, and watched that little boat dancing on the sea. She went out upon her balcony, and, lifting her arm, waved a farewell.

But Peter was not looking back for a white figure upon one of the balconies. He was playing Lake's game, and Heriot Mayo's, not his own, and he was angry.

So he came to the yacht, megaphoned his hands, and his boat brought old Fortune nimbly to the side.

"Why, Sir Heriot!" said old Fortune, dismayed, "and I never sent the launch; and her ladyship has ordered a regular lady's lunch—just a mayonnaise and chicken patties and ice cream and dessert—"

"Anything will do for me," said Peter coming aboard. "Where's Lady Blanche?"

But she was there before him suddenly, all thrilled at the surprise. "Heriot" she cried. "Oh! Heriot!" while old Fortune turned busily away, and Peter took both her eager hands.

"Darling!" said Blanche in a whisper. "Oh, I've been so weary and bored and lonely—"

He laughed. She was such a darling, with her face flushed with joy, her eyes shining, her head like a golden flower covered with floss-silk. Like that first evening aboard the yacht when she had pleaded with him.

"Come below and have lunch."

They went hand in hand down the companionway. Blanche sat down, transcendently happy. She put her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, and gazed at him.

Half-way through lunch, Peter remembered an oversight of tragical import. He had left Carey, and he did not know how to find her again. "We shall all meet at Algiers?" Murillo had hinted. But how did he know that she would follow him?

"The first thing I do when I make Algiers," he thought, beside himself, "is to find that dago." He remembered thankfully that Murillo had thrust upon him his address. "I'll find that dago!" he vowed . . . .

But it was Murillo who came first, looking for him.

Murillo slid alongside the yacht in a small boat with an engine that ticked as sweetly as a lady's watch, a boat which he handled himself. He was alone and complaisant, as usual in his spotless white. His hail brought Peter to the side, and his first words were uttered in spite of himself, before he could bite them back: "Hi! you, Murillo! I wanted you!"

"Good!" said Murillo. "Shall I come aboard?"

Peter glanced over his shoulder to see if Blanche had hidden herself, below. But he could not quite trust her circumspection, so he answered: "No, I'll come over to you and perhaps you'll land me. I'm going to the St. George and my stuff can follow."

In three minutes he was forging over the blue Bay of Algiers, with Murillo.

"I was out in my boat," said Murillo. "Saw you anchor and came along to welcome you. Glad to have the pleasure of landing you. You're in a hurry to get ashore, eh?"

"I wanted to get into touch with Miss Mills as soon as I can, if she's arrived. George hasn't made much speed; I wondered if she had arrived?"

"Why yes," Murillo replied. "She traveled without a break. She arrived late last night. The railways are slow— she came part of the way by car, I think. The roads are good, and she drives like a demon. Yes, she rang me up late last night." Peter listened eagerly.

"But she did not know where she's staying," Murillo went on, "so I cannot direct you. However, she's dining at my home tonight. She wants to see some Moroccan embroideries which I have bought. Perhaps you will come too. I can promise you the cuisine is satisfactory." His answer was hospitable courtesy itself.

"Thanks!" said Peter, "I'll come." He knew he was a fool. Knowing that, however, has never stopped a man in Peter's frame of mind from continuing to be one. He wanted to see Carey, above anything that he had ever desired. Underneath all his excitement, though, he knew what a fool he was. He was walking, probably, into just such a trap as that of which Guy Lake had warned him. But if so, Carey had baited it.

He sent his man out of the room, while he looked to his revolver. It was small, hardly bulging his hip pocket. He weighed it thoughtfully in his hand for a moment, yet hardly hesitated. "I'm playing their game," he argued. "My life's my own. And I'm playing the game I'm paid for." So he slipped the revolver into his pocket, sent for his car, and drove to the upper Rue Michelet, in which fashionable quarter Murillo's huge villa was situated.

The villa stood in its own grounds. An Arab butler received him. This servant led Peter through a long corridor with beautiful specimens of mosaic work on the walls, to a doorway curtained in tapestry. The drawn curtain revealed a white room with green and gold upholstering, and pictures drawn by the sure, delicate hand of a famous French artist. The room was cool, and a wood fire burned on the long white hearth. Beside the fire, on a green and gold sofa, in a frock of white satin, sat Carey.

She was alone. Her face was pale; her [*Turn to page 83*]

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
McCALL'S MAGAZINE

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
WILL BEGIN HIS NEW NOVEL
BEATING WINGS

It is the sensational story of a poor young girl who conquers New York by sheer wit and beauty.

It shows by what new methods the post-war heroine "makes good" in the most sophisticated city in the world. If you are young—or, if you admire youth and enjoy a breathless love story you must not miss this latest and greatest novel by that master of fiction—

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

A BETTER WAY

to wash dainty curtains

With the revival of the Early American tradition in the decoration of modern American homes, has come a vogue for curtains of simplicity. Light, dainty, washable curtains—of dimity, of voile, of dotted swiss or charmingly frilled organdie.

To launder these sheer, delicate materials in *safety*—what a problem! Let us tell you why you will find the Borax way really a better way.

1. 20 Mule Team Borax softens the water and prevents the formation of that dark mineral deposit that so often makes the clothes streaked and grey.

2. In the process of soaking the addition of 20 Mule Team Borax to the water loosens the dirt and prepares the way for thorough washing without rubbing.

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4. In the rinse water 20 Mule Team Borax removes every trace of soap—and leaves the curtains fresh and crisp and really clean.

20 Mule Team Borax is such a help in all your laundry work and it is always *safe*. Unlike strong "chemicals" sometimes used in the home laundry, Borax will not injure the most delicate fabrics or your hands. It is positively safe for any colored material that pure soap and water alone will not harm.

Write today for a copy of our helpful, new handbook, "Better Ways of Washing and Cleaning." It gives clear, practical directions for performing scores of household tasks in a better way with 20 Mule Team Borax. Address the Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William St., N. Y. City, Dept. 520

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

Five various types of the lily family

CONSIDER THE LILIES

BY DOROTHY GILES

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. ROSE

"Not even Solomon in all his glory"—

IF praise such as this could be bestowed on the simple, many colored, open cupped anemones of the Judean fields, what words has one for the stately and glistening white trumpet lilies, *Auratum, Candidum, Speciosum* and *Regale* which rise sometimes to a height of five feet from the garden borders, and whose fragrance, divinely sweet and most divinely pure, seems to breathe of those pastures of the blessed which Fra Angelico so loved to paint, and which St. Bernard so loved to hymn?

The saint among flowers, this, with the exquisite delicacy which is not for one moment to be mistaken for weakness, that is the sign of sainthood in gardens as elsewhere.

How lovely to contemplate a garden of lilies outlined perhaps by a hedge of white callas as they grow in the formal gardens of the Government House at Gibraltar, five feet high, and with a density of glossy foliage that provides a rich background for plantings of *L. Candidum* (the Ascension or Madonna lily); *L. Auratum,* the glorious golden-rayed lily of Japan; *L. Regale; L. Speciosum* in both varieties, white and rosy pink; and some of the delicate and less well known pink and pale yellow and apricot colored lilies that are now finding their way into American gardens from the East. In a lily garden such as this large clumps of *hemerocallis flava,* the scented lemon lily of old time gardens, and of German iris in shades of pale violet, mauve and blue would combine pleasingly with the white and pink lilies as these come into their beauty of bloom.

A garden all of lilies is not possible to everyone, but some lilies there may be in every garden. What I would like to stress is the value, botanical and artistic, of growing really fine lilies, especially if one has not room for more than a few.

L. Candidum which is the most familiar of all the family is also the most capricious in its tastes. The bulb which is composed of white fleshy scales, should be planted in rather stiff loam, not too deep, and surrounded with sharp sand which gives the all important drainage and also tends to isolate the bulb from grubs and pests which may breed in rotted manure. Set the bulb on its side *with the open end pointed down hill* to prevent excess moisture from entering the bulb.

Once planted, the bulbs should be left undisturbed for years. Indeed no member of the lily family so keenly resents being interfered with as this June flowering aristocrat.

A planting of five or seven *Candidum* lilies combined with plants of delphinium bella donna and the deeper hued English hybrids forms a midsummer garden picture one does not soon forget, especially if the grouping is seen against a wall of pink climbing roses, American Pillar or charming Lady Gay.

True, there are gardens and garden soils in which Madonna lilies refuse to dwell. There is a superstition that they like being drenched with soot and soft coal smoke, and it is an interesting and possible proof of this that these lilies flourish in the gardens in and about Pittsburgh, while they cannot be coaxed into bloom in certain pure and undefiled corners of well cared for New England gardens.

L. Auratum is a much more obliging member of the family which blooms in late August and comes to us from Japan where it flowers magnificently on the slopes of the sacred snow-capped mountain Fuji-Yama. The enormous, golden rayed blossoms are upheld on a stout central stem that rises well above the planting mass. *Auratum* lilies should be planted late in the autumn, even after the first frost strikes, and deep—at least one foot. The holes should be dug for at least three feet and filled with a mixture of well drained peat, and sandy loam. All lilies root more quickly if a few pieces of peat are placed beneath each bulb.

Moisture is the next requirement and a protracted drought as the buds are forming will work untold harm. Plant deeply therefore, and give shade about the roots with low growing plants or set the lilies among shrubbery — rhododendron, laurels etcetera. The idea is to recreate in the home garden the conditions of the woodlands where Nature plants her lilies.

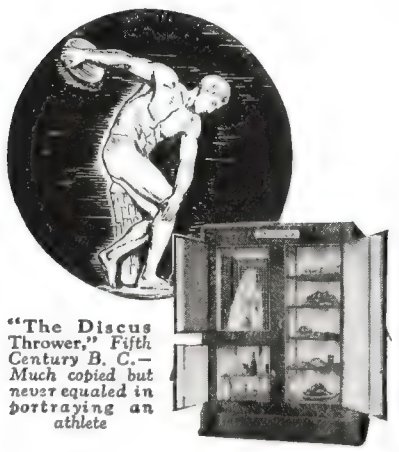
L. Regale is similar to the *Auratum* lily in form—but not so magnificent. Like it, it will thrive in a mixed border planting.

So much for the white lilies. The handsome, spotted tiger lilies, orange and red, are familiar in American gardens. How often one sees a cluster of them blooming still beside the crumbling doorstep of a deserted farm house—relics of a once loved and tended garden. Other orange lilies worth admitting to our gardens include several that are native to our fields.

In making a collection of lilies one should most certainly include a few at least of these native wood and field lilies—and some of the new and exquisite foreigners. I will very gladly send a list of Lilies for the Little Garden to everyone who writes me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City.

Auratum lilies beside a pergola

MASTERPIECES



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Note its beautiful, massive oak framework. Sturdy walls lined with thick opal glass, odorless spruce or heavy white enamel. *Dry* air circulation that preserves foods and prevents mixed odors. Mineral wool insulation that cuts ice bills. Easily cleaned parts. Outside icing. Water cooler. All proclaim HERRICK'S *acknowledged superiority.*

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YOUTH AND THE CHANGING WORLD

[*Continued from page 58*]

right decision when a moral question must be answered. Living in a century of speed, their moral decisions are suited to the slow pace of past generations.

American fathers abhor waste; they spend thousands to eliminate waste in time, labor and material and then they waste the human life of their children by making them parasites, squandering on them the thousands saved from waste and *requiring nothing in return.* This restlessness and lawlessness in Youth is a natural result of the lack of intelligent social machinery to satisfy the creative, moral and spiritual energy of young life.

The outstanding problems today are to heal the breach between Youth and Age, to reorganize society with relation to Youth, to correct the dehumanizing influence of the nineteenth century and to teach Youth the right use of leisure without which creative work lags.

This then is the challenge as you young men and women go out into this changing world; seek to give Life a nobler form; strive to combine from the old days and the new those things which should endure; to translate them into social organizations which shall reflect in inward spirit and outward form Truth and Justice, Mercy and Love.

To be alive in such an age,
With every year a lightning page,
Turned in the world's great wonder book,
Whereon the leaning nations look,
When miracles are everywhere,
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be.

To live in such an age:
To live in it,
To give in it,
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Give but to have in it a part,
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage
To be alive in such an age.

THE POST BOX

[*Continued from page 64*]

sent to those who were invited to the wedding. INVITATIONS are sent to family and friends—ANNOUNCEMENTS to acquaintances. Written invitations read:

Dear Mrs. Neighbor:

John and I are to be married on Wednesday the third of June at twelve o'clock, here in our garden, and we hope that you and Mr. Neighbor and the children, too, will surely come.

Little wedding cake boxes may be bought at the caterer's or stationer's. They are about three inches long by an inch and a half wide by an inch deep. When Mary Jones marries Fred Smith, S. J. is embossed in gold on the lid. A piece of black fruit wedding cake is cut to fit, wrapped in wax paper, then in silver foil and put in each box. It is then tied with satin ribbon three-eighths of an inch wide. At a big wedding the boxes are piled on a table near the door of exit, and each guest takes one on his way home. At a sit-down breakfast the boxes are sometimes put at each place at the table.

Order of entrance: Groom with best man behind him, follows clergyman and stands on the clergyman's left hand, and a short distance in advance. Then the procession advances, ushers first, two by two. Then the bridesmaids, two by two. Then the maid of honor alone. Then the bride on the arm of her father or nearest male relative.

The Post Box is a regular feature on McCall Street. Letters on all points of etiquette addressed to Mrs. Post, in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, will be answered personally by mail if you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

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TUFTLESS MATTRESS
is More comfortable.

Sealy
TUFTLESS MATTRESS

—world famous for comfort

The discovery of the Sealy patented air-weaving process eliminated all necessity for tying the "mattress filler" into place and made possible the World Famous Sealy Tuftless—the only *Air Woven* mattress made.

By this exclusive method millions of tiny, long-staple cotton fibres are interwoven into a great inseparable batt. Once inside the Sealy tick this great mass of resiliency requires only an occasional sun bath to keep it young.

Every night on a Sealy is a night of deep, restoring sleep . . . sleep that will keep you young even through years of the most strenuous activity.

There is no other mattress like the Sealy Tuftless. It is different; made by a patented process. Let your Sealy dealer explain to you its many superior features. Let him tell you why eight hours of sleep on a Sealy Tuftless are not mere hours of unconsciousness, but four hundred and eighty full minutes of nourishing sleep.

Air Woven
(A PATENTED SEALY PROCESS)
of long fibre pure staple cotton.

THE SEALY CORPORATION, HOUSTON, TEXAS

What's *your* favorite alibi?

With a dozen clean shirts within arm's reach, a brilliant author will not discard his soiled one until driven to it by his wife. A slovenly man? Not at all, he merely dislikes the actual task of changing the buttons.

A very successful lawyer fails utterly to keep his nails clean. In fact, he declines to do it. He knows that he ought to, of course. But he dislikes doing the job himself. And he will not take time to go to a manicurist.

These are examples of a certain type of laziness that is present in most of us, however we may deny it.

You will notice it in your friends, if you know them well. And if you are honest enough to admit it, you will find it in yourself. To neglect the little tasks of life seems to be a very human weakness.

Heading the list of things people are lazy about is tooth brushing.

In your childhood, you will recall, it loomed large as a nuisance. Now that you are grown up, you probably alibi yourself, as so many of us do, with such feeble excuses as "I'll do it later," "I'm in a hurry now," or "too tired."

Recognizing this human weakness we set about to create a dentifrice to meet it —a dentifrice for busy people, for tired people—even for lazy people.

Now greater speed

A dentifrice to clean teeth quicker than ever before. And clean them whiter.

Our chemists created formula after formula. Three were selected. Each was tried by thousands. The result was noted. Then the most perfect of the three was chosen.

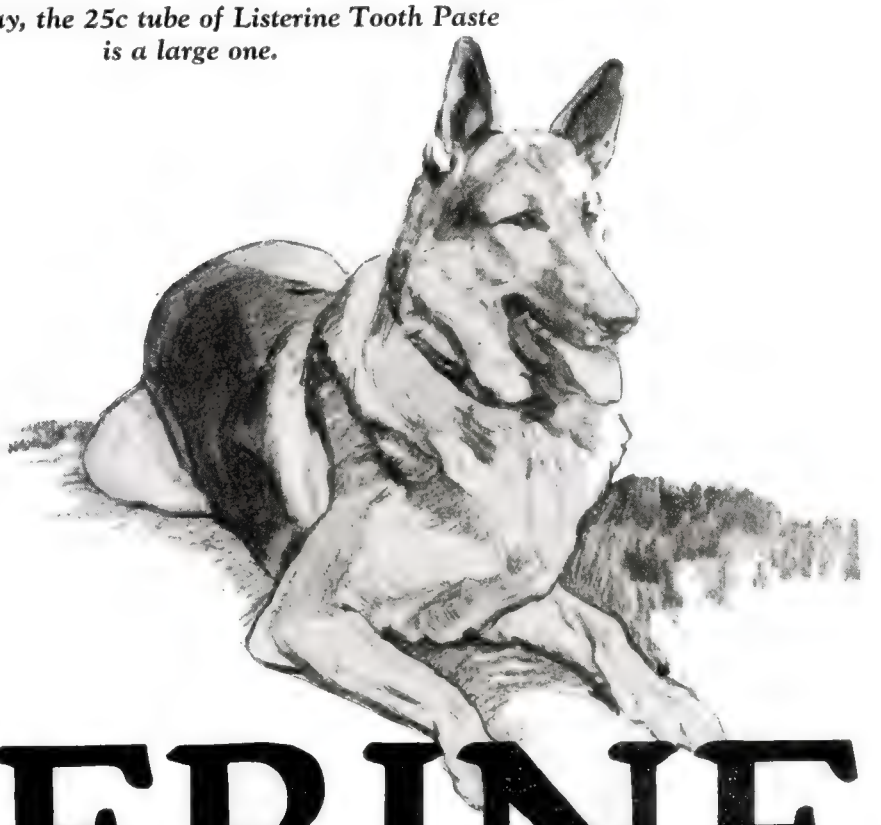
Minimum Rubbing

Now we offer it to you under the name, Listerine Tooth Paste. It provides a maximum of cleansing* with a minimum of brushing. The job's over in a minute. But that clean fresh feeling in the mouth lasts a long time.

And only 25c

Compare this dentifrice with any paste at any price. Once you use it, we will wager you'll be delighted with its results —and its economy. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.
By the way, the 25c tube of Listerine Tooth Paste is a large one.



* *This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts tooth decay.*

LISTERINE

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"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH PASTE

— — over in a minute

Gloved finger tips (A) rubbed over ordinary polish are discolored by the greasy film.

Gloved finger tips (B) rubbed over the new Liquid Veneer are not discolored at all. There is no greasy film.

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If dust STICKS to your furniture ~

— these photographs show the reason why.

The two table tops illustrated stood untouched in the same place, the same length of time, and accumulated the same amount of dust. Then a current of air was blown over both. The photographs show the dust that remained sticking to each surface.

Why did one surface retain so much more dust than the other, just as the furniture in so many homes seems to have an affinity for everything flying through the air?

The furniture polish is the answer.

The table top in photograph A was treated with an ordinary polish similar to hundreds — the greasy kind that collects dust and causes continual trouble for the careful housekeeper.

The table top in photograph B was treated with the new Liquid Veneer — the improved *greaseless* product that leaves a hard, dry, brilliant finish from which dust can be blown almost as easily as it can be rubbed.

It is this *greaseless*, dust-free characteristic of the new Liquid Veneer that makes it also ideal for floors, woodwork, pianos, automobiles and all fine finishes.

IMPORTANT!

The new greaseless Liquid Veneer is on sale everywhere. There is no change in the design of the container but the contents of the packages now in the stores were manufactured according to the new formula.

Send coupon. Check offer desired.

LIQUID VENEER DUST CLOTH
LIQUID VENEER CARE and REPAIR OUTFIT for scratched nicked marred furniture
LIQUID VENEER
MAKES OLD THINGS NEW
CARE OF FINE FINISHES

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	Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit (Includes all the materials and tools needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture)	$ .50
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Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	.10
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes"	.25
Total value	$1.10
Special price	**$ .50**

Special Offer No. 2

	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	$ .10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth	.25
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes"	.25
Total value	$ .60
Special price	**$ .25**

Special Offer No. 3

	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer	$ .10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth	.25
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LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION

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THOUSANDS of housekeepers who are using the new Liquid Veneer, after worrying along with the ordinary furniture polishes, will realize the truth of the test described above. But, in addition, the superiority of the new Liquid Veneer has been proven scientifically by the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York. A report of their findings is in our files. So you may test for yourself this easy way to keep furniture at its best, we make the special offers to the left.

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I wish to take advantage of the offer checked:
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— No. 3, 10c postpaid

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

IF YOU MAKE THE WEDDING CAKE AT HOME

[*Continued from page 47*]

Beat whites stiff. Combine sugar mixture and fruit mixture, add yolks of eggs and milk Fold in egg whites, then mix well.

Line pans with two layers of paper, the first one of manila paper and the one next to the cake of waxed paper. Fill pans three-quarters full, leaving no air spaces.

Cover tops of pans with a layer of waxed paper and a layer of manila paper, then with cheese-cloth. Steam six hours. Remove at once from pans, but do not remove paper from cake. Let stand over night. If cake is just damp next day, wrap in waxed paper without removing papers and put away in an air-tight tin to ripen. If cake feels wet, place loaves in warm oven with the door open and let them dry until they feel just damp. The unfrosted cake should be cut with a very sharp knife and wrapped for wedding boxes a week before the wedding. If a large cake is made, frost it the day before.

BRIDE'S CAKE

¾ cup butter or shortening
2¼ cups sugar
3¾ cups flour
4½ teaspoons baking-powder
⅜ teaspoon cream of tartar
¾ cup milk
¾ teaspoon almond extract
9 egg whites

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Mix and sift flour, baking-powder and cream of tartar. Add flour mixture alternately with milk to butter and sugar. Add almond extract and lastly egg whites beaten stiff. Pour into well-greased tube cake pan. Bake in moderate oven (about 360° F) 45 minutes. Reduce temperature to 325° F and cook about 15 minutes longer. Bake until cake shrinks from sides of pan, then make sure singing sound inside cake has stopped before it is taken from oven. Stand cake on cooler for 2 minutes before taking it from pan. Frost when cold, turning upside down to frost.

TO FROST A CAKE

Have cake cold or nearly so. Place it on flat surface on waxed paper. Pour frosting back and forth to cover center of cake, or around and around in center, if it is a round cake. Spread frosting toward sides of cake with a spoon and let it run down over sides. When top of cake is frosted and perfectly smooth, cover sides, using a spatula or silver knife. Wetting the spatula in boiling water will make sides smooth. Allow frosting to become firm before putting on decorations.

COMFORT OR FOUNDATION FROSTING

2½ cups sugar
½ cup light corn sirup
½ cup water
2 egg whites
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Cook sugar, corn sirup and water together stirring until sugar is dissolved. Continue to cook without stirring until sirup spins a thread, (about 242° F). Beat egg whites stiff and pour sirup into them slowly, beating constantly Beat frosting until it will hold its shape, adding vanilla while beating. Use frosting to cover top and sides of cake. If it becomes stiff, add a very small amount of boiling water.

UNCOOKED ORNAMENTAL FROSTING

1 pound confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
3 egg whites
Vanilla or other flavoring

Sift sugar until all lumps are removed. Then sift again with cream of tartar. Add unbeaten egg whites and beat or mix until it holds its shape, adding flavoring. Cover bowl with damp cloth and use only a little at a time in bag or syringe.

COOKED ORNAMENTAL FROSTING

1½ cups granulated sugar
½ cup boiling water
2 egg whites
½ cup lemon juice

Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread. Pour slowly over stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat well, then add lemon juice and beat 3 minutes longer. Cook over hot water until it holds its shape, stirring constantly. Remove and beat until cold. Add vanilla. Use as directed above.

McCALL'S BOOKLETS *are* HELPFUL *to* HOMEMAKERS— *Especially to Brides*

The wise June Bride will let experts help prolong her honeymoon forever. The material we have gathered in these booklets will do much to build a firm foundation for your new homemaking duties. Send for those that seem to you most helpful.

PARTIES FOR THE BRIDE (new! and only two cents).

A BOOK OF MANNERS (ten cents).

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Address your order (enclosing stamps) to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[*Continued from page 19*]

Nearly a week went by. During that time I saw Alice Drew once, and she was animated.

"He's quite wonderful, our old friend, Tarbau. He won't lunch or dine, but he comes and talks, and he has charm with something added."

I shook my head. "But do you think you should see so much of him? Is it fair to Drew?"

She smiled and there was a new look in her eyes—of resolution, not so much that of the dreamer.

"I'm going to make him dine with me two nights from now. He never has. My husband is going to a big commercial dinner, and he asked me to have Frank Tarbau dine, so that I shan't be lonely."

"Your husband is a fool," I remarked. "I wish you wouldn't ask Tarbau to dine with you alone."

THE day of Alice's dinner came and passed and I walked next morning oppressed by some imaginary trouble. I picked up the *Matin* at breakfast. Almost the first thing I saw was the leaded announcement that the night before, at eleven o'clock, Simeon Drew, the American tobacco king, had died suddenly at the Continental Hotel. Horrified, I showed the paper to my wife.

No details were given except that Mrs. Drew had been dining with a friend of her husband and herself, and that on Mr. Drew's return he had suddenly collapsed and had died of apoplexy in five minutes. He had not spoken after his fall to the floor. Medical examination had said he was naturally a healthy man, but sudden shock might bring on apoplexy. It would not be supposed he had suffered any shock, and his wife said he was normal when he went to the banquet, leaving her dining with his and her friend, Mr. Frank Tarbau, whom they had known many years. Mr. Tarbau said that Mr. Drew collapsed on entering the room and spoke no word thereafter. An inquest would be held, but it was not thought new facts would come to light. His wife was expected to be sole legatee of his fortune. She bore herself calmly. She had no tears, but remained immobile and dreadfully pale. No doubt the body would be taken to America for burial.

I turned to my wife. "It's an ugly story: I wonder why he collapsed. He wasn't the sort to cave in like that."

She nodded. "It is a horrible ending—to his immense love."

I arrived at the Continental and found that the body was in a room adjoining the big apartment Drew had taken, and was being embalmed. *Death from Natural Causes* was the verdict at the inquest. I did not see the body then. I entered Mrs. Drew's apartments and was told she would see me. At last the door of the bedroom opened and Alice entered. She was dressed in black and her face was the most agonized I have ever seen. There was no dreaming in the eyes, but stark and terrible reality. She had found life and herself, and her dreaming was over forever. Her eyes were like wells of darkness, her mouth was set and rigid, she moved with dreadful slowness.

I caught her right hand in both of mine and pressed it. For an instant her eyes seemed to submerge, then they became dry again, and she said slowly: "You see it's all over—for ever and ever."

I inclined my head. "You know how I felt, how set I was against the dinner."

She said quite deliberately: "It ended in shame and tragedy."

"Shame!" I said aghast.

"The truth will never be told, but he caught me in Tarbau's arms, with my lips to his, and so he fell—his heart was wrong. He died of shock."

"Good Heaven! That was the end, was it? He had loved you with all his heart."

"Yes, he loved me, but see, I will not take his money. I will not spend his fortune. I would rather starve."

"That's nonsense," I said. "Do you wish the finger of suspicion pointed at you for the rest of your life? That will happen if you do not become his legatee. Can't you see?"

"I don't care. I'll bear shame for the wrong I did him."

"Is it fair to your father and mother and all your friends? Will you tell them you were caught by your husband in Tarbau's arms? Is it playing fair? You ought to keep Drew's name free from shame. Think hard, my dear—think hard."

She made a helpless gesture. "Oh, how blind I've been these many years!" She looked me in the eyes. "In my *heart* I was really guilty, and Sim knew the truth!"

Then with a sudden will she added: "I've finished with Tarbau for ever."

THE morning when the body of Simeon Drew left Havre in a French ship called the *Touraine* was clear of any cloud in the sky, the sun making Havre and the sea and all the wide horizon and the world beautiful. With Drew's secretary and agent I said good-by to Alice on the deck. The casket had been placed in a large stateroom, carefully wedged to prevent movement in a high sea, and a sailor was to watch it night and day.

Alice's face was still terribly pale and her big eyes shone with a new look—that of understanding of life, which she had never known before. The ship was ready to go. I bade her good-by, holding her slim hand, which lay lifeless in mine, and she said to me, with truthful premonition in her eyes: "Life bites deep my friend. We shall meet in peace at last—sometime." Then a strange fine fleeting smile touched the corner of her lips, and I said in reply: "Yes, in peace at last." She turned her head away and walked quietly towards her stateroom.

I watched the ship move slowly from the dock and face the open sea. Presently a voice said behind me: "I shan't ever see her again."

I turned. It was Frank Tarbau. He was erect, grim-faced, sad-eyed, but, unlike the woman, wholly a part of this active strident, noisy world.

I shook my head at him. "You and she had your own way of doing things. That man died through you. You both will pay the price."

For an instant he did not reply, then he said: "I want to talk to you. In half an hour the train starts for Paris. My bag is on the train—shall we?"

"Yes," I said, "we can return to Paris together."

We got into a cab and reached the train, without having spoken a word. We entered the train, selected a compartment which we would have to ourselves, rang for the waiter and ordered lunch.

Presently I said: "Please tell me of that last scene at the hotel and of yourself since."

He looked at me for a moment without speaking, then he said, "It is not the penalties of life we have to face, but the accidents. Strange that the only time I kissed her should be the moment when the door opened, her husband entered and closed it behind him. Perhaps it all was meant to be, but why should his life go for no wrong he had done? It sickens me to think that he should be taken and me left. She turned from me when Drew died. She would never see me again. When I saw her today as you talked to her, hidden as I was by boxes on the dock, I felt that not only he had lost his life, but that she had lost what is deeper than life—it seems silly of me to talk of purity but she was pure in soul and body."

"Tarbau," said I, "it is not either of you in one way, it was the little Creole widow up the Champs Elysées."

He waved a hand: "Don't think I'm not ready to take full responsibility. I am. I'm only trying to find a reason for it—the end of it I know, and I shall never see Alice again. She's in a world where I've no part at all."

Suddenly he clasped his hands and bowed his head, and a look of misery came to his face: "Alice brought out always the best in me. For her I could have given up even playing cards, but I was not fit for her. I had always been a villain, because I was of the world and would always be. I was never wholly bad and never wholly good. Blessing and curse were in all I did, and all I thought, and so today when the *Touraine* moved off upon that tossing floor of water, I said to myself: 'There goes [*Turn to page 77*]

Onyx Pointex
Silk Stockings

Lines
Sweeping Gracefully
Above the Heel

Sweet scent of orange blossoms—the majestic measures of the Wedding March. Then the tossed bouquet—laughter—carnival.

Clumsy, indeed, we would be to say that no wedding is successful unless the bride wears Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings.

But we do say that the bride who loves and knows pure silk, and who appreciates the subtle grace of the Pointex heel is among those who *would* have a charming wedding and who *will* remain charming.

Painted FURNITURE CAN *be* PRACTICAL *as* WELL *as* PICTURESQUE

BY ESTELLE H. RIES

ILLUSTRATED BY NATALIE HARLAN DAVIS

The bright color of painted furniture provides a warmth and hearty cheer in a room

THE very words "painted furniture" bring to the mind's eye a vision of cheer and animation in a room. Friendly and democratic, mingling happily in any society in which it finds itself, it yet has enough of aristocracy in its tradition to demand respect.

For painted furniture is no fad, no "latest thing," but a revival of a definite type of furniture that developed centuries ago and through successive generations has been found indispensable. In olden times, the early Egyptians used brilliant colors to brighten their household furniture. In Italy the greatest painters were called upon to decorate whole sets.

In referring to painted furniture, therefore, we cannot generalize. We must always discriminate between the finer work executed for the wealthy by such artisans as Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Angelica Kaufmann and numerous French and Italian craftsmen, and that which had its origin in the humbler art of the peasant. Each of these varied types is influenced by its origin, and each requires different backgrounds when introduced into a modern home. Whether we are painting the things ourselves or not, these matters are of interest. The product of the peasant, done for himself, is naturally cruder than that of the skilled craftsman executed for wealthy patrons. The woods of the former are coarser and the finish is rubbed rather than glossy. Simpler and bolder designs rather than subtle ones are found among these less ornate pieces.

Curiously enough, it is the peasant phase which interests the modest housewife more than the other. Few homemakers today seem able to resist it. The very fact that we are so drawn to it seems proof enough that we crave far more color than we use.

Nearly everyone likes the delightful informal painted furniture that suggests the Austrian peasant and the Tyrol. Bright, bold color, frank, sturdy lines, and an aspect of spontaniety commend it for gaiety and vividness. Furniture of this character is so decorative of itself that it is best seen against a plain background such as is in heavily stippled or plastered effects or other strong texture. If the background is highly patterned or colored, the furniture's own color will be confusing. Rugs, too, are part of the background, and while many hook rugs, rag rugs and others of simple cottage type are to be had, they should offer a contrast to the furniture that stands upon them. Thus in a bedroom of green painted furniture, it would not be nearly so effective to have a green rug, as to have one in mulberry, rich orange or some other color that will present a contrast.

The rustic origin of peasant painted furniture gives to our present-day rooms the effect of intimacy. For this reason it is especially charming when used in the bedroom, sunroom, children's room, porch and other informal parts of the house.

The adaptability of painted furniture in living-rooms depends largely upon the character of the other furnishings. For an informal living-room the peasant type creates a cheerful environment which is perhaps the most important asset a home may possess. But for a feeling of dignity, it might be better to select painted furniture in one of the periods. The Louis and Adam periods are all very formal and rich; conservative in color and delicate in texture. Grays and mauves in glossy finish are particularly attractive.

While it is true that painted furniture possesses many merits, these very merits are often the cause for using it excessively. Color is a much loved attribute but it, too, has many effects that should be considered lest one be led astray in a riot of color. Flaming orange, brilliant red, vivid green and other colors will of course attract the eye of a passerby to a shopwindow. This does not mean that it would prove equally attractive to live with year after year. One can stand for a while a thing that would be deadly for permanent use. The colors should be chosen not only for arbitrary taste, or impulsively at the sight of something charming in itself, but with reference to the size and exposure of the room as well. The smaller rooms are better with the so-called cool colors. Pale green, blue, mauve, gray, cream and the like with accents or decorations in deeper tones, give a sense of distance to smaller rooms. For larger rooms, heavier, deeper colors are preferable—red, orange, dark green, bright blue, purple and the like. For small sunny rooms, brighter colors are best. A large, shady room may be decorated in bright colors, as these will give it coziness, whereas in a small shady room, coziness too easily becomes crowding when bright colors are used. All these things should be considered.

The color of the painted furniture must also be considered with reference to the other furnishings. If the room contains some of the charming Spanish types of furniture, gay pieces may be added to supplement the Mediterranean feeling. If the room is a more staid Colonial type, the painted pieces should be more severely temperate in color, to suggest furniture of old New England or New Amsterdam.

The color of painted furniture must be considered with reference to the other furnishings

Painted furniture used in sets seems best adapted to bedrooms and breakfast rooms. The single piece, however, has a remarkable decorative value when used for contrast. By its color it may animate a whole room, brighten a dark corner, and correct other decorative shortcomings. If it sets the keynote of the room, its background should be harmonious. If you use odd pieces simply supplementing a room, it is only necessary that they do not clash with other surroundings.

Because painted furniture can be strongly constructed of very inexpensive woods in which beauty of grain is entirely unnecessary, the homemaker who must do her furnishing on a restricted budget will find it especially desirable. The variations in design and color to be had are countless. They range all the way from the simplest sort of American Colonial and European peasant styles to the delicately elaborate period forms of France, Italy, Spain and England.

A great deal may be done by the ambitious housewife herself in repainting furniture that still holds service but that is shabby or in some way inharmonious. Unlike pieces may be brought into color relation with the aid of patience and the paint pot. And even some awkward pieces of the late General Grant period can be marvellously transformed by removing the excess ornaments, scraping and painting.

Baked to golden-brown crispness . . . baked to nut-like sweetness

this is a food made famous by flavor!

GRAPE-NUTS—a tempting combination of wheat and malted barley—comes to you ready-to-serve. . . . *Baked.* And baked again . . . Long, slow bakings that bring out to perfection the unique Grape-Nuts flavor. A nut-like flavor, with just a delicate suggestion of malt-sugar. It's delicious! Millions of people eat Grape-Nuts first and foremost because it tastes so good.

Grape-Nuts' remarkable digestibility, too, comes from the long, slow baking. With a minimum of digestive effort, your body benefits by the varied nourishment contained in this food. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite—all these vital elements are supplied by Grape-Nuts. Eaten with whole milk or cream, it is an admirably balanced ration.

Try it for breakfast tomorrow. Two tablespoonfuls of the golden kernels are enough for a serving. Pour cream or whole milk in carefully at the side of the dish, so that the *crispness* of the food may be retained. Grape-Nuts tempts you to chew thoroughly. Unusual, in this day of soft foods! Your dentist will tell you that the health and beauty of teeth and gums cannot be protected without exercise. Almost all dentists make a point of advising their patients to eat some crisp food *every day.* Many dentists especially recommend Grape-Nuts.

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts. If you wish us to, we will gladly send you the following:

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

Post Health Products

Two servings of Grape-Nuts—free, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts"

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. With them we will include "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director and containing a series of menus for healthful breakfasts.

G.-McCall's 6-27

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, Address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under The Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[*Continued from page 73*]

the last glimmer in the gloom.' For the last forty-eight hours I've lived like one shut off from earthly hope. I've been down where Satan and his hordes would not and could not go. I've lost in those black wells all that made life worth while—I did what has robbed this world of the best of men. I said to you once that a woman could love two men. I take it back. It can't be done. She loved me—she did not love him—but she thought she did. Now, she hates me and she loves the memory of him."

THE years went by. The interest of life grew wider and more varied. I entered the British Parliament in 1900, but I had travelled before that in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, Turkey, Austria, Italy, Germany, and nearly all the European States, and since then in America, in Mexico, in South Africa and elsewhere. I met many distinguished and notorious people, but never one with such interest for me as Frank Tarbau. I resigned Parliament in 1918, owing to overwork and ill-health. In 1924 I could not spend the winter in England, so I decided to go to Aiken, South Carolina, where I had been in 1901.

In many years I had never heard of Tarbau, but I came to know that three years after the death of Simeon Drew in Paris, Alice died in Kentucky. One day in London, however, I picked up the *Evening Standard* and saw that Frank Tarbau had been arrested in Montreal for conspiracy to defraud at cards, and that Scotland Yard had sent to the police in Quebec the dossier of the man who had won notoriety in England by the fight with sabres in Old Quebec Street.

I left London in November and went to Aiken.

One night I told Tarbau's story to the Hon. Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., of Toronto, once a member of the Supreme Court of Canada, to William B. Warner, the President of McCall's Magazine, and to a Mr. Gilbert, who is one of the Directors of the Irving Bank in New York. The three men were fascinated by his story and Nesbitt said: "By gad, I'll try to get Tarbau out of prison! A more remarkable story I've never heard, and he must have his chance again. I don't know the Chief Justice of Quebec, but I know the Attorney General, and I'll write to him. It is the custom in every country to give prisoners a chance even after condemnation, and why not in Canada?"

Just before I left Aiken I got the reply of the Attorney General through Mr. Nesbitt. It said there was no one on their books called Frank Tarbau, but there was a Fred Todero, and he had been imprisoned for only three weeks. I said to myself: "How did the *Evening Standard* know it was Frank Tarbau?" Tarbau had often changed his name and why shouldn't he have done so again in Montreal? Besides, F. T. were the initials of his own name!

Mr. Warner of McCall's said: "I must have that story. You shall meet my Editor in New York." I met the Editor at luncheon, arranged for this story, and I said to him: "I want to know what has happened to Tarbau since. I'll advertise for him. So the following notice appeared in the *New York Times:*

"Botany Bay wishes to meet Frank Tarbau, whom he met on the way to Los Angeles, in Honolulu, in New Zealand, in Australia, in London and in Paris."

I did not use my own name, only *Botany Bay,* because only four people knew what happened at Botany Bay, and two of them were dead. The replies were to be sent from the *New York Times* to McCall's Magazine.

There came many replies, in none of which save one I believed, and my judgment was correct about that one, as I afterwards found. At last a letter came from Chicago—it was written at the Blackstone Hotel, and it said:

"My address is Frank Tarbau, c/o W. J. Brown, Dearborn Express Co. 539 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois. Will be pleased to hear from you.

Sincerely,
Frank Tarbau.

I had forgotten Frank Tarbau's handwriting, and I said: "This looks crooked—Blackstone Hotel and two other addresses." However I wrote, without sending my name, but signing *Botany Bay,* a typewritten letter and said: "If you are Frank Tarbau, tell me what happened at Botany Bay." There came a reply by telegram.

"It is me all right. My house 2 Old Quebec Street, Marble Arch London. Friends, Alonzo, Little Bill, Captain Graham, Collier Carew, Horace Joe Leigh. Sir Joseph Bank's Hotel, Botany Bay, Mrs. Frank Smith proprietess. Friends Teddy Knight, J. D. Robinson. Write me same as before."

Then a letter followed, written also from the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago; "Since I wired you last night, I have been thinking. I may be wrong, but it's strange to me that whole thing fits exactly. I left San Francisco in 1885 for Honolulu, after a stay there I sailed for Sydney, N. S. W. I lived at the Sir Joseph Bank's Hotel, Botany Bay. I spent some time in Australia New Zealand, and Tasmania, where I became well known and much advertised. I have never heard of another name like mine, and if I am not the Frank Tarbau you met, some one must have used my name. I am six feet tall, very dark, and then weighed about 160 pounds. I played cards and raced horses. From Australia I went to India, Egypt and Europe. I lived in London and Paris for years, I travelled *all over* the world several times, and never heard the name Frank Tarbau. In London I was the principal in the cutlass case, about 1895. My friends in London all went to Old John Carr's. Anyway, you have me guessing and I would like to hear the outcome.

Yours truly,
Frank Tarbau.

In reply I wrote over my own name and said: "You are Frank Tarbau all right, and I want to meet you again."

I asked him to dine with me in New York the day following my expected arrival. There was no response to that letter, but two days after reaching New York, the telephone rang. A voice said: "I am Frank Tarbau." I recognized it—there could be no mistake. I said: "Will you dine with me tonight at the Pyrenees Restaurant?" The reply was; "All right—with pleasure." Then I asked for his address, but he would not give it.

I spent a busy day, but I was thinking of Tarbau all the time. When I stepped into the lobby of the restaurant on Sixth Avenue, there he was, not looking older than when I saw him last, though his hair was white, but he was as slim as of old and as quietly dressed, and he stood with military salute, his eyes shining, when he saw me enter. He did not look a day more than fifty-seven or fifty-eight.

It was not a time for regular talk, but I said: "Are you doing pretty well?" His reply was: "Oh, yes, I took thirty thousand dollars out of Jaggermall (an assumed name) last month." Presently, in reply to a question, he denied that he had been imprisoned in Montreal. I said: "How old are you?" He said: "Seventy-three." "Well," I said, "your eye is as bright as a boy of thirty." "Yes," he replied, "I've never had a tooth-ache in my life, and every tooth in my head is sound. I could bite a nail in two. I never had a headache or a day's illness, and never expect to—no."

I said: "Why do you never expect to?" He said: "I'll die suddenly—mebbe!" There was a queer look in his eyes when he said it.

"I suppose so," I replied, understandingly.

"Tarbau, why didn't you give me your real name and address?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not living under my own name. I'm in one of the most respectable hotels in New York. I had to change the name for mine was known in every central police-court in the world. I'm living at the Sauterne. If I'd given my own name, they wouldn't have let me in. It's so well known everywhere. The constables know all about it. The Chief of Police said: 'That's all right Frank, go under any name you like. We'll understand.'"

After our first dinner I met Tarbau several times. One day I said to him, "Tarbau, in the forty years I have known you, have you ever been penniless or down and out?" [*Turn to page 78*]

Never *need your hands say* "Dishpan"

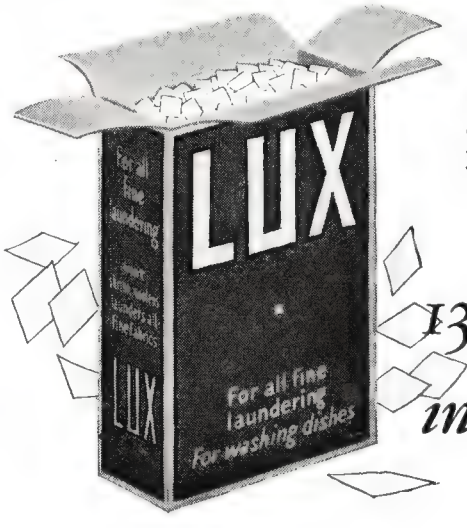
"WHY try to keep our hands white and soft," women said, "and then for an hour and a half each day expose them to *irritating* soaps in the dishpan?"

It was in this way women began using Lux for dishes!

Wash your dishes in Lux and your hands stay smooth and white—blessedly rid of that tell-tale "dishpan" look.

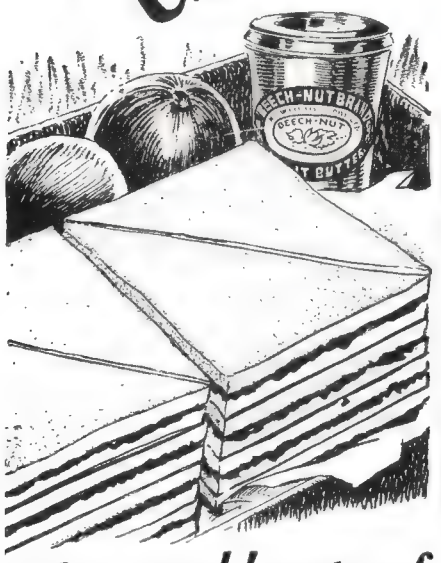
The harmful alkali in so many soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes—dries up the beautifying oils Nature placed under the outer skin to keep your hands from getting rough and red.

There is no injurious alkali in tissue-thin, transparent Lux diamonds! Lux keeps your hands soft and white in spite of washing dishes. One teaspoonful is plenty. Lever Bros Co., Cambridge, Mass.



135 dishwashings in the big package

at picnic time



you need heaps of tasty peanut butter sandwiches . . .

GREEN countryside — singing brook—or sparkling lake. Appetites keen. What a day! And what have we to eat?

Who ever heard of a picnic lunch without sandwiches? And there's nothing more appetizing, more soul-satisfying than peanut butter sandwiches—the Beech-Nut kind. So stack them into the lunch basket till there isn't room for another!

And then watch them disappear. The youngsters devour them. The grown-ups find them equally tempting. Truly delicious morsels for the picnic out of doors. Don't forget them at picnic time. And they'll surely be better if made with *Beech-Nut* Peanut Butter. It is so delicious! And so easy to digest.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Exceptional quality—at moderate prices

TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[*Continued from page 77*]

He laughed: "Yes, I was penniless in gaol, and down and out too, but never so out of gaol. Then I have not been down and out, but up and in."

"You owe the world a lot," I said. "You haven't worked for your living. You've got it by playing things low upon the world at large."

A shade crossed his face. "Playing things low! Gosh, I don't play things low! Those who play with me stand to win and I to lose."

I laughed. "On the whole though, you have won, and you are not a poor man."

A steely glitter came into his eye. "No I'm not a poor man, but with what I've got by playing cards, I've given freely to many a poor fellow out on his uppers, to many a good cause. I've given back to the world, apart from my living, which has never been costly, much that I've won. I am a bad one, I know, I've been in gaol—I've been arrested. I've seen the depths of disgrace, but I've kept my eye sometimes on the stars. I'm black, but not all black; I'm bad, but not all bad; I've been in torment and I've been in heaven; I've been in waterspouts and hurricanes and storms and earthquakes, and I've been in the soft light of dawn and the glow of evening, and bells of peace have rung for me. You can't take from me what I've had. I've picked wild flowers from the salt bush plains of Australia. I've heard the bell-bird sing. I've been in the stranger's hut in the back-blocks. I've carried my swag like a sundowner, and I've jumped my bail like a thief. I've seen the wild veldt of South Africa, and have lived underground there, and I've had my face in its dust, and the scar on my forehead and that on my hand are some return for the happiness of life in Jo'burg and Molly Melsham, and the everlasting sun that one sees in South Africa—its loneliness, its beautiful loneliness, its kopjes, its spruits, its wild horses, and it dreary wastes made sweet by the human life on them." He suddenly swung upon me and caught me by the arms. "Boy, oh boy," said he, "you strike at the heart of things, and you've struck the heart of me. By the great horn spoons, I'm no good, but there are worse than me in the world. I've killed, I've been drunk, I've gone large, but there never was a man with a sounder body than mine, and few with healthier spirit. Whether it's the Injun in me, belonging to this continent, or the Frenchman in me belonging to Europe, I don't know, but I do know this: ancestors I never knew—European, and the spirit of Indian chiefs through ages have worked in my veins, and between the two—here I am at seventy-three, with a body like iron and my step quick and my spirit young. Tell me, what does it all mean?"

AT last we dined together at my hotel, and after we had eaten and by some accident fell silent, both thinking of the past. We had had many talks and walks together, and this was to be our last meeting, for I was leaving presently for England. We had never spoken of Alice, nor of the events in Paris, in all our talks, for I had carefully avoided it, but our last meeting had come, and I must speak. We sat silent for some time, and I am sure it was in his mind that I was going to say what I did, for a curious troubled look came to his eyes and he smoked faster than usual, and his cigar-puffs were like jets from a geyser. I can recall the room where we sat, high up, quiet, though now and then came the snorting of a motor in the street below, and it was moonlight, and the blinds were up, and there were no lights in the room. Yet there was a moon and there was light enough from outside to see the working on his face. It was summer time and we had talked long after dinner. At last I said to him: "Well, Tarbau, we've come to our last talk together for many a day—how long, who can tell? One page of your experiences we have not read—let us read it now."

He sat up in his chair, stiffening, and he looked at me with troubled eyes. "I guess what you're going to say," he said.

"You guess right, Tarbau. She died, and you know!"

For a moment he did not speak, for there passed before his spirit's eyes the one great truthful romance of his life. He had never loved but one woman and that love had become a tragedy. His face clouded heavily. "Yes, she died in Kentucky—the only woman I ever truly loved." He shuddered. "That horrible thing in Paris clouded my life. I never saw her again. When I left the Continental Hotel, the sun almost stopped shining for me. You remember our meeting in Havre, and our journey back to Paris? I didn't see how I could go on at all, I was so battered for years gloom and the terrible memory were with me. If Drew wanted revenge, he had it in the thought that Alice and I would never again in life or time speak to each other, nor look into each other's eyes. She hated me now, I know, and yet I loved her as I never had before. I've been through many bad days and dark deeds, but that was the worst of all. The trouble was I couldn't hear from her, and dared not go where she lived. So at last one day in the *New York Times* I read the notice of her death. For a long time I had to school myself to face the world, and do the daily round."

He sat for a moment staring in front of him, and I did not speak. There was nothing to say. His eyes closed, then opened slowly.

"She is happy now, I know. She was a flower, and, oh boy, she is in the garden that has no end. I remember her, and I live on." He bowed his head.

I did not speak, but reached out and grasped his hand.

MY tale is almost ended. Frank Tarbau might have risen to any heights. In one way he is below the pavement on which we walk, yet not below steadfastness in friendship, courage in time of peril, endurance of misery and imprisonment, and with an honor of his own, he rises higher than many of us. He said to me he could bite a nail in two; so his inner man can bite a nail in two, and beneath the wrong things he has done, and they have been many, there has been an unconquerable soundness of heart and soul. I would sooner have gone to Frank Tarbau in trouble than to any relative of mine, or any friend I ever had. I'm not ashamed to have known him, to have liked him much, and here I have put upon record some of his sins, and his folly; but if we would count sins and folly, how many would stand the test? Perhaps we would not manipulate the cards, but we do not hesitate, in different ways maybe, to manipulate the social life and circumstances in which we move. How many of us can say that we have ever held unchangeably to the truth, that we have never robbed—not money perhaps, but persons or institutions or great national organizations—of something? To any critic of my story I say: "If you would see one who has descended low, but has ascended high: 'There is the Man.'"

[THE END]

NOTE

Wishing to have the record of Frank Tarbau complete, I wrote to Sir William Horwood, the head of Scotland Yard, in November last, asking for permission to read Frank Tarbau's dossier as it existed in Scotland Yard. Sir William Horwood's reply was that it would not be done, and he used these words at the close of his letter: "Our criminal records are for service use only, and are treated as strictly confidential."

I wrote and thanked him and asked him for the date of the trial, and in the British Museum I read the account of the trial at the Central Criminal Court in 1895.

Early in February of this year I wrote to the Right Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, in whose department Scotland Yard is included. I had known Sir William Joynson-Hicks many years. I told him of Sir William Horwood's statement. His reply was. "I read your letter with great interest, and only wish I could grant your request, but I really must not . . . if I could give any novelist the privilege, you may be sure I should be glad to give it to you."

So that was my only connection with the official history of Frank Tarbau.

ENERGINE
LEAVES NO ODOR NO MARK OR STAIN
THE PERFECT DRY CLEANER
CLEANS PERFECTLY SILK, GLOVES, LACES AND ALL FINE FABRICS
THE CUMMER PRODUCTS CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A.

Spotless Attire— a Social Asset

IN society or business, immaculate appearance is the rule. The people whose opinions mean most to you do not excuse carelessness.

Yet, accidents will happen, and only "eternal vigilance" will insure cleanliness. Always have a can of *Energine* handy and when you get a spot on your clothing just rub it gently with a soft cloth saturated with *Energine*. *Energine* cleans easily, quickly and economically—leaves no odor.

A large 10-ounce can of *Energine* costs only 35 cents. Millions of cans sold annually. Buy *Energine* at the nearest Drug Store.

Energine Cleans:

Suits, Hats, Spats, Silks, Rayon, Laces, Dresses, Scarfs, Neckties, Canvas, Velvet, Woolens, Overcoats, Kid Shoes, Leather, Sweaters, Gloves, Upholstery

Clean with

ENERGINE

The Perfect Dry Cleaner

DEAREST—THE STORY OF FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[*Continued from page 20*]

of these very first stories of hers. It runs: My dear Jerome:

. . . There is a very strong feeling deep in my heart, telling me that something must be done to raise us all a little from the dust, and the very strength of that feeling lies in the fact that I am *sure, sure, sure* I must do it. You have no need to smile. Nobody else will do it, because nobody else cares a cent whether we drag through our wretched lives as shabby, genteel beggars, or not. We are not shabby, genteel beggars, says Bert, when I fire up a little—but we *are* shabby, genteel beggars, I say. We are not respectable people in our own eyes, whatever we may be in any one else's. I would as soon be a thief as feel like one, and I do feel like one.

Respectable people are people who have what they want and don't live a life of constant humiliation and deprivation. Respectability doesn't only mean food and a house—it means pretty, graceful things, a front street *not* close to the gas works, an occasional new book to provide against mental starvation; a chance to see the world; a piano and fifteen cents spending money (not to be squandered recklessly, of course). "Man cannot live by bread alone," says the minister to his drunken, old parishioner. "No," said the apt nonconvert. "He mun hae' a few wedgetables," which is my opinion. What I want is a "few wedgetables."

What is there to feed my poor, little, busy brain in this useless, weary, threadbare life? I can't eat my own heart forever. I can't write things that are worth reading if I never see things which are worth seeing, or speak to people who are worth hearing. I cannot weave silk if I see nothing but calico—calico—calico. It is all calico, it seems to me. Ah, me! Ah, me! See what a tangled skein of thread for one poor little woman to unwind."

After about two years Noah's Ark was given up, and the family moved into Knoxville proper, where a rather roomy, but dilapidated brick house with a back yard running down to the Tennessee River, became the family homestead. It housed the Hodgsons, and at times housed many more. As "Vagabondia Castle" it became the very center of an enthusiastic group of young people who were glad to think of themselves as Bohemians; and this was not all pose, for most of them had but little money, not too much food, and barely enough clothing. There were Pleasant Fahnestock and Frank Bridges, cronies of Herbert's, who were almost enough at home in the ramshackle brick house to claim that they lived there, Fred Boond, a cousin brought over from Manchester, and a little later on, what was most important to Frances, Swan Burnett.

Swan had finished his studies and served his apprenticeship with his father. Only once or twice he had had the opportunity of visiting the gay family at Noah's Ark. But when the Tennessee State Guards were called out in January, 1869, to suppress the first Ku Klux Klans, he managed to get the appointment to take charge of the State Guards' Hospital in Knoxville. So for a brief time he was a member of the Bohemian crew. But, saving considerable of his pay as a Hospital Superintendent, he found himself able in the Fall to go to New York, where he matriculated at the well-known Bellevue Hospital College, with the intention of further specializing in the study of the eye and ear.

Life in Vagabondia Castle, however, went on with uninterrupted hilarity. Herbert played the piano; so did Frances. She sang; so did Edith. Frank Bridges was more than an expert performer on the flute; Fred Boond played the bass viol, and Charles Haynes came in to play the violin. Pleasant Fahnestock made at least a good listener, and was a "beginner" on the clarinet, occasionally invited into the ensemble. There was also a harp that could be called into service.

These happy days in Vagabondia Castle were often recalled in later years in Washington where Frances Hodgson Burnett, and her husband Swan, became the center of a congenial group of people, well-known in literary and political circles. Their home was the scene of many festivities in which their two small sons often had a share and many times the guests would find, curled up at the foot of the stair case, the two sleeping, golden-headed boys, with empty ice cream saucers before them.

Whether Frances' early visions of being able to make the family immensely rich by writing at least one story a week were being realized or not, she was finding a ready market for her "produce." That she was a good workman, and her output consistently of "quality," is proved by the fact that her manuscripts were regularly accepted, barring a few instances where special reasons obtained. The stories were paid for in checks, running from ten to twenty-five dollars.

Even in those earliest days of her writing, her method was to mint her own environment into the currency of her story, a process she carried into her most mature works. What she saw, what she did, what happened around her; all this was fused by her imagination, and the gold of it, the shining romance of it, the drama or tragedy of it, the character and color of it slipped, as it seemed, almost unconsciously into whatever she might be writing. "Vagabondia," her first serial story, published in *Peterson's Magazine* as "Dorothea" in 1873; (later in a book as "Dolly;" then republished as "Vagabondia") is a good illustration of this practise.

She soon found a most helpful friend in Charles J. Peterson, who went to the extreme in befriending the young writer. When the stories he received were, in his judgment, worth more than he could pay, he sold them, in behalf of the author, to richer magazines, and sent the proceeds to her. His ability to sell her better stories gradually increased her faith in herself. Again quoting from the "apprenticeship" article—

"It was just before I returned to England for the first time that I wrote a story in the Lancashire dialect, which I always thought picturesque, and I had learned as a child in Manchester through hearing it spoken by the people of the working classes. The story was called 'Surly Tim's Trouble.' I sent it to *Scribner's Monthly,* which was then edited by Doctor Holland, and the letter written accepting it proved to me that it was all and more than I dared to hope . . .

"If one's apprenticeship can ever be said to be ended, I think mine came to a close after the publication of the little sorrowful Lancashire story, 'Surly Tim's Trouble.' But to my mind one is always apprenticed to the work still to be done, and apprenticeship does not end so long as one's work goes on."

There was, as a matter of fact, a little prelude to the acceptance of "Surly Tim" by *Scribner's* (after 1881 *The Century Magazine).* Frances had written a story with the title, "The Woman Who Saved Me," and had sent it to that magazine. She received this reply from the assistant editor:

Scribner's Monthly,
654 Broadway, New York.
October 3, 1871.

F. Hodgson, or Dr. Burnett:
(which is the writer of it?)

The story of "The Woman Who Saved Me" is declined on account of its length. It would make nearly 16 of our pages—which is too much for a "short story," and we don't want any more serials.

Who are you? You write with a practiced hand—and we shall always be glad to hear from you. Stories should not be more than eight or ten pages in length.

R. W. Gilder.

Dr. Burnett was, it appears, acting as her amanuensis. Did the letter hint again she was being suspected of not having written her own story? Though it seemed strange to her that the editorial staff of *Scribner's* should know nothing of a young writer who had contributed so much to other periodicals, she accepted the implied challenge with spirit, and "Surly Tim" was the result.

[*Continued in* JULY McCALL'S]

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Summer

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remembered with delight

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BARNS, SILOS, OUT-BUILDINGS, Etc	S-W Commonwealth Paint S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			S-W Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	S-W Flat-Tone S-W Semi-Lustre	S-W Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Flo-lac	S-W Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	S-W Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	S-W Scar-Not Varnish: gloss S-W Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044	S-W Flo-lac S-W Handcraft Stain	S-W Enameloid
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Indoors	S-W Enameloid	S-W Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Fl	utch
Porch	S-W Enameloid	S-W Rexpar Varnish	S-	ameloid
OR GARAGE	SWP House Paint	S-W Rexpar Varnish		W Old Dutch Enamel
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LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	S-W Mar-Ni		S-W Inside Flo
RADIATORS	S-W Flat-Ton S-W Alumi			S-W Enam
Shingle	S-W R		W Preservative Shingle Stain	
ROOFS, Metal	S-W		S-W Carbolic-ol	
Composition	S-			
SCREENS				S-W Scree
WALLS, Interior (Pl or Wallboard)				S-W Old Dutch E S-W Enameloid
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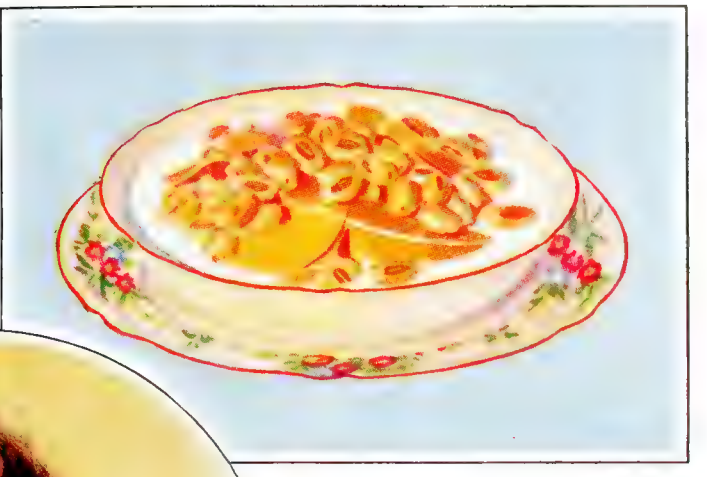
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*

THE WORLD

Delicious, appetizing... try sliced bananas with your Puffed Rice



Another delightful variant is—Puffed Wheat with peaches

FINDING VARIETY *to Relieve* BREAKFAST *of its Monotony*

A cereal food—different from any other known—that supplies the great adventure of a change at breakfast

A CHANGE, above all things, is what most of us want at breakfast. No appetite but wearies of the same old dishes, served time and again.

If breakfast fails to attract you, don't blame it on your appetite. If your child is reluctant to eat this important meal, don't try to force the eating of food that does not appeal. Try a complete change. What happens will surprise you.

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Their food value is that of rich grain foods. The Puffed Wheat is almost 20% bran; but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed. Each grain is puffed to 8 times its normal size with every cell broken to make digestion easy. Think of crisp, fresh toast. And you'll get an idea of their delights. Taste toasted nutmeats. And you'll get an idea of their flavor.

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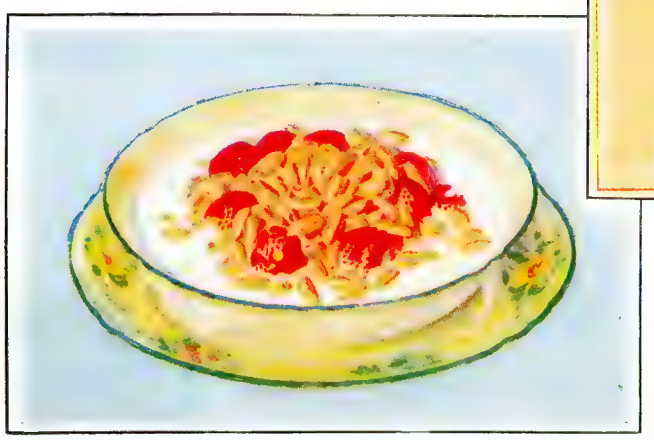
There are many delightful ways to serve. Note the illustrations. Try, too, as a luncheon dish—at home, or in any restaurant. Serve as a before-bed snack that does not impose on the digestion. Give to the children, in place of sweets, as tidbits between meals.



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THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[*Continued from page 67*]

hair, so like a medieval page's, glistened in the low light; her green-hazel eyes burned sleepily.

She smiled—and he was beside her.

He took her wrists, drew her to her feet and kissed her hands. He put his arms around her. They looked into each other's eyes. He saw in hers that fear which he had seen there once before. He kissed her, heard her sigh, and kissed her again.

"I tell you," he said softly, "that one day you shall love me."

She suddenly slipped away from him, put her hand to her mouth, smothering a little cry. The fear left her eyes. Once more there was war between them. They were still standing there, silent, when a moment or two later, a voice was heard trolling out a bar or two of a French love song on the other side of the curtain. Carey sank upon the green sofa. Again she was sphinx, not woman. Peter stood back on the hearth. The curtain rings rattled a little more than was necessary; and Murillo came in, smiling.

Looking from one to the other swiftly, he advanced, took Carey's carelessly outstretched hand, and kissed it—kissed the finger-tips in a slow way that transformed Peter suddenly into a restrained volcano. Then he turned to his other guest.

"Welcome, Sir Heriot. It's a long time since you were here last."

"A long time," agreed Peter smoothly.

They went in to dinner, Carey on Murillo's arm, ahead of Peter. Murillo looked down admiringly at her cameo profile. Peter followed, flaming along the dim corridor; he felt strong and murderous. With each step grew up in him knowledge of how short a distance it is between man and the jungle.

"They're drawing me on," he felt. But all the wisdom of the world could not just then overcome his lust to kill and to capture.

The figures in front turned into the open doorway, into a stronger light—and they were seated, Carey between them, more than ever the siren.

A perfect dinner followed.

Carey was in a strange mood. She ate and drank capriciously; she talked capriciously. Her only consistent quality was her allurement; and that was all over her; in her thrilling voice, in her laugh, in her green eyes; in the swaying of her little hands. She was in that mood when a woman will not let a man forget her for a single instant. She warmed every word and moment. Presently Murillo let her absorb herself almost entirely with Peter.

"Drawing me on . . ." Peter knew. He fell silent.

Murillo rose from the table. "Excuse me a moment. I have actually forgotten to arrange a detail about an entertainment I have for you tonight. Just a moment . . . ." He was gone, smiling, beyond the curtain that draped the doorway.

The silence that followed was not an ordinary one. The stage was set for drama. The golden light, the ebony table splashed with the purple grapes and peaches, the tawny wine in the glasses. At the table the man and girl, motionless.

Carey had her elbows on the table, her chin on her palms. She dropped a hand very slowly and languidly, and his sharpened eyes saw, with effort, to a dish of crystallized fruits. She picked out one lazily, put it as lazily to her lips. By an effort of her will she set her teeth into the sweetmeat. Her eyes opened widely, invitingly. Her enchantment broke into his caution. He put his hand over hers, took the fruit and tossed it on the table. All he wanted to do was brush aside anything that came between their lips. He lifted her from her chair to his breast. She returned his kiss, her arms about his neck. He was in Heaven. And yet all through it he knew . . . . Then came her husky voice, whispering, begging:

"Do you love me? I don't believe it. Won't you tell me—just tell me . . ." and he did not listen to what she was offering him, for he was listening to the incredible beating of her heart, and fighting through the spell of her arms and lips.

She was saying: "I might let you love me; only there's something I must know . . . . There is a price for everything, isn't there, Heriot?"

"Carey," he said, "I would sell you nothing. Keep your kisses, my dear, until they're a gift. Do you think I don't know the game you're playing?"

She gave him at last a straight, open, agonized look.

"You don't know," she whispered, suddenly clutching the table edge with frantic fingers. "You don't know what." A little fire of joy was lighted in his heart at the frightened spark in her eyes. Was she afraid of him? Would she save him? He leaned quickly towards her, took her white face in his hand, and kept her facing him.

"Carey," he said, "tell me, tell me all about it, dear."

The curtain was flicked aside without a sound, and Murillo came in.

His convenient look saw nothing. "All right," he smiled suavely, like a good genii preparing kind magic. His eyes rested on Carey sitting with another crystallized fruit against her lips, the picture of a demure little Eve. "Zarah is going to dance for us," he explained.

Carey pressed the tip of her tongue over her lips. She swept a flickering glance round the walls of the room.

"In here?" she asked.

"In here?" Murillo repeated. "No. In the palm-court—we'll have coffee served there."

"Who is Zarah?" asked Peter, with polite interest.

"Wait and see," replied Murillo, as if rewarding him.

His look rested on Carey, and his extended arm brought her to her feet. Peter watched her. She rose like a sleep-walker and walked out with Murillo like a woman in a dream. Again Peter followed them down the dim corridor, past the tapestried entrance of the other room, out to a dimly lighted court of palms, with a little fountain playing in the center. There were two or three coffee tables and groups of chairs. The place was warm and scented with flowers. Murillo piloted them to a table set a little in the shadows, where they disposed themselves among cushions.

Carey Mills looked stealthily around her into the shadows and back again. She passed the tip of her tongue over her lips. Murillo regarded her.

As Peter bent near her she cast a glance, which he tried to read, into his face, but just as he thought he had caught the imploring quality of that glance, she averted her head.

"Zarah," Murillo explained to Peter, "is a beautiful lady from Mosul. Her limited horizon bored her; like a wise woman," he smiled delicately, "she took opportunities of seeing a little more of the world. She has ambition. She's in a way, under my wing." His smile continued descreet.

Carey was looking at Peter with a new look in her eyes, as if not sure of herself.

Then suddenly and lightly, on the heels of the Arab butler bearing coffee, appeared Zarah. She appeared first as a light cloud of silver veils, supported by slim white feet and ankles decorated with anklets of Berber work. She tossed aside a veil and revealed her charming face, fair-skinned, exotic-eyed. She cast a swift look at the other girl, in the Paris frock, and her look, curious, eager, took in every detail of the European dress. She looked wistfully at Murillo, and coquettishly at Peter; then she began to dance.

Peter watched, for it was the first exhibition of the kind he had ever seen, and Carey watched Peter jealously. And Murillo watched Carey. And Zarah, who was soulless, and untroubled, and merely happy to be lovely, danced on.

She danced at Peter, gleaming eyes on him, gleaming feet retreating, and flying back to him. He settled to watch her—the woman of the East as the pale clerk Peter had dreamed her when Lake first applied the match to his imagination. Murillo's wine had been good. It was quiet, save for the tiny slither of her bare feet on the paved floor, the splash of the fountain, and hidden away among the palm trees the light and plaintive note of a guitar. The Arab butler brought him another glass of brandy and curaçao. He raised it to his lips absently, watching Zarah.

[*Turn to page 84*]

A painted face is disgusting

because the lavish use of make-up implies the need of covering up *some imperfection in the skin.*

EVERYWHERE that smart women gather, it is obvious that make-up is *demodé*. Rouge may still be in use, but its use is never apparent. Powder may protect the skin, but the powder never shows. A lovely skin is one that is *naturally* lovely, so clear, fine and smooth that there is no need of concealing its texture under a coating of cosmetics.

If you just keep your skin healthy, it will be beautiful. You must cleanse it thoroughly, to keep the pores free and active. You must tone it, to stimulate the circulation which clears and brightens the skin. And you must nourish the tissues, to keep them smooth and full and unlined. Miss Arden has formulated *Venetian Cleansing Cream*, *Ardena Skin Tonic* and *Orange Skin Food* to fulfill these important needs of the skin. If you use these Preparations at home each morning and night, according to the Elizabeth Arden method, you will have no need of artificial aids to make your skin look fresh and youthful.

Venetian Cleansing Cream. *Removes all impurities from the pores. Cleanses thoroughly, and soothes the skin, leaving it soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.*

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©Elizabeth Arden, 1927

This is the ideal nail. Note the beautiful curve of the cuticle that gives the almond shape.

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"Remove the dead cuticle ··Supply the missing oils"

AFTER perfecting Cutex for removing all dead cuticle, Northam Warren, the authority on the manicure, has created two marvelous new preparations for the second step—supplying the missing oils.

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Your nails cannot look pretty if ugly dead cuticle clings around the edges. The way to remove it is with the safe antiseptic—Cutex.

Just see what Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil will do. One manicure and your cuticle is smoother. In a few nights it will look better than you ever thought it could. So pliant and supple it is easily trained to the beautiful curve that makes the nails almond shaped, the fingers look long and slender.

SECOND

Then supply the oils the cuticle lacks with Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil. It is rubbed in after the Remover to keep the cuticle soft and pliant.

BUT your nails can't look nice if old dead cuticle is left clinging to the nails. The thing that removes it is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover. First every shred of dead skin is wiped away with this safe antiseptic. Then the Cream or Oil is massaged over the cuticle, the nail, and under the tip. If the cuticle is very bad put it on every night at first.

Only by supplying these needed oils can you have the lovely ovals that give the nails the desired almond shape.

Send this coupon and 10c for samples of Cutex Cream, Oil and Cuticle Remover and see what magic this new method works. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. FF-6, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada. Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.

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NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. FF-6,
114 West 17th St., New York

_____

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_____

THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[*Continued from page 83*]

Carey Mills, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her palm, was suddenly as still as marble. Murillo made a tiny sign to someone behind him—a sign that was hardly more than flicking the ash from his cigar.

Peter had taken his hand from his hip pocket, into which he had slid it on entering the shadows of the little courtyard. The joyous abandon of the dancing girl, now flesh and devil, now spirit and silver cloud had taken him. He was warmed, fed, happy; Carey was by his side. He did not turn to see how white she was; he did not imminently suspect the impassivity of Murillo; he did not hear the slightest swish among the palms behind him. Another moment, and in that temporary forgetfulness of his, the big Arab already creeping behind him would have twisted the thick cloth he carried about the Englishman's head.

Suddenly, a bell pealed through the house. It rang quickly, again and again. Another little sign from Murillo, and the big Arab stood noiselessly back in the shadows; Carey Mills quivered like a high strung racehorse at the starting-post; and Peter still watched Zarah.

She still danced as effortlessly as she had begun. A loud English voice—as if upraised with a purpose—sounded in the house. It demanded and insisted. The Arab butler appeared, signing a question to Murillo, who answered with a wave of the hand. The next moment Lake stood in the doorway. He was in his traveling tweeds; purposeful and grim. He had one hand in his pocket.

He swept a quick look round. But after his eyes had found and rested uncertainly on Peter, they passed Carey and paused on Zarah.

As for her, she stopped dancing, pivoted, appraised Lake, and stood laughing in her silken veils, the very soul and body of enchantment.

Murillo was on his feet, imperturbable.

"Why," his hand was outstretched, "is it not—Major Guy Lake?"

"Exactly," said Lake, with a cold nod, and ignoring the hand. "I am sorry to intrude like this, but—" his eyes pierced the shadows, and his hand remained in his pocket—"I am afraid I have to carry off Sir Heriot Mayo on a piece of important business."

Peter rose. Murillo spread his hands. "I had only begun the little entertainment I had planned for my distinguished guest—"

"There will be other opportunities, I hope," said Lake suavely.

"How can we be sure of that?" said Murillo cordially remonstrant. Zarah laughed, swung her silver veils around her pliant figure; and walked away. Her laugh and gesture boasted subtly, "*I* am sure." Lake looked after her, and said nothing.

Peter turned to Murillo, and held out his hand. They met each other's eyes. "Thanks," said Peter, "for the charming evening. You'll forgive me?" He stood over the seated figure of Carey. "Good by—Miss Mills . . . . we'll meet again?"

She looked up at him silently. She smiled faintly and inclined her head. He knew her eyes were on him as he walked out with Lake.

Outside, Lake took his arm and hustled him into the waiting car.

"Well?" said Peter, not very patiently.

Lake turned to him.

"Of all the fool risks to take . . . the next time sees you a dead man," said Lake.

"I am so nearly a dead man, you know," observed Peter in a gentle voice, "that a while more or less doesn't seem much to matter—if there's anything worth while to gamble it for."

"Well, there isn't," said Lake. "Take my word for it. If you mean the girl—yes, I'll say it—if you mean the girl, all she wants is to knife you, and she'd do it with the greatest pleasure, with her own hands, if the risk wasn't too great, and if friend Murillo wasn't setting the pace for her. It's a good thing for you, anyway, that I nosed you out tonight. I tell you, you'd have been a lost man if I hadn't turned up."

"I know," said Peter. "I'm sorry."

They drew up before the Hotel St. George. "Had you your gun?" Lake asked. Peter nodded.

"You wouldn't have had a chance to use it," said Lake.

They alighted and went upstairs to Peter's room.

"I've got to have your promise tonight," said Lake, "that you'll play our game as we want, women or no women."

"You have it," said Peter. They shook hands.

"Talking of women," Lake began, "who was the lady of the veils?"

"She comes from Mosul, I believe."

"Let her come and dance for us on the yacht," said Lake. "I want to see her again. And you could ask Murillo. He's safe enough there. Anyway, I s'pose he'll want to bring her. She'll probably try to draw us out. It'll be good fun. Ask your own girl, too—only she won't come."

Peter mused.

"And Lady Blanche?"

"Blanche!" said Lake, more dourly. "You wait till I've talked to that girl. That's all! She'll do well to stay under lock and key."

Peter was grimly amused when the very next evening the launch brought Murillo and Zarah to the yacht, to be received with perfect bonhomie and blandness by himself and Lake.

Lake laughed. "And so Miss Mills, as I prophesied, didn't come."

"She refused," said Peter slowly.

"Art and craft, old fellow. Look out for yourself all the time," said Lake, as he moved to join old Fortune, who was superintending the arrival of the visitors.

Zarah—mannered by contact with many Europeans, graceful, light—gave her hand, with a wonderful smile, to Lake, while Murillo shook Peter's.

"This is nice of you, Sir Heriot—though I'm still lamenting the sudden way you left us last night."

"Business is business," said Peter. And they went below.

They dined well. Murillo talked interestingly. But he was never off his guard and he betrayed no curiosity for official secrets. Peter drank silently, to a pair of eyes that were absent.

"Carey!" he thought, all through Zarah's light, half-French, half-English babble, through her unmeaning yet provocative phrases. He saw Lake leaning towards her, happy with her; he noted the old, old game between them. Then suddenly the thought rose poignantly: "Oh, must I give this up so soon? Is there truly nothing more for me?"

His wine-glass stem snapped between his fingers. "Oh!" cried Zarah, pointing. Murillo was looking at him attentively. He awoke to his surroundings.

"I have drunk a toast," he said mechanically, explaining the broken wine-glass. Murillo smiled.

ZARAH rose and danced. Lake delighted, though never incautious, turned sidewise in his seat to watch her. Peter King, his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, looked on too. She danced a dance that rippled as evenly as the waves of a calm sea; and then a tossing dance, during which she ran straight to Lake, leaning backwards incredibly far, and looking back at him.

She danced till she was so tired that she subsided panting against the wall of the salon. Then: "I go to powder my nose," said Zarah, sparkling at Lake. She left them, went to the cabin which had been set aside as her dressing-room, was prinking in the mirror, powder-puff in hand, when, over her shoulder, in the glass, appeared another girl's face. She turned sharply to the open door and saw a sleepy girl in a kimono.

"'Ullo!" said Zarah, smiling.

Lady Blanche remained transfixed. Woman of the East and woman of the West—linked by a powder-puff—they stood gazing at each other.

IT was the Persian girl, who ingratiatingly broke the silence.

"'Ullo!" she smiled again.

Lady Blanche exclaimed rashly with the first grievance that flashed into her young head. "So this is why I'm kept shut up!"

[*Continued in* JULY McCALL'S]

THE NOSE OF THE ANOPHELE

[*Continued from page 17*]

and a clever fellow."

"Sounds an unpleasant sort of cove," agreed Dancing Even cheerfully. "But s'pose we just stagger over an' see what's doin' in the family."

A faint tinge of color came to the clear pallor of Mrs. Stielnerke's skin, as Vansittart presented the brown faced man with the black patch.

"Captain Even," repeated the Professor, with a straight stare of struggling recollection, "but for the fact that you seem so very much at home in this atmosphere, I should feel inclined to claim a previous acquaintance with you."

"I was lookin' a bit of a scarecrow as a matter of fact," drawled Dancing Even, "the last time we met— hadn't shaved for three days—lost my Giletto—an' bare legs, an' what not besides; my own tailor wouldn't 'a recognized me."

"Of course," said the Professor. "The Zambesi valley was it not? I remember. I was just telling my wife and Mr. and Mrs. Stoneman—the sight of you touched a chord of memory—of the Englishman who came to my assistance during my investigations in Barotseland, and trying to recall the appellation the natives had for him. Oh yes, I have it: 'HE-WHO-SEES-ONCE-BUT-STRIKES-HARD.'"

"Say now, who would have thought it, Captain Even!" cried Mrs. Stoneman. "And why do they call you that, and what was it that you struck hard?"

"Bothered if I know Mrs. Stoneman," admitted Dancing Even, "but I guess it must have been a job of work." He looked steadily at the Professor for a few moments. But the Professor seemed unconscious of his gaze.

At eleven o'clock next morning, the Professor looked up from a task in his private laboratory, and smiled coldly at his white clad Chinese butler, holding out, level with his orange waist sash, a silver tray, upon which lay a visiting card.

"Ling. How many dollars did the gentleman give you to disobey my orders?"

"Him gliven tlwently-flife dollar."

"That's a week's pay," commented the Professor, "a most appropriate sum. Pack your box and get out of this house."

For two minutes the Chinaman stood impassively regarding his employer's back before silently leaving the room.

The Professor proceeded to the room where the interrupting caller had been left by the erring servant.

"Good morning, Captain Even, this is an unexpected pleasure. Do I understand you have pressing business with me? Forgive me, but my laboratory hours are extremely valuable!"

"That's unfortunate," mumured Dancing Even cheerfully, "because I've a sort of vague hope of persuadin' you to waste quite a lot of 'em."

"An optimistic anticipation which is not likely to be realized," he observed. "May one enquire its basis?"

"Its basis," drawled Even, "lies in the Barotse Valley, where you first had the honor of makin' my acquaintance. I've a few pals there—just ordinary raw savages —who are confoundedly sick. It's a newish sort of disease, an' it's spreadin'."

"Most interesting," agreed the Professor. "In the meantime I do not quite gather its connection with your opening remark."

"My idea is that you might pack up an' drift over there with me," continued Dancing Even, "an' see what you can do to stop the rot. You see, this mysterious fever's by way of causin' the deuce of a rebellion, an' if I roll along with you, an' cure the patients we may do a bit of good."

"A modest idea indeed," commented the Professor slowly. [*Turn to page 89*]

THE FLAPPER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

[*Continued from page 21*]

The lieutenant is instructor of chemistry. It was very interesting."

Anyhow she had been to the prom or dance or whatever they called it up there. How was that?

Oh yes, she had been to that—but only for one dance. "You see the lieutenant took me for a ride in his car," she explained. It developed even that she hadn't witnessed the impressive service held Sunday morning in the Academy chapel, "because," as she put it, "the lieutenant gets so tired in church."

In exasperation I cried: "Why you missed it all! Who is he—this infernal lieutenant? Where did you meet the man?"

"Why on the train, of course. He was very polite. You didn't give me a pin for that bouquet—and he let me use his *croix de guerre*."

In the end the only profit from all this had been an invitation to a military wedding—which I did not attend.

So the full responsibility for the "investigation" had, as so often happens, devolved upon the investigator. And here I was at last in the midst of a very fair example of a "large" college celebration. You can understand that I wanted to know something at least of the prom girl's reactions: what judgments, for instance, what enthusiasms or even perhaps apprehensions, were continually forming and dissolving behind the wine-blue eyes of our diminutive débutante and between the Wellesley girl's two perfect ears. But I was learning to wait.

IT was getting on toward morning when I came upon Pink Ears and the little débutante with the wine-blue eyes. They wanted to know—and I could not tell them—where Casey had gone. Then Pink Ears made a curious suggestion. "Let's go up on the roof," she said. And in a few minutes, despite my objections, we were sitting, the three of us, on the coping with our heels in the gutter.

They asked first of all whether I belonged to the confraternity of colleges. As neither of my answers satisfied them my status became that of a kind of dummy. They talked over the dummy, communed with themselves through him, they occasionally even addressed him; but he nevermore, to tell the truth, counted for much. Perhaps that was why they spoke so openly.

Pink Ears, for instance, complained that the Three-Bagger had deserted her over an hour before. "And that's no way for a man to treat his fiancée. Casey shouldn't act like that."

I told her there had been reference to a future husband of hers who sold bonds in New York.

"Oh you mean Herb," she recalled. "Yes we were engaged. But he's gone to Florida to make our fortune. He never sold any bonds, you see. He's awfully cute and I love him. But imagine his going off and leaving me—an engaged girl without anybody to be engaged to. Why I wouldn't have gotten to any proms. So I just got engaged to Casey. He's awfully sweet and I love him too. But he shouldn't act this way. I'll bet he's gone to Trenton," she added dubiously.

Wine-blue Eyes wondered when the Florida adventurer was expected back. Her friend couldn't say. "But I hope not for a long time because I want to change my type before he gets here."

I didn't understand this flexibility of "types" and she smiled, full of commiseration. "You certainly don't know a great deal, do you?" she said. "Well, it's like this: when I began to go out—that is, would you believe it, five years ago—I just fitted into the type that was all the rage then. You remember, a big head of fluffy bobbed hair and no hips or anything. That type was just about like Mae Murray. I looked a lot like Mae Murray, really I did, before I modified."

This modification consisted in pulling up the strands of her bobbed hair, tacking an artificial chignon at the nape of her neck, and admitting honestly the few scant curves with which her figure had been endowed. "And I did," she lamented, "feel so comfortable in the other type."

Stupidly enough I couldn't see why a little ball of hair and a slight tightening of the sash should have so vital a bearing upon one's daily life.

"Oh you don't? Well, [*Turn to page 86*]

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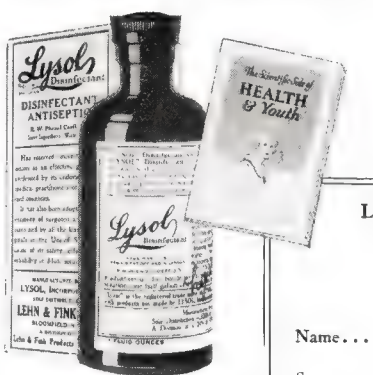

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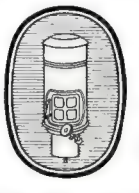

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THE FLAPPER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

[*Continued from page 85*]

when you change your hair you have to change all the rest of you too. When you see Nita Naldi in the first reel you don't expect anything noble of her, do you? Or a man with a moustache, you're never afraid he's going to win the fight, are you? And popular types change too in the movies. Don't you remember how it used to be the little girlish fluffy creature and later the vamp, very low cut in the back. Now it's the langorous willowy type—Gloria Swanson and sunken bath tubs.

"Well, that's just the way with us. The trouble is you get so used to a type it's hard to change. And really you have to be a little ahead of the mode or it does no good. Now I want to change my type to long hair, no cigarettes in public, no liquor—Dignity and Danger shall be the keynote. If necessary I'll dance side saddle," she added laughing softly.

I wondered, aloud, why all this was necessary. Both girls had been very popular as far as one could see. And both were, admittedly, engaged.

They agreed I was "impossible." "Why this very night," Pink Ears informed us, "I got twice around the floor with Casey. Twice all the way 'round. Do you suppose, my dear sir, that would have happened when I was going strong with my blonde French?"

A WEEK later I limped into the gymnasium ballroom of Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts. The little débutante had written her sister please to introduce, even though she might have no time to entertain me. And the sister had done both. It was the long anticipated, long remembered week-end when there is actually a promenade at Smith, when the girls are privileged to invite and entertain young men. And both parties to the inversion had seemed greatly to enjoy it. All afternoon there had been Tea, Tea, Tea. The beautiful little town is peppered with tea rooms. And each had been crowded with pretty young hostesses and wide-trousered, sleek-haired guests. Along all the roads shooting off into the rolling New England country we had met carloads—low-slung racing carloads and high, lumbering Fordloads—of young people. I had been shown Lover's Lane, where every bush is supposed to have shielded a kiss; although the youngsters we met strolling there had looked as if they felt the unhappy burden of this legend and would much rather, really, have been walking along Main Street.

All afternoon the cigarette in the young lady's mouth had been conspicuously absent. Although some returned graduates did smoke, I saw only one—and she was not, by two years or three, so young as the others—who had been consuming continually one cigarette after another.

At the dance there was a great deal that was fun to watch—not only for the color and quiet syncopation of the whole lithe, pliably moving mass, but for the amusing by-play here and there. The girls did the "asking to dance" and the "cutting in." It was amazing to see with what aplomb many of them could divorce a dancing couple. And after the observer had got used to that, it was equally interesting—and rather pleasing, too, in a way—to see others grow embarrassed, falter, and even sometimes give up before the cut had been accomplished.

Looking back it seems to me the gayest of all the promenades—though smaller and less spectacular perhaps than the others. But it was as if the motion of the dancers circulated a fresher air. One felt that here was really a girls' and boys' party—not a grandiose ball patronized by embryo stock brokers, playwrights, and society matrons. This girl's prom had, in a word, the freshness of a rarity. The young hostesses certainly felt that and so did their guests. Then, too, the presence of a number of girl "freshies" who were not yet jaded with proms and indulgence put a great deal of honest spontaneity into the laughter and the smiles. Reflecting upon it one was easily led back to the old conclusion that, were the formal pleasures of our young people more rare, they would be simpler, more keenly enjoyed and more highly appreciated.

AT Annapolis I had been most fortunate for not only was my hostess' house one of the quaintest but it was filled on all holidays with midshipmen. They swarmed there like bees, newly released from the hive, to a very special flower. The nectar in the house was—or rather had been—five young girls. Numbers one and two were married to naval officers but three, four, and five remained. And for this great annual occasion the two elder had returned. Certainly there cannot have been in the whole country a more popular place than that old Annapolis mansion with its walled garden, broad verandas, its genial hospitality and its five little women.

Number Three glanced out of the window waving to me in the garden; and I remembered that she too was expected to "join the Navy." At that moment she was really the leading lady of the quintette, the newly engaged and shortly to be married member. They were all pressing her to go through the ceremony in the golden-domed Academy chapel immediately after the graduation exercises. But she was holding back. In fact she treated her fiancé in rather a shabby fashion and constantly told him—and for that matter, everyone else—that she had accepted his proposal only because he came first on the roll-call. (His name began with the letters Abe—. He was called "Abe" for that reason.)

"Three" had a theory of auras. By the color of the aura emanating from a person she knew whether she should feel toward him indifference, aversion, fondness or love. She was coming toward me now, crossing the garden with little panther-cub steps. I made room for her on the bench but she had something else in mind.

"This morning," she said, "I'm going to take you on my Kiss Walk."

I had thought of neither of us in quite that light and must have shown it for she added: "Oh it isn't that. You're much too old—and—well—you'd never do. But if you want to see the town, now's your chance. So come along."

At the garden gate she stopped, looking at me as though to exact very strict attention. "Now right here," she said, "is where we start. Right here—no not here—" she moved two steps—"here. Right here I was kissed the first time by any boy at all." When we started on again she pointed at one of the Academy gates. "And there's another of the sacred spots. But of course, that's not antique. That wasn't really so long ago." I gathered then that she intended pointing out to me, among other places of historic interest, the sites of some of her better-remembered kisses.

"I never kiss twice in the same place," she explained. "I mean, standing in the same place. I want to have my kisses all over Annapolis so when I'm old I can come back and walk through the streets and have happy memories. I just want to cover Annapolis with kisses."

We passed through the gate, along a gravel drive and into the vastly-stretching Academy grounds. "Three" stopped, clasping her hands without affectation and crying, "isn't it beautiful? Tell me, isn't it? How can I leave it?" the girl wondered. "How can I?" When we were near the quay she indicated a shed from which loomed the stock and nozzle of a twelve-inch gun. "We were standing right by that gun when Abe first kissed me."

We agreed that it was a most romantic spot, and she continued: "But do you know, he's getting very pale? My, and he used to be so vivid! I'm afraid he won't do at all. I've learned that when their auras begin to pale, then they're simply not for me. And now he's gone and made wedding arrangements and bought passage for the honeymoon and everything. Imagine, he wants to take me to the Isle of Wight with him."

I put in a good word for the Isle; but that, she said, had nothing to do with it. The fact was, she had a greater fondness for someone else—a freshman, or as freshmen are called there, a "plebe." "And that's what always [*Turn to page 89*]

"Why do I?" asked the Grocer

"Why do I sell Heinz 57 Varieties?" asked the grocer.

"I'll tell you why—and it's a good 'why'.

"Some years ago a salesman came into the store and introduced himself as the Heinz man.

"Full up," said I, "don't want a thing, so don't open your sample case.

"Well, that young fellow came right back at me—'I'm not here to *sell* you anything—I'm here to *tell* you something, and if that's the only thing I do today, then I'll call it a good day's work'.

"Go ahead," said I.

"Said he"—'Did you ever hear of a food concern that developed its own tomato seed under a million square feet of glass, grew the seedlings in its own hot houses, supervised the growth of the tomatoes until they were red on the vine, and then converted them into Tomato Ketchup the same day they were picked?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern that sent its own buyers to a dozen different parts of the world to procure spices where they actually grow, instead of buying them at home, on paper sight unseen?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern that picked over beans twice by hand in order to have every bean perfect?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern which really baked its beans, in real ovens, to make them delicious, golden brown, easy-to-digest?—

'Did you ever hear of an olive oil producer who used only the first pressing for his olive oil, or of an importer of olive oil who pressed his own oil at the source abroad?—

'Did you ever hear of a pickle house that made its own vinegars and aged them in the wood to develop the finest flavor, aroma, and zest?—and that, by the way, is what makes Heinz Pickles so good—Heinz own vinegar.'

"Well, sir, that young fellow talked on for a full hour—told more about real pure food making than I had ever dreamed of.

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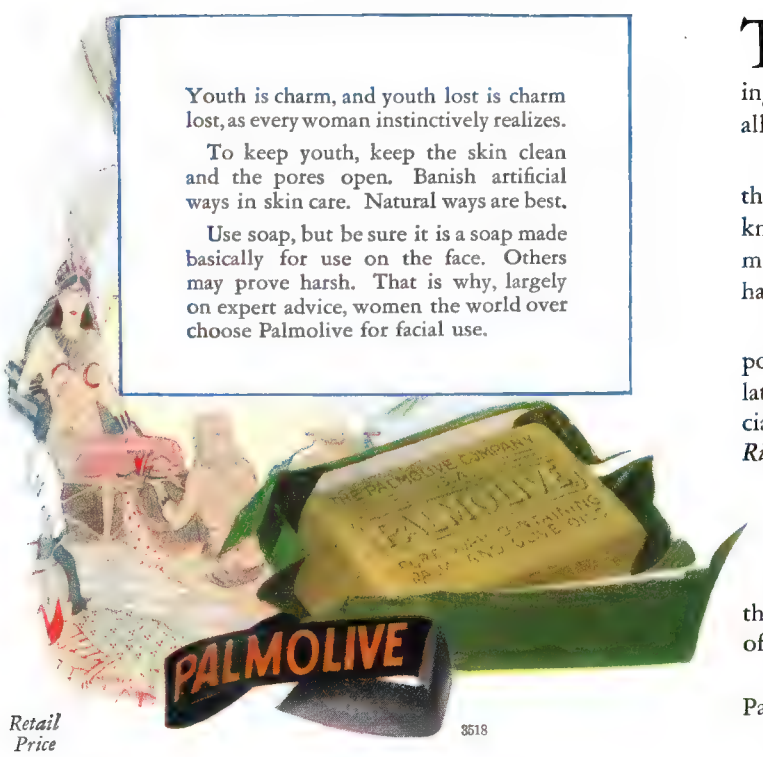
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That means soap and water — a clean skin, pores cleansed regularly of age-inviting accumulations. Beauty experts advise it. Skin specialists urge it—but always, of course, with the *Right Kind of Soap.* That is the important point.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

THE FLAPPER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

[*Continued from page 86*]

happens," she wailed. "Last year Abe was the some one else. I was engaged last year too," she confided in a sort of aside. "But that was only temporary, even in intention. It's terrible. I love my plebe but it will be three years before he can marry."

Was three years so long, if she really loved the boy?

That was just the point. She did now of course. But would she then? "After you've known a man four years," she said, "you know all about him—so why marry?"

Near the gate the vanguard of the regiment passed in full dress. "Come on," the girl said. "I've lots more kisses about but we haven't time now. They're going to start the competitive drill."

Suddenly "Three" pressed my arm. "There he is," she said. It was Abe at the head of his company. "He does look rather fine, doesn't he?" And she whispered, "Forget, please, what I said this morning."

Late that night I dropped in for a few minutes at this, the last of the season's "hops," as the evening dances are called. I went up onto the balcony with the chaperones, the wives of the older officers and some of those august executives themselves. There came a little tugging at my sleeve and "Three" was saying: "How lucky! You're just the person I want. Come along please."

She led the way out into the darkness. She told me she had sent word to her plebe to meet her by the boat sheds. I was to be his father. "You see," she explained, "he's supposed to be in bed asleep. So if any upper classmen come along and there is any trouble, you can say you're his father."

We found him, a dark blue ghost hovering in the shadow of the boat shed. When she had, in a whisper, introduced us, I strolled off to the edge of the quay. At first I could hear their words, slow labial murmurs behind me; then there were no more words. In a few minutes she rejoined me and we walked back. There were big, sleepy tears in her eyes, but one realized they were only sleep tears just as one knew that she suffered no longer any conflict within her— perhaps never had, really. At least there would be no marriage now, and no Isle of Wight.

THESE are fair examples of three college promenades. Of course you may say *only* three, assuming the others—and there are hundreds of others—to be quite different. They are not, however, except in the broad sense that no two things are alike. And colleges come about as near flouting that rule of dissimilarity as anything in nature. The girls at college entertainments are as alike as the proverbial peas. That is to say, they are so coated with fads and "slanguage" that the real girl—the homemaker, mother, eventual individual—is obscured. There is the danger. This real girl may never show through.

For one thing over indulgence in "prom trotting" often leads to an extensive patronage of night clubs and road houses after marriage. Yes, and the "boy crazy" flapper may become the "man crazy" matron. Why not? Habit is the very fabric of our living. And when a young woman has been used to a festival every week-end, how can a mere "I do" change the habit of four or five years?

What then, we wonder, can be done about this? One thing, surely: the schools and colleges can restrict both the giving of dances and the attendance upon them. Unfortunately mothers can't, at a distance, do this. To forbid a child a privilege his fellows enjoy is sheer cruelty; yet he or she is willing enough to abide by any universal restriction. And it wouldn't, as a matter of fact, dampen the young people's fun. For can't we all remember when a dance was a Real Event—not just a periodic episode? And the Real Event is, when you come right down to it, the single element in life which renders bearable the endless procession of mere episodes.

THE NOSE OF THE ANOPHELE

[*Continued from page 85*]

"May I enquire what grounds you have for the remarkable hypothesis that I should neglect the interests of Tropical Medicine in half the world, in order to cure the ailments of a bunch of equatorial savages?"

"Well, you see," drawled Even, "the notion is, that as you started this new an' nasty fever bug ferretin' the hides of the said savages, it's up to you in the first place to go an' put a pinch of salt on the tails of the said bugs, an' stop 'em."

"My dear sir, I can almost forgive you interrupting my morning's work, you are so refreshingly original. May one enquire further details?"

"In the second place," said Dancing Even, "it's up to me to see that you pay for the deaths you have already caused, in such a manner as shall restore local faith in a thing we call The Game."

"Better and better," exclaimed the Professor, glancing at his watch and rising to his feet. "Captain Even, you may be a practical joker, or merely a credulous fool; or you may be suffering from a cerebral lesion contracted under an equatorial sun. In any case,"—one of his strong white hands went to the telephone—"it may be as well to invite the cooperation of the nearest police bureau."

"That should help things along a bit," agreed Dancing Even, "though I rather hoped to keep the publicity line up my sleeve as a sort of stimulant. Anyway it'll brighten up the mornin' papers. STIELNERKE DOPES DEATH AND DISORDER IN AFRICA. FAMOUS PATHOLOGIST AND SOCIETY LEADER ACCUSED BY BRITISH PEER."

"And who," enquired the Professor suavely, "is the British Peer?"

"'Fraid it's me, though I travel in low gear, an' do my best to live it down. Don't let me interrupt your telephone operations!"

The Professor removed his hand from the receiver. "Assuming that you are serious and sane, and that the latter statement is not also hallucination, has it not occurred to you that if these preposterous allegations were correct, and capable of proof, the Administration of Northern Rhodesia would have had something to say?"

"Governments," drawled Dancing Even, "are dashed slow in the uptake, where proof is difficult, an' off the map. I once did a course of Tropical medicine—some of us fool soldiers do that kind of thing when nobody's lookin'—an' I trickled on to the scene of your cheery experiments while the evidence was fresh."

"That simplifies matters considerably," said the Professor dryly. "As you are apparently something of a scientist as well, if you care to call on me here this evening, I shall be pleased to refute your evidence, and convince you that a little knowledge is a misleading and dangerous thing; and to receive your apologies."

Dancing Even rose. "The *Aquitania* leaves on Saturday," he announced. "You can either catch it, an' do your refutin' on the spot, or you can stop here an' take what's comin' to you. I'll look you up on Thursday."

DANCING EVEN'S intention of calling upon the Professor on Thursday was defeated by an incident common enough to men fresh from tropical countries. The day after their interview he developed a sharp attack of malaria which confined him to his bed at the hotel four days. On the fifth day he got out of bed, lighted a cigarette, and helped himself to a whiskey and soda. As the stimulating spirit took effect, he did a rather feeble tango in front of his wall mirror, and decided to shave. Later in the evening [*Turn to page 90*]

Remember, daughter— a nickel's worth of ice saves a dollar's worth of flavor

THE expensive thing about food is not its calories, but its flavor. That is what you pay for in a fine piece of meat, in fruit and vegetables, in certified milk, in butter, in eggs.

The milkman and grocer guard flavor with jealous care, by keeping the food on ice CONSTANTLY. It is delivered to you in prime condition.

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Keeping food sufficiently chilled not only prevents spoiling, it also protects flavor. A nickel's worth of ice saves a dollar's worth of flavor.

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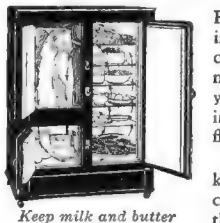

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THE NOSE OF THE ANOPHELE

[*Continued from page 89*]

Dancing Even used the telephone, and dressed himself with customary care in evening clothes. He dined and afterwards strolled out into the open air and foot traffic on Fifth Avenue. At the crossing of 39th Street he joined a small crowd of people who faced a traffic block. Idly scanning its units, he observed a familiar figure.

"I'm blowed if it ain't the jolly old Professor," cried Dancing Even.

The Professor's face indicated surprise.

"What are you doin' out alone, so late at night, naughty man?" enquired Even.

"In point of fact," said the Professor, "I am endeavoring to cross the street with a view to collecting my wife from a friend's house."

"Tophole. I'll come along."

"I cannot recall having expressed any desire for your society," observed the Professor.

"You have been a trifle slack in that respect," agreed Dancing Even cheerfully, "but we'll let it pass. Which way? Down here? Bit chilly tonight, what! or have I got a temperature?"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. "I've no time to waste in argument." And he continued his progress down the street.

Dancing Even fell into step beside him. "Professor, if you'll trickle along a little slower—say bottom gear—I'll be obliged. I'm rather out of trainin' at the moment."

The Professor looked at him sideways and obligingly slackened his pace, but made no remark. "It is obvious that I am not eager for your company," he protested when they reached their destination, "but a distaste for a brawl on the doorstep of a friend's house, compels me to invite you inside."

The door opened, and the inevitable Chinese manservant stood aside to allow the two callers to enter.

"We may be here a few minutes," remarked the Doctor, removing his coat. "Tell Mrs. Stielnerke that Professor Stielnerke is here," he added to the Chinaman.

The Professor led the way into a room adjoining the hall. Dancing Even sat down on a settee at right angles to the fire.

"Professor, you seem pretty much at home here. D'you think you could raise a drink while we're waitin' for your missis? By Jove! There it is—all ready."

He rose and walked unsteadily across to a sideboard upon which stood a bottle of Scotch whiskey, two bottles of White Rock soda water, and a black earthenware bowl of yellow flowers.

Dancing Even grinned over his shoulder. "There's only one glass. Better ring for another, Professor, while I carry on with this."

"I don't drink," answered the Professor shortly.

"Hero," commented Dancing Even. "Dash it, my hand's wobbly. Well, here goes, Professor."

The Professor wandered slowly across the room and examined the whisky remainder. "You have been generous with yourself," he criticised carelessly, returning to the fire. "I trust the effect will be proportionate. By the way, I expected to see you on Thursday and was sorry to learn that your visit was prevented by fever."

"How'd you know I had fever?"

"Malaria—your variety—is sufficiently outside the experience of the average general practitioner to necessitate consultation with my Institute. The sample of your blood which your doctor sent for analysis, made a most interesting 'slide'."

"It might also interest you to know that I am the inventor of a drug that acts directly on the muscular system, and reduces the strength of a full-grown man to that of a child, in the short space of sixty seconds."

"It might interest me," agreed Even, "but to be candid, it doesn't."

"In the whiskey which you drank three minutes ago," continued the Professor, "there was sufficient of that drug to render tractable the most refractory patient for approximately one hour."

Dancing Even rose suddenly to his feet, and for a few silent seconds his blue eye flickered over the powerful frame of the Professor and his calm dispassionate face.

"How long did you say your dope lasted?" asked Dancing Even quietly.

"One hour," repeated the Professor.

"*Bon*," commented Even. "In that case there ought to be some fun at about 11:30."

"We shall devote the interim," stated the Professor, "to the cause of science—and expedience. If you will kindly come into this next room I will endeavor to amuse—and instruct you."

He held up a heavy curtain and opened a tall wide door, one of a pair. Dancing Even glanced swiftly around as if in search of some means of communication with the outside world; then rose, and with obvious difficulty pushed aside a light card table.

"I seem," admitted Even, slowly, "to have no alternative at the moment." He walked into the adjoining room. The Professor closed the door, and a spring lock clicked.

"This," announced the Professor, "is my Research Laboratory. Please sit down."

"Looks harmless," criticized Even.

"Sit down," said the Professor again.

"Sit down yourself," retorted Dancing Even. "I'm quite happy on my hind legs." But, swaying a little like a weak invalid or a tired child at the end of its strength, he subsided suddenly into the chair.

The Professor stepped forward and passed a chair pinion strap around the arms and body of the weakened man. Dancing Even struggled a little, but the Professor fastened the buckle and stood away.

Dull red glowed beneath the heavy tan of Dancing Even's black patched face.

"We will now," the Professor remarked coldly, "proceed to develop that knowledge of Tropical Pathology which you found so useful in the African bush."

He walked to the window curtain, drew it aside, and disclosed darkness fronted by iron bars from ceiling to floor. He touched a switch, flooding the far side of the bars with light and exhibiting the surprising spectacle of an African reed buck scrambling unsteadily to its [*Turn to page 91*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3825..35	4636..25	4847..35	4896..30	4904..35	4912..45	4937..30	4944..45	4951..35	4958..45
4184..35	4679..35	4851..35	4897..35	4905..35	4913..30	4938..50	4945..45	4952..35	4959..45
4376..45	4772..35	4872..35	4898..35	4906..50	4914..45	4939..35	4946..45	4953..45	4960..35
4378..35	4805..35	4883..35	4899..35	4907..45	4915..45	4940..40	4947..50	4954..45	4961..35
4449..35	4808..35	4889..30	4900..35	4908..35	4916..35	4941..45	4948..30	4955..45	4962..45
4487..30	4817..35	4890..30	4901..35	4909..45	4920..35	4942..50	4949..35	4956..45	4963..45
4511..30	4835..35	4894..30	4902..45	4910..35	4935..35	4943..45	4950..35	4957..45	4964..45
4621..25	4846..35	4895..30	4903..35	4911..45	4936..35				

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No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
1267..30	1352..40	1488..25	1560..35	1564..35	1568..45	1582..45	1585..40
1270..35	1377..30	1540..25	1561..45	1565..40	1570..30	1583..40	1586..75
1300..40	1426..25	1541..35	1562..40	1566..75	1579..40	1584..40	1587..35
1309..40	1457..35	1559..25	1563..40	1567..30			

THE NOSE OF THE ANOPHELE

[*Continued from page 90*]

feet, with a metal box arrangement strapped to its back.

"Our present standard of curative skill in Tropical medicine," announced the Professor, "is as you know due to careful study of pathogenic transmission from one organism to another, particularly from animal to man. I evolved the theory that there is a link between the anophele mosquito, the antilopidae, and the equally deadly disease of cerebral malaria. I lacked one important factor to the continuation of my experiments. I was without a human host whose blood was in the necessary biological condition for effective transmission, and whose presence and possible death in my house could be accounted for in some logical manner."

The Professor smiled, a thin, bland, capable smile. "It will be most unfortunate that 'a British Peer' should have his life cut short whilst seeking emergency treatment from Professor Stielnerke of the Institute of Tropical Medicine, but quite clear that the best possible treatment was applied to avert the unfortunate consequences of an attack of virulent malaria."

The Professor turned to the steel bars, opened a gate, and unstrapped from the unresisting body of the animal the long flat zinc case which he placed carefully upon, the table in front of Even.

"During the voyage from Africa, I had difficulty in keeping these anopheles in condition, until I coated their foliage packing with a mixture of animal blood and thyroid extract. They began to increase in size and virility, and are now the size of the largest Diptera."

Bending down he tucked the ends of his trousers into his socks, and then drew on a pair of gloves with elastic gauntlets that fitted tightly over his coat sleeves. Removing the tank from the sterilizing apparatus on the table, the Professor struck a match and lighted the three spirit burners. Turning to the zinc case, he opened a slide in its concave base.

An insect the size of a dragon fly crawled over the edge, and took flight with a droning hum. It was followed immediately by several others. The Professor gently shook out the last two, and watched them wing upwards into the air.

"So those are your six cylinder mosquitoes, what!" said Dancing Even; "they seem to be sparkin' all right!"

With extreme care, the Professor adjusted over his head and face a wired gauze cowl attached to his long linen coat.

He strode across the room, and switched off the electric light, leaving as the only illuminant the flickering blue flames of the spirit lamp. "The anophele," he mentioned, "will not as a rule 'work' in an extremely bright light, but is invariably active in a dim one."

In proof of his words, several of the anopheles circled with a loud pinging whine into the circle of faint light.

The Professor stared imperturbably through the mesh of his gauze mask.

"For the past two hours," he remarked, his eyes on the steady circling flight of the giant mosquitoes, "these anopheles have been extracting through the skin of yonder animal, the normal sustenance of the blood-sucking invertebrates, and at the same time, according to my theory, producing in themselves the chemical or biological stimulus which causes them to seek a human host for the deposit of the parasite with which they have gorged."

"Tophole, Professor," applauded Dancing Even. "Wish I had a brain myself. I often get ideas, but, before I can express 'em they fade; pass away."

"I don't know if I made it quite clear to you," said the Professor, "that, in your present biologically favorable state, if my theory is correct, the spores of those anopheles—cerebral malaria—will probably have a fatal effect in two hours."

An anophele was now poised in the air immediately in front of Dancing Even's right eye.

The Professor withdrew his arm from the table, and leaned forward observantly.

"You've been the deuce of a long time takin' your arm off that table," remarked Dancing Even, and simultaneously his left leg shot out in a powerful curve, depositing the small table and the three-burner lamp onto the draped form of the Professor. Dancing Even stood over him, unsteady, but free, the strap which had secured him to the heavy chair torn through the buckle hole.

With a final effort, the Professor tore off his burning garments, stamping out the flames with his feet, and removing his smouldering dinner jacket. At the same moment he leaped forward. Just as quickly Dancing Even moved, his left wrist and forearm locking in swift and skilful fashion between the Professor's shoulder and chin. And the Professor was on the floor again, this time full length, and partially stunned.

"The Tokio Twist," explained Even. "Quite useful when a feller's not feelin' too frightfully fit. Its narcotic influence on the muscular system is much more rapid than your patent dope, an' you can't sleight-of-hand it into a flower bowl under the physician's nose, so to speak."

He produced a gold pen-knife, and cut away the strap from the chair he had occupied.

"I've sweated away many a useful hour teachin' Thomas Atkins to tie knots," he murmured, as he secured the Professor's wrists behind him, and raised him to a sitting position. "Now if you will excuse me a moment I'll go to the bar an' get you a little stimulant." And he went into the next room, and returned with the drugged whiskey.

"You've got to swallow," said Even.

The Professor gasped and nearly crashed the bottle from Even's grip. When Even stood up, most of the contents of the bottle were trickling down the Professor's clothes, but he had swallowed more than Even had poured into the bowl of flowers on the sideboard half an hour previously.

"The only thing," observed Dancing Even slowly, "which'll straighten out the mess you've created in Barotseland—is your obituary notice. But somehow, even to save a country, it doesn't seem decent to blot a feller without givin' him a fightin' chance."

The Professor laughed cynically. "Self-preservation masquerading as pawky sentiment. The facts are that you have not the same facilities as myself for evading the consequences of a lethal act."

"We'll leave you to argue the point with your own dopes," drawled Dancing Even, walking to the electric switch. "One of them you've swallowed. The other—I think you said—works better in the dark." He turned off the light and left the room.

A month later, Dancing Even was amusing himself, two ladies, and his cousin "Rosie" Vansittart at a Thé Dansant at his hotel. Vansittart had just come in, bringing with him an evening paper.

"Seeing where you are off to tomorrow," he said as he sat down, "there's an item in the paper that will interest you."

"Papers," exclaimed one of the girls impatiently, "there's never anything interesting in them. Have they found that Chinaman yet?"

"Oh, you mean the discharged butler who strangled the Professor with the sash? They are not likely to get him now."

"I can't understand how he did it," continued the girl. "Chinks are such puny creatures, and the Professor was huge."

"The Professor was apparently drunk," mentioned Vansittart, "been having a blind on his own in his laboratory."

"Seein' as how it's my last day," murmured Dancing Even lazily as if the conversation bored him, "what about another little stagger round the floor?"

"Half a minute," remarked Vansittart, "read this first."

"You're a persistent blighter, Rosie," complained Dancing Even, taking the paper. "The serious revolt which has been threatening the peace of Barotseland, has been settled without bloodshed by the tactful ability of the Administrator, and the country is now safe for sportsmen!" Dancing Even grinned.

"What's the joke, Dancy?" one of the girls demanded.

"That, Dear Heart," he said cheerfully, "is a perfectly good secret between myself, the cable office, and a perfectly good savage; come an' dance."

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HEART AND HAND

[*Continued from page 13*]

and managed a feeble smile at Ruth.

"Nothin' . . . . Ruthie . . . . nothin'. When Causland comes he'll put my back in shape . . . . I'll be fit as a fiddle."

When Tommy came up the cottonwood path at noon, followed by a weather-bitten, wavering figure, Ruth came running to me. I think she sensed the absurdity, the ridiculousness of such a person administering to Hal Law.

"This is awful," she sobbed out. "It's all my fault! Why did I ever come! I knew I shouldn't all along! What can I do!"

I led her onto the back porch as Tommy entered the front. It was here Tommy found us. Just his presence brought Ruth to her feet, wiping her eyes.

"It's tur'ble . . . tur'ble," he leaned against the wall, trembling like a frightened child. "Doc Causland thinks mebbe Dad's back's gone . . . . mebbe he won't ever walk no more!"

We decided that I should row Causland back to Fidalgo, drop Ruth at Cattle Point. She would try for work there.

"Don't go near him," Tommy urged. "He's in an awful passion. He's cursed you, Mr. Kennedy, 'un the doctor . . . 'un the storm . . . 'un God." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Mr. Kennedy—he's cursin' God!"

We made a solemn, silent procession down to the beach, the cottonwoods sullen and leap-whipped from the wind. Causland took the stern seat; I motioned for Ruth to take that at the bow. Then I saw the trouble and doubt and resolution working on her face. "I'm not going with you, Mr. Kennedy," she gulped out suddenly. "I can't go off and leave them like this. I owe Mr. Law money—and I guess now's the time to pay it."

ONE of the loveliest afternoons of the Summer I found myself in front of the sloping farm of Hal Law on my way from Cottonwood to Anacortes. I determined to find out for myself how things were going; Ruth was still with them, I had heard. At least, she and Tommy would be glad to see me.

The front door was open as I ascended the old porch, and at the top step I met the black, snapping eyes of Hal Law. I paused, for his hate came out at me in a wave. He lay in his big bed, moved to the front room, close beside the window.

"Well, Law, how are you?"

"How am I?" he sneered, with a brittle, bitter laugh as his eyes left mine and fastened on the kitchen door. "Ruthie! Come, Ruthie, tell parson how I am!"

She came in noiselessly, took my hand, but not before her eyes had met Law's and cringed. As I gazed into them I hated him. The girl was crushed, torn with misery and fear. Her face was peaked and her big hollow eyes blinked back tears.

"Not very good." She spoke quietly.

"What a crazy question," Law mocked at me, his sunken black eyes snapping. "I'm in *misery*—I tell yuh—*misery!*" He flung out a string of tempestuous oaths. "You come in here to pray for me, do you? Get down on your knees and pray then—*pray*—but there's only one prayer I'll listen to—and that is to *DIE!*"

I found Tommy in the orchard. "I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Kennedy," he greeted me. "Have you seen Dad?"

I nodded.

"Then you know. It's awful. . . . I can't hardly bear it and it's crushin' Ruth. He torments her till she's nothing but a bundle of jumpy nerves. He made us bring him in that front room. His eyes are on her every time she passes through—and she has to pass through a hundred times a day."

"I don't think Ruth ought to stay," I told him. "I could tell by her hand-shake she was going to pieces."

"I've begged her to go but she won't—not till she's paid her debt in full. That'll be three weeks yet, countin' her wages at thirty dollars a month."

"Then what will she do?"

"Mrs. Weaverling's promised to take her to work in her boarding house at Cattle Point. I can manage to see her once a week then," he confided frankly, without embarrassment. "Oh, it's awful—it couldn't be worse!"

I sat at Tommy's window that night, smoking, wondering. We were to bunk together. Why didn't he come to bed?

The front door opened, I heard Law's explosive voice and raucous laughter, then Tommy entered, heavy shoes dew-soaked, and in his hand some frail sprays of maidenhair fern. The stairs creaked as Ruth hurried up them.

"Didn't know it was so late . . . Ruth and I come on a whole bank side of this maidenhair, down the shore . . . Clumps of bluebells were growin' amongst it—and they were a sight in the thin moonlight! It's a wonderful night . . ." He suddenly broke, dropped on the bed, buried his face in his hands.

"Good heavens, Mr. Kennedy, *what am I to do? How's this thing to end?*"

Three weeks later, I was leading a "sing" at the schoolhouse on Blakely, the rocky camel-shaped island between Guemes and Cottonwood. We were just beginning "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder" when Kate James, the half-breed at the melodian, missed her chord. I looked up. Tommy and Ruth were entering. They dropped onto the end bench and soon Tommy's lyrical tones were perceptible in the chorus.

After the last Indian had shaken my hand, and only Pete Miller and the James' were left, Tommy and Ruth came up the aisle and stood before me.

"Mr. Kennedy, we want you to marry us, . . . here . . . now . . . if you will."

It wasn't surprise I felt; rather, a kind of awe at their courage, at that supreme unconquerable power in life to restore itself, to cause beauty to grow out of such seeds of destruction.

I married them beneath the dim light of the blurry lantern, in front of the melodian, Kate James and Pete Miller acting as witnesses.

"You'll come home with us?" Tommy urged. "There'll be need of explainin' and he won't believe it if you're not there to tell him it's true."

There was no light in Law's room when we entered, no fire. Tommy fumbled on the mantel for matches, lighted the table lamp, then walked over to the head of the bed.

Law was waiting for him. I think he sensed something of what had happened. He clasped his fingers in their iron grip and demanded:

"What you two been up to?"

"Ruth'n me . . . got . . . married . . . Dad . . ."

At first Law only blinked. For I remember a great space of time when Tommy's words hung and echoed in the still room. "*Her . . . . my girl*—you—*you married her!*" His voice choked him.

"Oh, Paw—forgive us! . . . We—we couldn't help it! . . . We don't mean to hurt you! It come on us what it'd mean to be separated . . ."

As Tommy panted out his heart-breaking words, Law wrenched his locked hands apart, and with a wild violent sweep, tore out. It was miraculous so much power could be left in such hands. The blow crashed against Tommy's cheek and sent the fellow spinning backwards. He would have fallen if Ruth and I hadn't caught him. We steadied him against the mantel, where he clung dizzily, his face blanched a bluish white, stroking one hand over his bruised cheek and eye.

Law had half-risen in bed. "Take that," he cursed him. "I only wish you'd gone down as I did, and that you'd lie and rot—*rot* before her eyes . . ."

There was a second of horrible silence. And in that silence Ruth came out of her fears, threw them away like garments, moved over to Law's bed, leaned over so her face was close above his.

"I hate you, Mr. Law . . . . God forgive me for hating anyone as much as I've come to hate you. I'm going out of your sight now—so your eyes can't hurt me any more."

"We're goin' to live over the old woodhouse," Tommy confided to me the next morning as he prepared his father's breakfast in the kitchen. "Dad and mother lived there when they was first married, and when the downstairs was a store. It's goin' to work out fine. I'll do all the carin' for Dad and Ruth'll cook and sew over there."

Ruth and Tommy followed me down to the beach later as I left. [*Turn to page 93*]

HEART AND HAND

[*Continued from page 92*]

Like children released from punishment, they were radiant with their freedom. Ruth urged me to drop in on them often. "We'll fix a room for you, Mr. Kennedy," she called, as my boat swung out in the swift tide.

Four months later I received a note from Ruth. It urged me to be with them on the next Sunday when all of Blakeley, as well as Guemes, were invited to the store for a "sing." Tommy and she might have to cross the island in search of a cow Saturday, but if they weren't at home when I arrived, I should make myself comfortable.

That Saturday afternoon I stood in front of the store, trying to gather courage to pay a visit to Law. While I stood there a face appeared at his window. As I looked it didn't move away. We gazed at each other. I found myself waving, moving up toward it. To my great astonishment a hand waved back.

"Good afternoon, Law." I opened the door after a brisk knock and walked over to his bed.

"Good afternoon, Parson." For the first time he addressed me in a civil tone, and pointed to a chair.

Immediately I was aware of a profound change in Law. Not in his face so much, for his black eyes still burned and the wrinkles still lay deeply about his eyes. It was his hands. The long white fingers were idle. They lay on the bed—quiet as a becalmed ship on a still sea.

"How about a fire?" I suggested, for the room held a damp penetrating chill. He nodded.

"There's a favor I'd like you to do for me, Parson. Tommy gathered up all o' my wife's things, stowed 'em away after the funeral. I think he put them in a trunk in her room. Would you mind opening up that trunk, foraging around till you find a picture . . . I feel pretty sure it's in that trunk with her things. It's a picture of her as a girl . . ."

I felt I knew the picture—the one Tommy had so brusquely carried away the night of Ruth's arrival.

I found the picture in a side pocket of the trunk, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. I held it to the dim window light and my eyes suddenly blurred with tears. The face of a young girl smiled out at me, as young as Ruth, with regular, pleasant features and steady, trusting eyes.

I put the picture in Law's hand; he gazed at it a long time, shifting it to catch the dull light from the window. Then he handed it back to me and asked me to put it on the mantel, across from his bed. "Your wife," I began—then stopped. "I was going to say"—I hesitated awkwardly—"well, I don't know anyone who has left the *living* memory she has. Wherever I go, from island to island, I find her expressed in something beautiful . . . . Sometimes it's a beautiful basket she's taught them to make, . . . sometimes it's a child named after her . . . ." I simply stopped from emotion. Fancy, telling this to Law!

At twilight a wind sprang up and beat gently at the window. Tommy entered with supper. He left the tray on the table by the bed, and without greeting his father, came eagerly to me.

"Ruth was wonderin' if you weren't over here. She found your valise and knew you'd come."

"Your father is changed, Tommy," I said as we stepped outside. "His hands . . . . they're so still now. He's alone a great deal?"

"All the time. I guess folks got scared in his wild days, for no one ever comes any more."

This information on the top of the silent loneliness of the afternoon, appalled me.

"Doesn't Ruth go over?"

"No—you see, I take care of him. I do everything . . . ."

I went to my room early, stood at the window, gazing across at the vague outline of the big house. A light shone from his window. It pulled me over to him. He lay very still in bed, his white hands clasped.

"Law, you ought to do something with those hands."

"What?" He broke them apart and looked at them.

"Baskets."

I took the lamp, went to Tommy's room, lifted out the tray of the huge trunk that held the half-finished baskets. This I carried back, placed at the side of Law's bed. I left Law fumbling with them.

The "sing" next day was a great success. The Indians began arriving early. No one mentioned Law. I took Tommy aside. "Why not lift your father's window so the voices will reach him?"

"Yes, yes, I'll run over," Tommy promised, and promptly forgot as Ruth called to him to rearrange the chairs.

I slipped over quietly just before the services began. A half finished basket was in his hands, reeds and grasses strewn over the bed. He shrugged at me.

"It's no use, Parson, I never was any good with my hands, 'cept to bring down trees or row a boat agin' a gale."

"I think the Indians could help you . . . . I'll send someone over afterwards . . . ." I lifted the window and hurried away.

Maybe it wasn't music those deep gutteral voices made. They sang from necessity, as people starved for music sing. The day was dull and soundless, but at that I knew the voices floated across to Law.

When it came to my sermon, the words I had planned to say died into overwhelming inadequacy. So I turned to the fortieth chapter of Isaiah and began:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God . . . . the voice of him that crieth in the wilderness . . . . every valley shall be exalted . . . . all flesh is grass . . . . all goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field . . . . the grass withereth . . . . ."

IT was May when I received a note from Tommy Law again. It filled me with surprise and excitement.

"Can't you come over on Sunday and christen our little boy, born two weeks ago? Ruth says to tell you she'll plan a 'sing' for later in the afternoon."

Sunshine and spring had again changed to magic the sloping farm, when I arrived Sunday morning. As we stood over the baby, Tommy's happiness seemed too deep for words—he was awkward and mute. "Has your father seen the baby?" I asked.

His face took on something of his old pain. "No—he's never asked."

"And haven't you told him?"

He shook his head. "No . . . . I never told him—but he knows. Billy and some other Indians are over there all the time weaving baskets—and they've told him."

"I think you ought to tell him yourself."

"I've tried to, Mr. Kennedy," his voice quavered. "I've tried....but....I can't."

Tommy's sensitive mouth was trembling as Ruth entered. "Ruth feels as you do 'bout tellin' Dad," Tommy blurted out.

"You think we should show him the baby, Mr. Kennedy?" Ruth asked eagerly.

"Yes, I think you should, Ruth."

We made a simple procession on that sunny morning, Tommy ahead, the child in his arms, Ruth and I following.

He was lying there so quietly that for a moment I thought he was dead. He gave a quick, imperious lift to his hands—the only reminder of the old Law—and Ruth leaned over, placed the child in them. He gathered it close to his breast, and for the first time the man broke and tears streamed down his cheeks.

No one spoke. I think no one could.

"A boy?" Law, strangely, was the first to master himself.

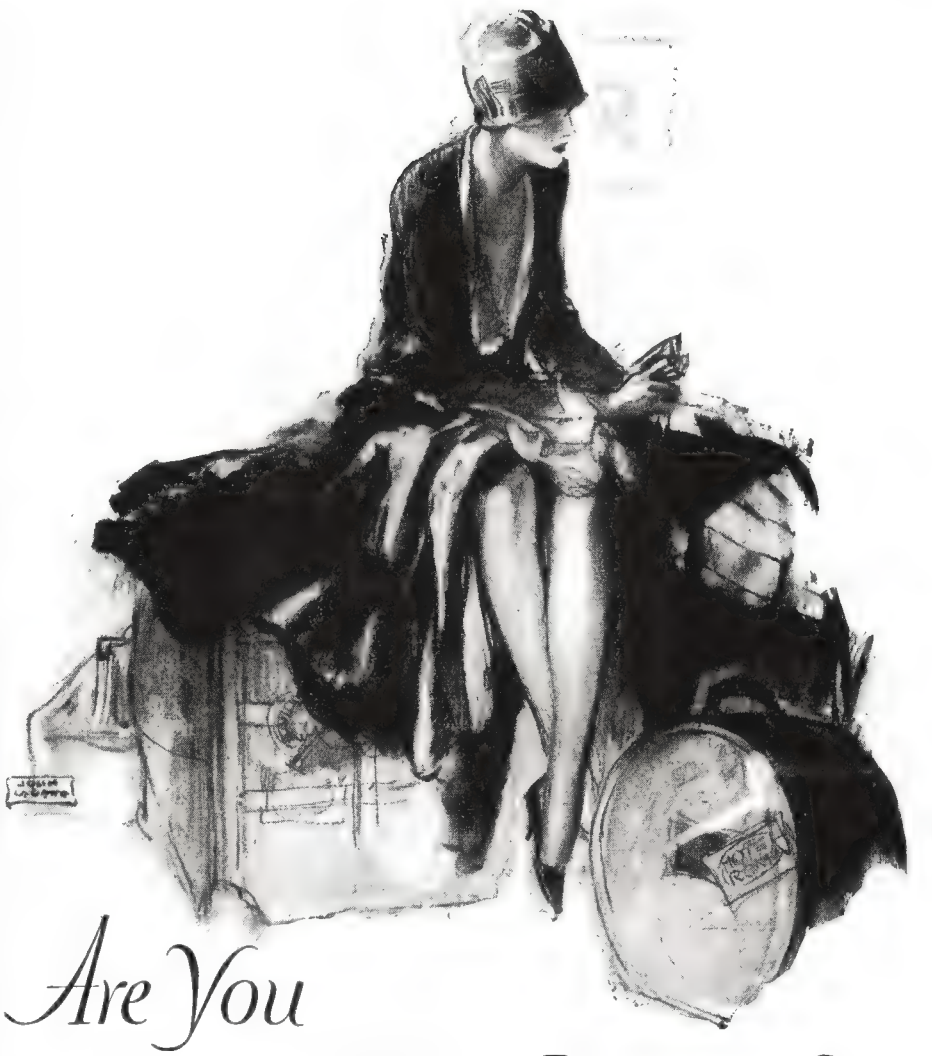
"A boy."

"And what do you call him?"

Then it was that Ruth claimed her birthright—that pure, inherent goodness I read in her face the turbulent wild night when I first saw her. "He's to be—little Hal—for you, Mr. Law . . . . Mr. Kennedy's here to christen him."

Indians crowded the porch that afternoon and sang till the rafters shook. Ruth and Tommy spent the rest of the day moving back their furniture. The crib, with the baby asleep, lay within reach of Law's arm. He dropped work on a basket to tell me good-by.

He held my hand a long time and smiled. It was a quiet smile—full of peace. I felt I had had a glimmer of "the peace that passeth understanding."



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STUDENT SUICIDES AND THE UNIVERSITIES

[*Continued from page 5*]

aberration and moral anarchy or as the warning symptom of a social malady with wider significance?

Is the American college in particular or American civilization in general producing the diseased soil from which this poison fruit of despair springs?

What can universities do to forestall these fatalities?

Even when unasked, these questions are hovering in the backgrounds of men's minds. It is best that they be asked in the open and met with sincerity. The whitewashing activities of retained attorneys concerned to keep unsullied the reputation of institutions delicately dependent upon public support will help us little here. The budgets of our universities are less important than the brains of our sons and daughters. The questions raised by student suicide impose upon our universities the double obligation to confess their own shortcomings and to clarify the responsibilities that may rest elsewhere.

At the outset it is necessary to remember that, in the face of tragedy, as in the face of war, men tend to over-simplify their problems and to over-simplify their remedies. No problem is as simple as the catch-words that it breeds. Faced by a baffling social issue, the temptation is to fasten upon some single weakness of the time and to say, "Now the root of the matter is . . ." There is a root-of-the-matter cult whose members rush to the scene of every perplexity with facile and fallacious over-simplifications.

We may, I think, say with certainty that no single thing in the American university accounts for student suicides. Not modern science; not modern philosophy; not modern psychology; not the new frankness of discussion; not the new freedom of action; not drinking or dawdling or dancing! Any or all of these may come somewhere into the picture, but no one of them solves the riddle.

We should, therefore, think twice before allowing the shock of student suicides to sweep us into a wholesale condemnation of modern education. We must deal gently with the crushing indictments that may be felt even when not expressed by the fathers and mothers of sons and daughters who have snuffed out their lives under the very shelter of universities. It is but human to strike blindly at what seems the source of our bereavement. But we must deal firmly with the occasional religious demagogue who violates every canon of decency and delicacy by parading the broken hearts of bereaved parents in propaganda for his narrow and niggardly conceptions of life and destiny.

We must remember that the problem of suicide is not new. Suicide was old in far-off days when other orthodoxies and other heresies held the stage in education. Suicide is older than the schools. In ancient times suicide was held honorable and considered a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when he heard that Alexander's ambassador had demanded his surrender. Cato killed himself rather than submit to Julius Caesar, tearing open his wounds three times after they had been bound up. Hannibal killed himself with poison from his ring because life was unbearable to him. Lycurgus was a suicide. Brutus was a suicide. The grim rôle of historic suicides is long.

In most ethical systems suicide is decried, but certain Stoic writers defended suicide as showing a high-minded indifference to the externals of life and death. In Christian ethics suicide is morally indefensible. In Christian law suicide is illegal, being considered technically as a *felo de se* or, in common English, self-murder.

In Eastern civilization suicide is sometimes, as in Japan, part of a distinct moral code, an act that honor dictates if one's reputation has been destroyed. In Western civilization suicide is considered a sign of social maladies that infect individuals whose moral resistance has been lowered. To the Oriental suicide is a personal problem. To the Occidental suicide is a social problem. Its roots reach deep into all the obvious and obscure soils of political, social, industrial, intellectual, and moral maladjustments that both create and are created by the social order.

Suicide is not confined to any period, to any nation, to any institution. It flings the challenge of its enigma to all periods, all nations, all institutions. It cannot be pulled down to 1927, to the United States, and to the universities. Within comparatively recent years the assembly and analysis of vital statistics have made possible a scientific study of suicide as a world-wide problem. There lies before me as I write a mass of statistical tables, monographs, and reports dealing with the records of suicides in the United States and in European countries, some of this material reaching back to 1861. There has been no careful and comprehensive study of student suicides similar to these studies of suicide as a whole. If the current epidemic of student suicides persists or recurs such a study should be made. But until such study has been made the only fruitful approach to the problem is to come to a clear understanding of what is already known about suicide as a general problem the world over and, with this knowledge as a point of departure, begin a careful consideration of the student problem with a scientific reluctance to draw dogmatic conclusions save on a basis of facts.

From the mass of material on my study-table I present twelve facts about suicide that research seems to have established, some of which the recent student suicides confirm, some of which they contradict.

First, suicide the world over follows certain general laws, despite the fact that isolated acts of suicide seem always the tragic personal decisions of lawless minds.

Second, suicide is affected by conditions besides the immediate circumstances and surroundings of the individual.

Third, definite suicide rates may be established for different countries, and while the suicide rate of any given country may change from year to year, its relative proportion to the suicide rate of other countries will stay virtually the same year after year. It is thus possible to forecast with fair accuracy the number of suicides that will occur in a year in any country for which vital statistics are available for a long enough period to provide a base of probability.

Fourth, the proportion of male to female suicides remained virtually the same for many years, only one out of every four suicides being a woman, but lately suicide among women has been increasing. As women have come more and more into the arena of affairs, subjecting themselves to the same stresses and strains, the same risks and reverses that men experience, the suicide rate among women has tended to approach the suicide rate among men. Doubtless this is only one of several factors, however, that account for this increase.

Fifth, the number of suicides increase month by month from January to June, the maximum usually being reached in May or June. The greater number of suicides in the more delightful months is variously explained. Morselli, in his *Il Suicidio,* suggests that it is due to the effect of the higher temperature on body and brain. Durkheim, in his *Le Suicide,* suggests that it is due to the fact that while in Spring and Summer the days are lovelier, they are also longer, and the longer period of activity means an added strain on body and brain. Many circumstances that seem logically favorable to life seem strangely to turn men to thoughts of death. Whatever the reason, the paradoxical fact remains that suicides are more frequent in Summer than in Winter, in fair weather than in foul, in peace than in war, in prosperity than in poverty.

Sixth, the relative frequency of suicide among persons in different professions and employments remains roughly the same year after year. Some callings consistently contribute more suicides to the record than others.

Seventh, suicide is commoner among Protestants than among Roman Catholics, but even less among [*Turn to page 95*]

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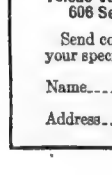

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STUDENT SUICIDES AND THE UNIVERSITIES

[*Continued from page 94*]

Jews than among Roman Catholics. No absolute correlation between suicide and any particular degree of certainty respecting immortality seems established.

Eighth, suicide is commoner among the educated classes than among the illiterate classes. The educated classes are subject to greater strains and have a greater sensitiveness to strain than the illiterate classes.

Ninth, suicide is commoner in urban than in rural districts.

Tenth, suicide epidemics occur in large cities, with striking similarities of method, of time, and of place. The compactness of population in large cities gives added force to the power of suggestion and added incentives to imitation. Our big universities have become in effect compact cities in which crowd-contagion is easily operative.

Eleventh, suicide bears a definite and fairly predictable relation to age. All ages above five furnish an annual quota of death by suicide. Suicide between five and ten is relatively rare. After five the suicide rate increases with each five-year period until it reaches a maximum between fifty-five and sixty-five. Suicides occur, of course, both below five and above sixty-five. Relatively suicide is more prevalent in the earlier years among females than among males.

Twelfth, the suicide rate, in several important studies, has been discovered to be twice as high among unemployed as among employed men.

May I say again that student suicides in particular are but part of the larger problem of suicides in general. The student problem cannot be torn out of the common texture of the whole human problem. I submit this summary of the results of research on the general problem of suicide, therefore, as a contribution to the consideration of student suicides. Until the problem of student suicides has been subjected to the same sort of searching study that has been brought to the problem of suicide as a whole there is little to be gained from loose talk and improvised theories.

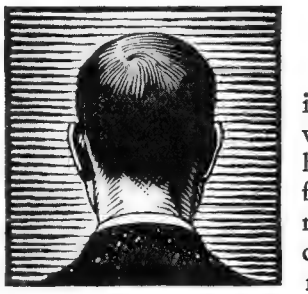
The steady increase of suicide the world over may be not so much an indictment of our colleges as an indictment of our civilization. A rising suicide rate may be the warning note of a widespread revolt against complexity. Among civilized peoples, each succeeding generation makes the circumstances and ceremonies of life more elaborate, increases the demands made upon the individual, speeds up the tempo of living, and complicates generally the problem of existence. Modern civilization is becoming so complicated that the average man finds it harder and harder to pick his way through it. Every day individuals are cracking under the strain. Nervous disorders are on the increase. This may be something more than the story of weak individuals. It may be, as Sir Francis Galton suggested and as his successors have elaborated, that the whole race is suffering from structural overloading.

There may be a limit to the complexity that a people can manage. It may be that humanity must subject its life to periodic simplifications if it is to prevent its ideas from falling into chaotic confusion and its institutions from breaking down under the weight of their own complexity. In so far as the rising suicide rate is a by-product of an instinctive "revolt against civilization" the universities can meet the challenge only by giving to society as a whole such creative social leadership as their funds of genius and insight may make possible. And to their credit, it must be said that, however haltingly they may be doing it, the universities are more consciously tackling the problems of confusion and complexity that harass our civilization than any other of our institutions.

Respecting the particular phase of this situation that comes to the surface in student suicides, there are only three things that I feel justified in saying with some sense of dogmatic assurance.

First, a renaissance of great teaching is one of the desperate [*Turn to page 96*]

What has dandruff *to do with* blood-poisoning?



ONLY this. Blood-poisoning is a germ-disease. And dandruff is a germ-disease. At least, that is what many authorities now state. And with the rapid progress of medical science in the study of bacteria, more and more germs are constantly being identified. Some are associated with deadly typhoid, diphtheria and lock-jaw. Others cause merely annoyance, such as dandruff and noxious body odors.

By this finding a *single cause* for so many ailments, science opened the way for the next step—finding a *single means of prevention.* And science itself has now taken this step and produced Zonite, the great germicide-antiseptic. Never before has there been an antiseptic of so wide a range—an antiseptic so powerful that it actually *stamps out* disease germs, yet so harmless to human beings that it can be held in the mouth. And yet it is the boast of Zonite that it does just one thing. It kills germs.

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Mouthwash
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Water purifier
Sunburn relief
Dandruff corrective
Body deodorant
Enema
Feminine hygiene

Ask your druggist what he uses *himself*

The astonishing variety of Zonite's services to family health

First coming into public notice as the Great War Antiseptic, it was natural that Zonite should be thought of as a preventive against blood-poisoning in cases of cuts and wounds. In the Allied hospitals in France infection of wounds was reduced over 70 percent by the use of this new and wonderful kind of germicide.

But the uses of Zonite have now spread far beyond the dreams of the days behind the Allied front. Sore throat, blisters, baby rash, pyorrhea, bad breath, manicure, insect bites, enema, shampoo, feminine hygiene, corns, poison ivy, artificial teeth, purifying drinking water—these suggest a few of its services to the family.

Previous to the discovery of Zonite there were two classes of antiseptic—some poisonous and caustic like carbolic acid, and others weak and ineffective like peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite can be used for the throat and nose like peroxide and yet it is forty times as strong as peroxide. On the other hand, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

Hence, Zonite represents an entirely new idea in all-round antisepsis. Harmless to human beings; fatal to germs.

In bottles 25c, 50c and $1 Large Tubes, 50c

Full directions with every package

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the color of Kleinert's Sanitary Aprons, Step-Ins, and Bloomers as well as the design of Kleinert's Dress Shields and Dress Shield Garments are dictated by the latest whispers of fashion and in addition all garments marked Kleinert's can be depended upon — absolutely — because Kleinert's rubber is manufactured by an exclusive, perfected process.

Kleinert's Gem Dress Shield—the utmost in underarm protection.

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Kleinert's Sanitary Step-in—with adequate rubber panels, especially good for active sports.

STUDENT SUICIDES AND THE UNIVERSITIES

[*Continued from page 95*]

needs of American universities. The greater the complexity and confusion of an era, the greater the need for teachers with a genius for guidance, interpretation, and stimulation. Better teachers on our faculties will mean braver spirits in our student bodies.

There is nothing to be gained by dodging the fact that a cynical and indecisive intellectualism is a blind alley into which modern education is in danger of heading. Our universities may allow the assembly of information to outstrip the achievement of insight. The passion to add to the sum total of human knowledge may dampen the ardor to add to the sum total of human wisdom. Great teaching is needed to lure us away from a cynical intellectualism into a creative humanism.

And two things are, I think, necessary to clear the road for a renaissance of great teaching—a revaluation of research and a reorganization of the curriculum.

I should say that, by and large, in our universities, greater concern is being brought to the task of research than to the task of teaching. In the midst of all the truly productive research that is going on in our universities, there is a disheartening amount of pot-boiling hack-work research being reluctantly and resentfully carried on by men who have come to believe that only so can they hope for promotion in their universities. This is a hurdle that our universities must overleap before a renaissance of great teaching can be realized. There is, of course, no essential antagonism between the spirit of genuine research and the spirit of great teaching. In fact, genuine research invests teaching with a fresh vitality. A man who is content to squat complacently behind the breast-works of accumulated knowledge can never be the great teacher that a more restless curiosity might make him. I suggest only that the artificial research of our universities must be debunked before the authentic research of our universities can be developed in the most fruitful fashion. Research is not a god to be worshipped for its own sake by sterile priests of learning; research is but the divining-rod of the prospector in his quest for the secret of a larger life for the race.

The reorganization of the curriculum is a more difficult matter. How to subject the crazy-quilt unrelatedness of the modern university curriculum to an educational integration without turning our universities into doctrine-factories for the men who determine the curriculum is a riddle that no one has yet solved. It will be solved only by patient and persistent experimentation. But it must be solved before we shall realize the maximum influence of even the teaching genius that we now have. And great teaching is imperative if modern education is to make for intellectual coherence, moral stability, and spiritual solvency.

Second, the development of dependable techniques of counsel and guidance is important if the students of our universities are to be safely piloted through the difficult years of transition from boyhood to manhood, from girlhood to womanhood. As I have said elsewhere, the early college years are difficult years of adjustment for our sons and daughters. They come to our universities at a time when all the processes of their growing bodies and developing minds are driving them into intellectual, moral, and emotional readjustments. These readjustments are inevitable. Neither priest nor professor can prevent their coming. They cannot be beaten back with ancient phrases, and our sons and daughters cannot avoid them by turning their backs upon modern thought. These readjustments throw an extra load on the minds and spirits of our sons and daughters. We know little enough at best about our internal machinery. There may be weak spots of which we shall never know unless some unusual strain reveals them. Now and then the internal machinery of a lad cracks under the strain of the many intellectual, moral, and emotional adjustments he must try to make as he passes from boyhood to manhood. All of us—parent, priest, and professor—have a responsibility [*Turn to page 117*]

For Furniture Use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Way

O-Cedar Polish

L'ECHO DE PARIS

Blanche Rittenhouse

No. 4962. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; yoke and middle flounce, 1 yard of 40-inch; lower flounce, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4938. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; gathered camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, upper section, 1½ yards of 36-inch; lower section, 3⅞ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

No. 4943. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with draped tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

BOWS IN THE FRENCH MANNER

MOST frocks are made with flying ends, some of which are bows. Here three new gowns show the predilection of a trio of notable Paris dressmakers. The first, shown at left, has a sizable cravat of fabric at the neck above a triangular opening; the flounces in three shades of the same fabric fall in drapes at the side. The second has fulness all around with a bow and ends at front. The third has a tunic falling in points at the side.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

L'Echo de Paris

No. 4942. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; Eton jacket. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 1⅞ yards of 54-inch; contrasting, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Embroidery No. 1585 may be used for trimming.

No. 4946. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; bell sleeves; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; ½ yard of 36-inch allover lace. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

FROCKS MORE ELABORATE

FIRST, there is a bolero over an ornamental blouse with skirt attached at the hipline. Second, the bell sleeve and broad jabot at neck declare a new fashion. Third, a figured silk carries a jabot aided by bows in solid color. The fourth introduces the new idea of lifting the bolero and dropping the skirt at the waistline in front.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4947. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with three-piece wrap-around skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4958. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with jacket front; three-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 54-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

L'Echo de Paris

4953 4944 4953 4944 Emb. No. 1563 4941 Emb. No. 1377 4941 4945

No. 4953. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with inverted pleats at front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4944. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, waist, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1563 may be used to trim.

THE FASHION FOR BELTS

FROM these four models it is easy to get a clear idea of the new fashion for breaking the line from shoulder to hem. There is a belt, wide or narrow, and below the belt a second horizontal line, usually the seam joining the blouse and skirt sections. Pleats and circular sections provide a break in the silhouette when in motion.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4941. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; pleated front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2½ yards. Motif No. 1377 may be worked in outline-stitch.

No. 4945. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with circular side sections. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4959
Emb. No. 1309

No. 4959. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2¾ yards. Trimming in darning-stitch and French knots may be made with Embroidery No. 1309.

4957

No. 4957. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; featuring the new surplice neckline; straight skirt with gathered tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

DIVERSITY FOR THE DAY

IT is not necessary to have all clothes alike, as a platter of pancakes Regard these gowns. Each stands alone. They are not even second cousins. The first emphasizes the new hip yoke. The second introduces the tunic skirt and shoulder drape. In the third there's the simplicity of the sports frock with its loosely tied belt. The sleeveless jacket of the fourth is a new adjunct to a slip-on frock of same material.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4964

No. 4964. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; gathered sleeve; two-piece skirt with pleats at left side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

4956

No. 4956. Misses' and Juniors' Ensemble Dress; slip-on dress with pleats at front; sleeveless jacket. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material; belt and bow, ⅜ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

4946
Emb. No. 1541

4964

4963
Emb. No. 1457

4938

No. 4964. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4946. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Motif from Embroidery No. 1541 may be worked in straight-stitch.

THE SLEEVELESS FROCK

IT is not necessary to be at a gay party because arms are bare, but it is correct that one should be under a roof. Bare arms are in very bad taste in the street, the office or the shops. They have their setting in formal hours. This quartette of gowns shows how bare arms can be in good taste. The one at the extreme right is for dancing and dining. The others are for all the gay day affairs, the theater and movies, and also for luncheon and cards in the afternoon.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4963. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1457 in rambler- and daisy-stitch may be used.

No. 4938. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; straight camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1 yard of 40-inch; lower section, 3¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

4958
Emb. No. 1267

4957
Emb. No. 1352

4956

4962

No. 4958. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Motif No. 1267 may be made in satin-stitch.

No. 4957. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; bell sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1352 in chain-stitch would be smart.

INDIVIDUAL SMARTNESS

EXAMINE these frocks intently for the new features they introduce. Wear them, and you will be in the first style, fresh from France. The first frock gives the diagonal line at top of the circular skirt. The second emphasizes the bell-shaped sleeve put in high at the shoulder. The third is a sport frock with patterned blouse and very short pleated skirt. The fourth frock shows the tiered skirt with side drapes.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4962. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with three straight flounces. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4⅛ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4956. Misses' and Juniors' Slip-On Dress; with pleated front. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, waist, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

4955
Emb. No. 1377

4959

4963

4954
Emb. No. 1270

No. 4955. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards. Motif from Embroidery No.1377 suggested.

No. 4959. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular skirt attached to yoke. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch; ribbon, 1⅜ yards of 2-inch. Width, about 2¾ yards.

MODES FOR EVERY HOUR

THESE frocks, France inspired, give to any woman a good idea of what she should prepare for every hour of the day. The street frock, with its grouped pleats over the hips and original treatment at the neck, is original. The bolero effect is new and very smart. The printed afternoon frock without sleeves is just right. The coat frock with wide revers and drape uses the new cire braid for decoration.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4954. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch; collar and tie, ¼ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1270 for braiding may be used.

No. 4963. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with jacket front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, requires 4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4942. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; two-piece skirt; gathered sleeves. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 2¾ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4963. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; sash, 2⅝ yards of 7-inch ribbon. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 4958. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; jacket front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 54-inch; waist front, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4938. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; straight skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

No. 4947. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4964
Emb. No. 1563

No. 4964. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1563 would be smart.

4944

No. 4944. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt; gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

4943
Emb. No. 1300

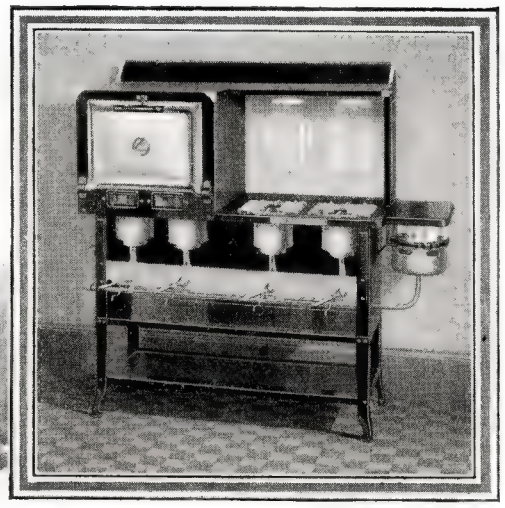
No. 4943. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 1300 in outline- and single-stitch suggested.

4941

No. 4941. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; yoke and tie in one. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch or 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

4945
Emb. No. 1579

No. 4945. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; sleeve insets, ¼ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards. Embroidery No. 1579 suggested.



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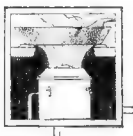
The clean, blue, contact flame of the Nesco burner produces an intense gas flame cooking heat.



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Made of famous Corticelli Silk

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4920

4808

4846

4940
4916

4772

No. 4846. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse; draped at the hip. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch or 2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4920. Ladies' and Misses' Box-Pleated Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 36-inch; camisole ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 3½ yards.

No. 4940. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; in hip length. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4916. Ladies' and Misses' Low-Waisted Skirt; with pleat insets. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 30 requires 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 4772. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse; with deep armhole. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch or 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material.

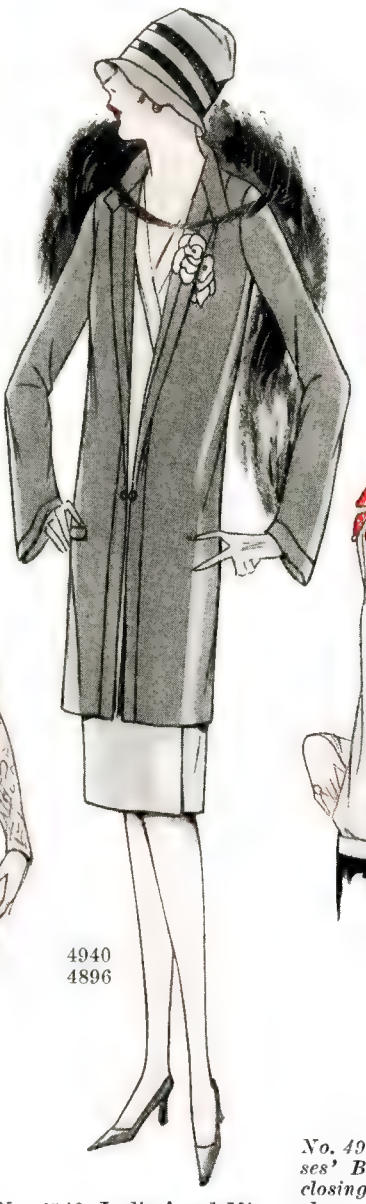
No. 4808. Ladies' and Misses' Camisole Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch; camisole, 1 yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4847

4808



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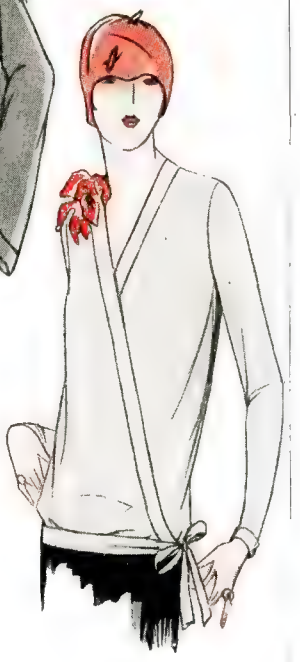


4939

No. 4817. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse; with deep raglan armhole. Sizes 11 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch; sleeves, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4847. Ladies' and Misses' Camisole Skirt. Sizes 11 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 40-inch; camisole, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4940. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; in three-quarter length. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2⅝ yards of 40-inch; lining, 1⅞ yards 40-inch.

No. 4896. Ladies' and Misses' Wrap-Around Skirt. Sizes 30 to 42 waist. Size 32, 1½ yards 40-inch. Width, about 1⅛ yards.

No. 4939. Ladies' and Misses' Blouse; with surplice closing; close-fitting set-in sleeve. Sizes 11 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4808. Ladies' and Misses' Camisole Skirt. Sizes 11 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch; camisole, 1 yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

FROWN LINES and SMILE WRINKLES DISAPPEAR!

Blemishes vanish—skin grows lovely .... often in two short weeks .... with Milkweed Cream

A SMILE adds immeasurably to your charm but it does sometimes leave lines. Of course, you must smile . . . but you need not have lines and wrinkles that mar the beauty of your face . . . that make you old . . . before your time!

Thousands of beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars, write us that one cream . . . Ingram's Milkweed Cream, is all you need—the only one they have used for 10-20 years or more.

Right now begin giving your face constant care. And here's the best way—the easiest and quickest.

First read the five common-sense beauty rules given here. They are simple, workable rules, easy to follow.

Then buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Over a million jars used last year by beautiful women who care enough for their skin to care for it properly.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 261 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

five simple ways to improve your skin—Now!

Get at least seven hours sleep four nights out of seven —Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you) —Use sweets sparingly —You need only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream—You can do your own facials — beauty treatments—at home—We will show you how if you read carefully the little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

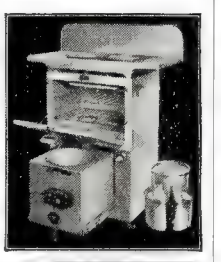
Ingram's American Blush Rouge • Hand Made • One Shade • For Any Maid • 50c

Campbell's Automatic
Electric Fireless Cooker Range

Works right off home lighting circuit. Does everything any good range will do and more. Low in price and operating cost. Oven heat turns on and off automatically. Wonderful for pies, cakes, roasts, etc. Large electric fireless cooker—also automatic. Big aluminum cooking top and splasher back. Beautiful French Grey enamel finish. Write quickly for easy payments.

Special 30 Day Trial Offer
Write for catalog and factory-to-you price. Our low price will surprise you. Mail postal today.

The Wm. Campbell Co.
1007 Union Ave., Alliance, O.



Maybelline

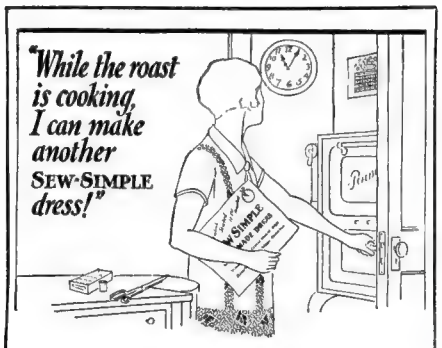
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, *75c at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Liquid Form

Solid Form

WEDDINGS
ENGRAVED OR PRINTED INVITATIONS ETC.
FREE SAMPLES: 100 VISITING CARDS $1.00
CAPITOL SOCIAL ENGRAVING CO.
406 EVENING STAR BLDG. WASHINGTON, D.C.

PEONIES IRISES
Come to headquarters for choicest varieties, most beautiful colors, in these two delightful plants. Send for catalog. C. F. WASSENBERG Box 12 VAN WERT, O.



As simple as cutting a paper doll.

Every pattern is marked on the fabric ITSELF—clear, accurate, unmistakable—every cut, seam, size adjustment, joining, etc., and every piece placed so the fabric-design will come correctly in the completed garment. *All as simple as cutting a paper doll.*

10 Minutes to Cut—40 Minutes to Sew—All Done

Less than an hour. All ready to put on and wear.

$1.25 **Sizes: 2 to 6 Years** **$1.95**
Canada 1.85 and 2.95

Cheery, dashing, beautiful colors that will laugh at the tub and the sun and ALWAYS be fresh, and pretty, and new-looking for the SEW-SIMPLE process sinks the color *into* and *through* every thread.

GUARANTEE

We will give TWO dresses of SEW-SIMPLE for one that fades.

BEAR MILL MANUFACTURING CO.

SEW-SIMPLE DRESS LENGTHS

Size 16 Years **$1.00** **to 56 Bust**
Canada 1.85

All you need do is cut in half, match designs, and sew.

Every SEW-SIMPLE dress comes in a glassine envelope with the name SEW-SIMPLE GUARANTEED FAST COLOR plainly printed on every dress and envelope. The name on the envelope and dress is YOUR PROTECTION. *Look for it.*

No matter where you live, it is EASY to get SEW-SIMPLE. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't them, write to us AT ONCE. *Don't wait.* Use this

FREE COUPON FREE SAMPLES FREE STYLE SHEETS
And ALL the news about SEW-SIMPLE.

BEAR MILL MFG. CO.
123 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.

Send FREE Samples and FREE Style Sheets; tell me ALL the news about SEW-SIMPLE.

Dealer's Name.....

City..... State.....

Does He Sell "SEW-SIMPLE" Dresses?.....

My Name .....

My Address.....

City..... State.....

Maternity STYLE BOOK FREE

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant *Address Dept. 91 39th St at Fifth Ave.* **New York**

"It's the Smartest Dress of the Season"

"I've never had so many compliments about any dress as I've had about this one. My friends say it's the smartest dress of the season. They can't believe I made it myself for only $9.65."

Pretty dresses like this at just such savings are bringing joy to thousands of women, who have learned at home through the Woman's Institute to make smart, becoming clothes.

FREE Mail coupon for Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." It tells what the Woman's Institute has done for 230,000 other women and girls and how it can help you to have more and prettier clothes, and earn $20 to $40 a week at home.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 3-T, Scranton, Penna.

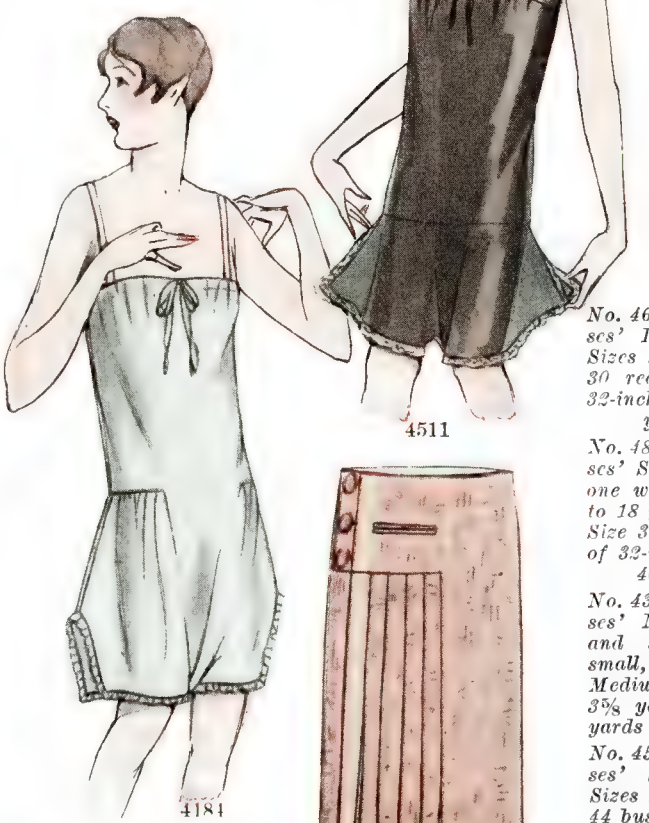
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes," and tell me how I can learn at home the subject I have marked:

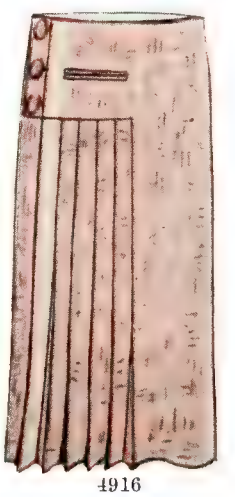
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

L'ECHO DE PARIS





No. 4636. Ladies' and Misses' Drawers; with yoke. Sizes 24 to 34 waist. Size 30 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch; lace banding, 1¾ yards of 3-inch.

No. 4883. Ladies' and Misses' Sports Blouse; cut in one with step-in. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 32-inch or 2½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4378. Ladies' and Misses' Negligee; with cape and shawl collar. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4511. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Chemise. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; lace band, 1¼ yards of 4-inch; edging, 4¼ yards of 1¼-inch.

No. 4184. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Combination; gathered into slashes over hips. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material.

No. 4916. Ladies' and Misses' Low-Waisted Skirt; pleated side sections. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 32, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch or 1½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 4 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State .....

A Hair-Free Skin is Modern Demand

Modern style and custom demand a hair-free skin of the well-groomed woman. Smooth-skinned underarms, limbs, etc. are today a social necessity.

The smart woman "of the mode" removes undesired hair the pleasant, easy way by *washing it off* with De Miracle liquid.

De Miracle for the past 25 years has been endorsed and used extensively by physicians and hospitals everywhere as the "natural" method. It is delicately perfumed. And satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be refunded. Sold everywhere—60c, $1.00 and $2.00.

If, however, your dealer is out of it, we will gladly supply you direct, on receipt of price ($1.00). Or we will send it C. O. D. (you pay the postman).
De Miracle, Dept 46, 138 West 14th St., New York

De Miracle
Removes Hair

New Safe Way TO END GRAY HAIR

Test it Free at Home

1. You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear.

2. Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean . . . Safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.

3. Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect.

HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that original shade is obtained. If your hair is naturally auburn, it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by friends.

This new scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, defies detection. Some 3,000,000 women have used it.

It's **safe** and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

Test it free if you wish by writing for free outfit — or go to nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not delighted.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Hair Color Restorer
Used by Over 3,000,000 Women

Mary T. Goldman, 1301H Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn (light red).....blonde.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Please print your name and address

Hours Saved!

Hours saved by using La France *with* soap! Saves rubbing . . . saves bluing . . . saves clothes . . . saves hands. And makes clothes spotless-clean, snowy-white!

La France

"Cone Painting"

or 1-minute embroidery. Quick. Easy. Anybody can do it. For fancy handkerchiefs, scarfs, pillow tops, table runners, dresses, drapes. Complete trial outfit, only $1.00. Includes complete and explicit instructions; silk crepe handkerchief, stamped with latest design; 3 bottles color; 1 tube background white; 1 pkg. metallic gold; 1 brush; 12 cones. New illustrated cone painting booklet FREE. Send today. Handkerchief and materials would easily cost $3.85 in the stores—but you pay only a dollar! Order today.

Thayer & Chandler, Dept. 24, 913 Van Buren St., Chicago

REMEMBER! new booklet is FREE trial outfit, only $1

BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

CAN you believe your eyes? Note these actual photographs. The same demonstration on your feet; free if it fails. Pedodyne the marvelous new solvent conquers bunions—pain stops instantly—Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so quickly your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

Note These Photos

Trial FREE

Just send your name and address, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. E-11 180 N. Wacker Dr. Chicago, Ill.

GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off. **W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 120, E. Orange, N. J.**

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4621

4896

No. 4487. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Chemise; ruffle cut in points. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 1⅞ yards of 40-inch; lace edging, 3½ yards ¾-inch.

No. 4835. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse; convertible collar and turnback cuffs. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2⅝ yards of 32-inch or 2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3825. Ladies' Negligee; with shawl collar. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; ruffling, 14½ yards of 1-inch.

No. 4449. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Combination. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 32- or 36-inch or 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4621. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Drawers; with casing at back. Sizes 24 to 34 waist. Size 28 requires 1⅜ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting bands, ¼ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4896. Ladies' and Misses' Wrap-Around Skirt; low waistline. Sizes 30 to 42 waist. Size 30 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅛ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

Better Soups — No Trouble

The company always says nice things about my soups. I serve a variety and never repeat for a whole week. My soups are always uniformly good and this is my confession: I use canned soups. To each can, just before serving, I add one teaspoonful of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

If you will try this once you will never again be without a bottle in the kitchen.

Try this fine dressing for asparagus: 3 parts hot melted butter, 1 part Lea & Perrins' Sauce.

Send postal for free recipe booklet. It is really worth having.

LEA & PERRINS
238 West Street
New York

Saves Hose

Prevents wearing out and staining at the heel; stops shoes rubbing and slipping at the heel.

The patented *cup-shaped center*, indicated by arrow, prevents this!

At trifling cost, you can prevent your hose from *wearing out* and *staining* at the heel, and at the same time enjoy the *added comfort* of wearing shoes that do not *slip* or *rub* at the heel. These are the benefits you get by attaching Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner in your shoes. Made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Invisibly worn in the shoes. Sold in shoe and dept. stores everywhere—30 cents per pair. Insist on getting the *genuine*, with the cup-shaped center. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

Dr Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner

USE IRON GLUE

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. In tubes and in bottles.

McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

TO MEND TOYS

Weddings

Engraved **Invitations, Announcements, Visiting Cards,** etc., reflect good taste and perfect craftsmanship. Direct from the nation's official social center. Exclusive, yet inexpensive. Write for loan of sample portfolio. **Hausler & Co., 943 E St., Washington, D.C.**

Home Made Ice Cream is Safe!

IN the rich cream, the pure flavorings or ripe fruits of home frozen dainties there is only deliciousness, nourishment, enjoyment and safety.

And that delicacy of flavor, that extreme smoothness of texture which everyone desires are especially insured in home made ice creams and sherbets.

The *New Design* Triple Motion WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER

Plan this season to own a freezer and have Home Made Ice Cream any time you wish, then you will know that it is pure and safe.

The New Design White Mountain Freezer with its famed "triple motion" principle produces ice cream of wonderful smoothness—and freezes it quickly.

The WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO., Inc.
NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mapleine
is an ideal flavoring for frozen desserts

A Kiddie-Koop Beautiful for Baby

New DeLUXE Model

Refinements in design and construction with dainty hand-lacquered decorations in color have achieved a new KIDDIE-KOOP attractive to those mothers who want only the best for their babies.

A better screened crib with no sacrifice of famous KIDDIE-KOOP utility.

Baby sleeps and plays in KIDDIE-KOOP for four to six years. Serves as Bassinet, Crib, Play-Pen—3 uses at one cost. Several models of regular KIDDIE-KOOPS from $20.25 up with mattress (freight extra). Write for literature sent in plain envelope. E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. CO., Dept. 1602, 1040 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

Investigate KIDDIE-KOOP advantages—demonstrated at better stores. KIDDIE-KOOP The Screened Crib

Also makers of Baby Bathinette, the "Trimble" Kiddie-Bath and Table.

(Look for the Name Plate. Be Sure it is Trimble Nursery Furniture.)

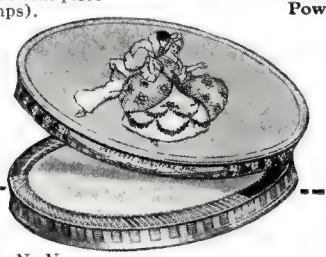
Trimble Nursery Furniture
Cribs, Playards, Etc. of Kiddie-Koop's High Quality

La-May Face Powder
Does Not Contain any White Lead!

THIS pure face powder is guaranteed not to injure the most delicate baby skin. It will not cause enlarged pores, blackheads and irritations. It does not contain white lead or starchy rice powder to make it stick. White lead poisons the skin and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that encourages enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder irritations. The specialist who makes this improved powder uses a medicinal ingredient that doctors use to heal the skin. Because it is pure and because it stays on so well this La-May powder (French, Poudre L'Amé) is preferred by millions of American Women. The large size is one dollar and the trial size is thirty-five cents. Remember, La-May is guaranteed absolutely pure. Five thousand dollars reward is offered any chemist who finds it contains any white lead or rice powder. Refuse substitutes. Your common sense will tell you that when you are offered a substitute it is sure to pay the substitutor a larger profit. When you use this absolutely pure La-May and see how splendidly it stays on and beautifies your complexion, you will understand why it so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. If you want to try La-May—if you want a perfect Loose Powder Vanity filled with this pure La-May—read the special offer printed below.

Every girl that sees this wonderful new La-May Sport Vanity for loose powder wants one. It is not only charming in appearance, but delightfully, perfectly convenient. Every time you open the box you find just enough powder on your puff. This vanity is very thin, dainty in size (two and one-half inches in diameter), made in lustrous blue enamel with mirror and holds a thick, soft, wool puff. These La-May Sport Vanities were made to sell in the stores for fifty cents, but to get you to try La-May Face Powder we will send one to you filled with La-May, in White, Flesh, Brunette or Tan, for half price, twenty-five cents. Use the coupon below and send it to us with a twenty-five cent piece (not stamps).

La-May Sport Vanity to Carry Loose Face Powder



Send the Coupon—a 50¢ Vanity—25¢

La-May, Inc.
244 West 18th Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find a twenty-five cent piece for which send me a regular 50 cent La-May Sport Vanity—filled with La-May Loose Powder in color checked below. (Print your name and full address plainly with pencil.)

☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Tan

Name_____

Street and Number City State M.J.

L'Echo de Paris

No. 4872. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with dropped shoulders; inverted pleat at front. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4936. Child's Double Breasted Coat; with convertible collar and patch pockets. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material; lining, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4935. Girl's Slip-On Dress; closing at left side of inset; short set-in sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards of 32-inch or 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4889. Girl's Slip-On Dress; closing at shoulders; straight pleated skirt. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires, waist, 1 yard of 32-inch material; skirt, cuffs and bands, 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material.

4889 4936 4935 4942 4872 4948

No. 4942. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; sleeveless Eton jacket; two-piece skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting waist, 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4948. Child's Dress; gathered to yoke; bertha collar. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1559 may be worked in satin-stitch and eyelets.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4952

4950
View B
Emb. No. 1488

4935

4950
View A

4951
View C

4951
View B

4952 4951 4951 4950 4950 4935

No. 4950. View A. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; with sleeveless jacket. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires, dress and bands, 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material; jacket, 1 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4950. View B. Girl's Dress; with two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards of 32-inch material. Embroidery No. 1488 in outline-stitch is suggested to trim.

No. 4952. Boy's Overcoat; with raglan sleeves and patch pockets. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch or 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material; lining 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4951. View B. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; with sleeveless jacket. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires, dress, 2 yards of 36-inch material; jacket requires ⅞ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4951. View C. Girl's Dress; with two-piece skirt pleated at front. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 32-inch material; tie, belt and neck binding, ⅜ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4935. Girl's Slip-On Dress; closing at left side of inset. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; collar, inset and pocket flaps, ½ yard of 40-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

Boker

TREE BRAND Boker

Kitchen Shears

No More Cut Fingers

—for the modern housewife with her Boker Kitchen Shears.

Is there celery or apple to be chopped? Or chicken to be diced? A fish to be "headed and tailed"? If there is fish, flesh or fowl, or good green vegetable to be chipped, chopped or snipped—or cans to be cut open—Boker Kitchen Shears do it quicker, more neatly and a thousand times more safely than the sharpest knife.

With their sanitary white handles, their sturdy hand-matched blades of fine cutlery steel, Boker Kitchen Shears are but one of the Boker line of Scissors and Shears, each specially designed for its particular purpose.

Ask at your hardware, department or cutlery store to see the complete Boker line — nail scissors, buttonhole scissors, chiffon scissors, cloth shears, etc.,etc.—a scissor or shear for every use.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for booklet, or send $2.50 for a pair of these handy kitchen shears . . . Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

H. BOKER & CO., Inc.
101-103 Duane Street
New York City

Makers of the Celebrated "Tree Brand" Shavettes, Pocket Knives, Carvers, etc.

Demand

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"— Genuine

Prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions for

Headache	Colds	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Girls, whiten your skin — *this double-quick way*

Start this amazing new beauty treatment this very night! Just rub on Nadinola, a smooth, fragrant cream, and see how fast it whitens your skin to new beauty—banishes freckles and unsightly tan!

Pimples, blackheads, moth patches, oiliness, roughness—they all go—they cannot stay if you use Nadinola, the *guaranteed* super-bleach and complexion beautifier. You will be amazed how fast it clears up your skin—rids it of all blemishes—makes your complexion white, lovely, baby-smooth!

Nadinola never fails. It contains the most powerful bleaching ingredients known to science, yet so skillfully blended they cannot harm the most delicate skin. It is the one bleaching cream that *always succeeds*. Almost overnight you note the change—then constant day by day improvement until your skin is everything you long for.

Get a jar of Nadinola now. Let it give you the beauty you have longed for—the smooth, white velvety skin women envy and men admire. At good toilet counters, extra large size, $1. *Positive, written, money-back guarantee* (with simple directions) in every package. If you can't get Nadinola where you live, just write us for extra-large jar with dainty gift sample and *free beauty booklet*. Send no money—just pay the postman on delivery. Address Dept. M, National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

Women now know there's none "just as good" as

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Long life for clothes washed with La France! Use it *with* soap. Makes rubbing and bluing unnecessary. Saves half washday work... gives whiter clothes!

La France

CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

At all drug and shoe stores—35c

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Won't Mar Finest Wall Paper And will harmonize with any color decorations

Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads—Steel Points

For heavy pictures, mirrors, etc., use

Moore Push-less Hangers

They strongly grip the wall

10c pkts. Everywhere

Send for Sample, New Enameled Cup Hook

Moore Push-Pin Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 4937. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8, waist, 1⅛ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 32-inch.

No. 4895. Girl's Sleeveless Dress; with underdress. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires, dress, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material; underdress, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4805. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with body lining; kimono sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires, dress, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch; lining, ¾ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4949. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material; yoke, tie and cuffs, ⅝ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4956. Misses' and Juniors' Ensemble Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch; waist, 1¼ yards of 40-inch. Motif No. 1377 may be used.

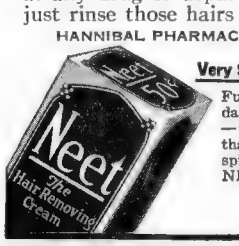
Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

We Tell the World

nothing leaves the skin so beautifully hair-free as Neet — *the cream that dissolves hair.*

All styles demand hair removal. The ready-to-use cream that millions use for the amazing beauty it brings to arms, underarms and legs is Neet. One of the most popular beautifiers sold today. Three to four times as effective as shaving. Just spread Neet over the hair. A little later dash cold water over it and off goes the hair. Removed at the roots. No pulling, no cutting, no heating, mixing or fuss. The easiest and safest way. No stubble to prick and show! No enlarged pores. Hair growth positively retarded. This cream will delight you. Give you an entirely new idea of convenient and effective treatment of a common problem. Call for Neet by name at any drug or department store. Then just rinse those hairs away.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS



Very Special

Further insure personal daintiness by using IMMAC—the dainty white cream that rids under-arm perspiration of all odor. Your NEET dealer has IMMAC.

FRECKLES

OTHINE

Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

Colson Wheel Chairs

and Cripples' Tricycles

Models for All Needs

The COLSON Co.

2011 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

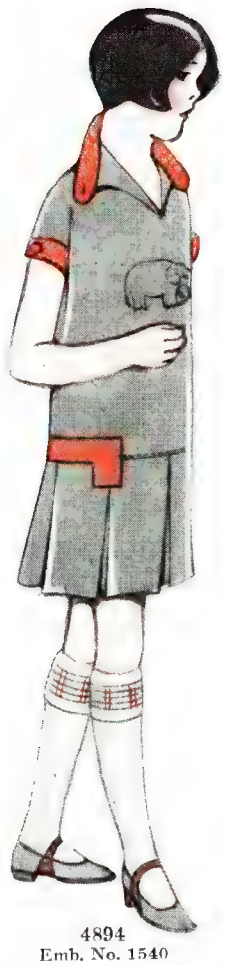
Catalog Free

4890

4948
Emb. No. 1426

L'ECHO
DE
PARIS

4679



4894
Emb. No. 1540

4894 4949

4948 4890

4679

4949

No. 4948. Child's Dress; with yoke and puff sleeves. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4, 1½ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1426 would be attractive worked in satin-stitch.

No. 4894. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10, 2⅛ yards of 32-inch; bands, ¾ yard 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1540 suggested to trim.

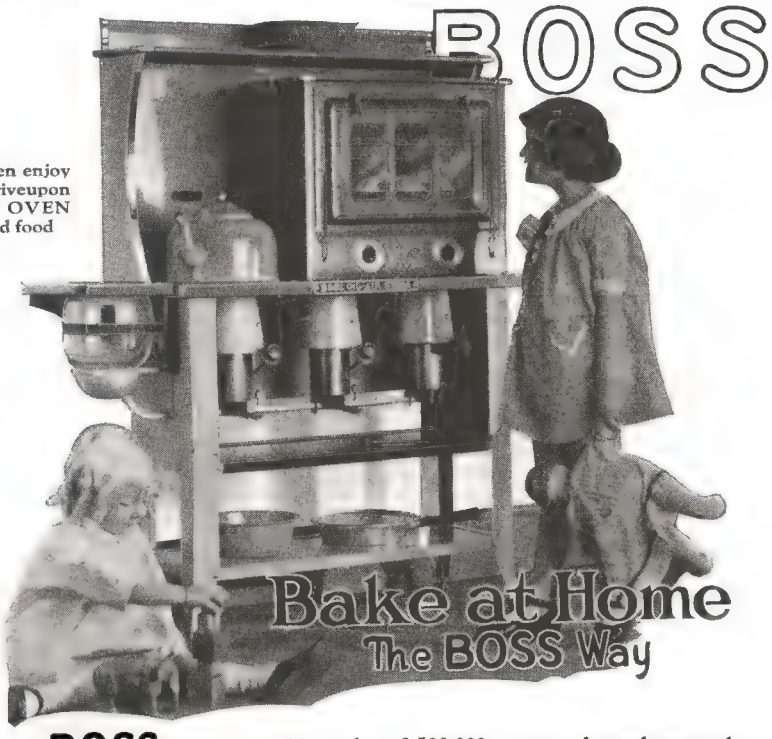
No. 4890. Child's Slip-On Dress; raglan sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material; collar, cuffs and belt tabs, ⅜ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4679. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with pleat insets at sides; short set-in sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 1½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4949. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece straight skirt; gathered sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2⅜ yards of 36-inch or 2¼ yards of 40-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

BOSS



Children enjoy and thrive upon BOSS OVEN baked food

Bake at Home
The BOSS Way

BOSS OIL AIR STOVES

save food and cook quicker. "Old Ivory" color. Roller legs. Made in 2, 3, 4 and 5 burner models, with or without high shelf. Their low cost will surprise you.

More than 2,500,000 women depend upon the BOSS OVEN. Guaranteed glass door, through which baking may be seen, prevents over-browning and burning.

Guaranteed to bake satisfactorily on all good Oil, Gas and Gasoline Stoves

Most sanitary and easy to clean. Thorough ventilation permits the baking of different foods at the same time. Asbestos lining saves fuel. A style and size to meet every requirement. Sold by hardware, furniture and department stores. *Insist upon the genuine stamped—BOSS OVEN.*

THE HUENEFELD CO. *Established 54 Years* Cincinnati, Ohio

BOSS OVENS

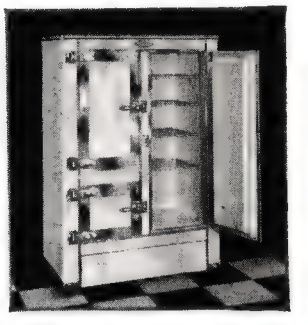
"Let me have 832 quarts of milk and 100 pounds of butter"

THAT is a year's supply for an average family. You wouldn't think of receiving it all at once—it would spoil. Yet, to trust your daily supplies to a defective refrigerator is just as expensive.

Putting food in the Gibson is like putting cash in the bank—*you know it's safe.* The Gibson's fourteen walls of insulation keep cold food-saving air inside.

The one-piece porcelain lining with rounded corners makes the Gibson easy to keep clean. Exclusive, new style flat metal shelves allow dishes to slide in and out easily without tipping. Automatic locks close the doors air-tight. The trap is one-piece cast aluminum. It won't rust or clog.

The Gibson is made in all styles, sizes and prices. The corkboard-insulated Gibson is approved for electrical refrigeration. Send for our new booklet, "What goes into your refrigerator?" Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.



Gibson
REFRIGERATOR

Small Motors Need 3-in-One

The motors of washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners and electric fans run so fast that only the highest quality oil provides proper lubrication.

3-in-One is a high quality oil—a scientific compound of several high quality oils! Penetrates quickly, oils perfectly, doesn't gum or dry out.

Use also on everything that ever needs oiling—locks, bolts, hinges, etc.

Sold by good stores everywhere, in Handy Cans and bottles.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130LE. William St. New York, N. Y.
33 Years of Continuous Service

FREE: *Generous sample and illustrated circulars. Request them on a postal. No obligation.*

A Dustless Dust Cloth is economically made by lightly saturating a yard of cheese cloth with 3-in-One.

KR984

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes

6-Room ALADDIN $618

ALL MATERIALS READI-CUT

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You can buy all materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits, on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

4-Room ALADDIN $398

4 different floor plan arrangements of this cottage shown in free catalog. 1 and 2 bedroom plans, with and without bath.

Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. **Freight paid** to your station. **Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 307.**

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont

Women / MAKE BIG MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Easiest of all spare-time money makers. Hand color and sell our greeting cards. Birthday and Everyday line now ready. No experience needed. Many making $50 to $80 month in *spare time*.

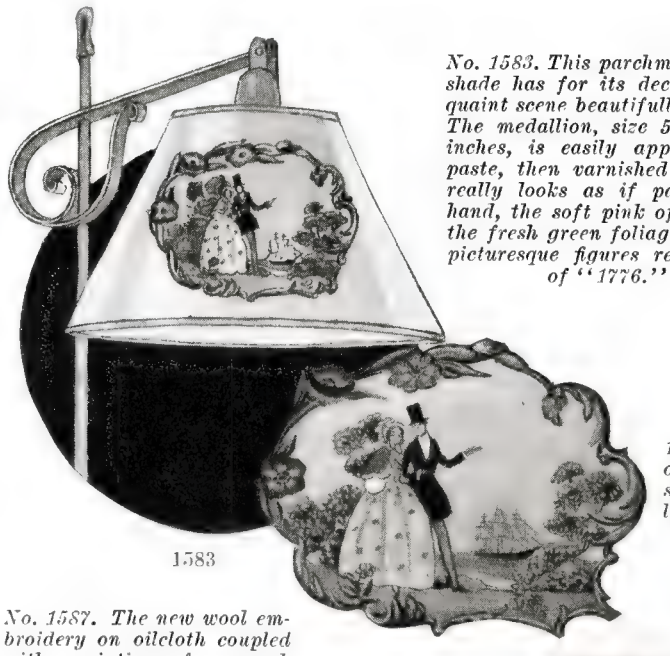
Send $1.00 for Trial Box

Contains full assortment cards, colors, brush, instruction book. Will sell for $3 to $4 colored. Or send for FREE catalog "Pleasant Pages." Describes whole plan. Write quick!

LITTLE ART SHOP, 526 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Decorative Arts Stressed in the Home

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1583

No. 1583. This parchment lampshade has for its decoration a quaint scene beautifully colored. The medallion, size 5¾ x 7½ inches, is easily applied with paste, then varnished over. It really looks as if painted by hand, the soft pink of the sky, the fresh green foliage and the picturesque figures reminiscent of "1776."

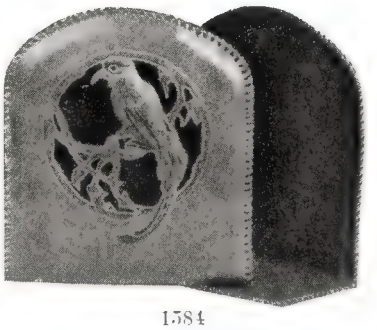
1583. Detail of Landscape Medallion on lampshade.

No. 1587. The new wool embroidery on oilcloth coupled with painting for porch uses, is very popular. The bird design is first painted in gay colors, then outlines worked in wool. Of oilcloth is the wool embroidered oval applied to the burlap bag, and the smart porch pillow.

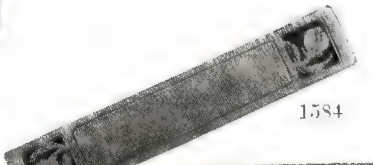
1587

1587. Wool stitches on painted parrot, design 16½ x 16½ inches.

1587



1584



1584

No. 1584. Tooled leather has a richness and charm all its own. And such delightful articles as these are not difficult to make. With the leather and a single tool, the correct designs (there are nine different adaptations), and the simplest of instructions everybody can learn to do it.

1584

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Want Some Money?

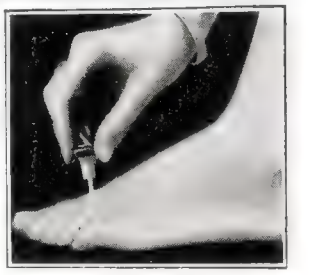
Here's a wonderful way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell.

You can make good money and this book is **FREE**

Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made $25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement.—Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

Fireside Industries
Dept. 18-G - - Adrian, Mich.



Corns Vanish after this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better

CURTAINS AT FACTORY PRICES

SAVE retailer's profit. Bargains in fine ruffle curtains, sets and panels, direct from factory. All shades and colors. Finest quality and workmanship. Lowest prices. Fully guaranteed. Send for FREE CATALOG.
HOMESTEAD MILLS, 870 *Third Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

NO MORE PAIN

Amazing relief for you. Stops burning, aching, tender, swollen, calloused, torturing feet. Foot trouble mastered in marvelous CAL-O-CIDE. Wear shoes you like. One application of CAL-O-CIDE and corns and callouses gone like magic. At druggists, or send 35c for full size package, and treatise on foot trouble
MEDCO CO., DEPT. A, DAYTON, OHIO

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

Big Profit in Home made Candies

Cost $.14 sell for $.60 pound. Start in home. Sell to stores. Almost no cash capital needed. All ages, ladies or men. Taught (by Mail) by merchant 35 years successful experience. We furnish Tools. BOOKLET FREE.

CAPITOL CANDY SCHOOL Dept. 28-G WASHINGTON, D. C.

Nothing Better

—in all the world—than this famous beauty aid on which millions of the world's fairest "Gentlewomen" depend—Canthrox Shampoo. They know that careful washing with the right shampoo is essential. Experience proves the wonderful power in this preparation.

Canthrox brings out all the natural beauty in the hair, making it thoroughly clean, brightening each strand and making it fluffy and full of luster. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of warm water. Apply to scalp and rub in thoroughly all over the head. The thick, creamy lather will remove all dirt and excess oil. At all drug stores.

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

FREE Trial Offer—To prove that Canthrox is the most satisfying and economical hair wash, we will send one shampoo free to any address on receipt of 2 cents postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.
16 Peoria St., Dept. 4
Chicago, Illinois

WOULDN'T IT MEAN A GREAT DEAL

to you to be able to use an antiseptic that will cleanse, soothe and heal the tissues—yet is not poisonous—not caustic—easy to use and economical?

Germicide—Antiseptic—Deodorant

You Well? I'm Well!

Sterizol is a highly concentrated powder — all antiseptic value — dissolves in water instantly making solutions in quantity and strength desired.

Each jar of *Sterizol* contains forty teaspoonfuls—each teaspoonful makes a pint of reliable antiseptic solution. The jar is only one dollar. You make solutions at a cost of less than three cents a pint. At your druggists.

Free Booklet sent upon request.
THE STERIZOL COMPANY
270 Water Street Ossining, N. Y.

STERIZOL
THE ANTISEPTIC
For Personal Use

No mixing of powders or spreading of sticky pastes—
RAT BIS-KIT
is ready to use. Sure death to rats and mice. Quickest, cleanest, easiest way. New tin package contains 18 "Bis Kits," always fresh. 35c at all drug and general stores.
Guarantee coupon in every package.
The Rat Biscuit Co.
Springfield
Ohio

Be a Nurse

Earn $30-$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time to be a nurse. Courses endorsed by physicians. Thousand graduates. Est. 27 years. Nurse's equipment included. Money back agreement. *Free booklet.*
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
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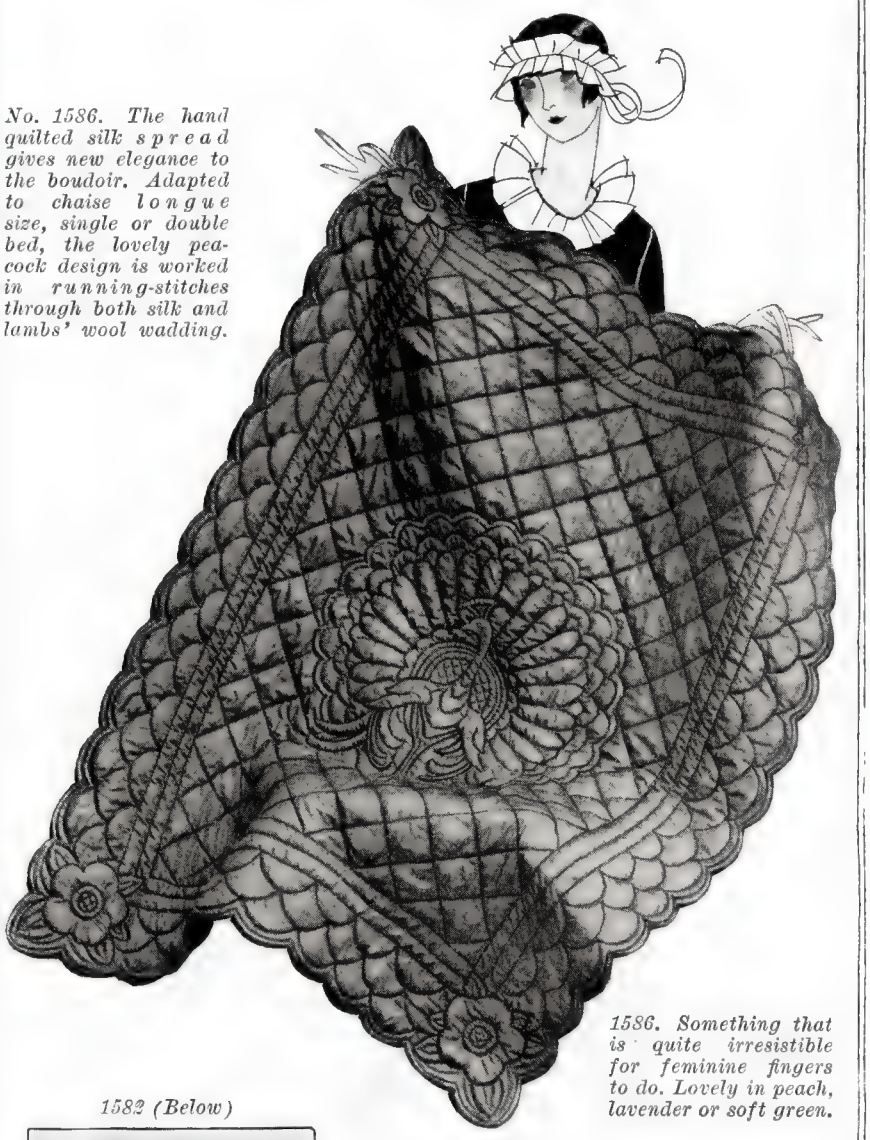
421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00.
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1048 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hand Quilting and Cross-Stitch Revived

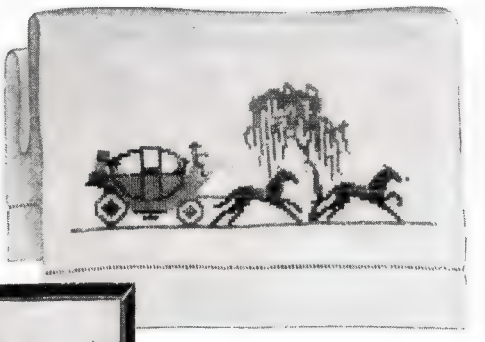
by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1586. The hand quilted silk spread gives new elegance to the boudoir. Adapted to chaise longue size, single or double bed, the lovely peacock design is worked in running-stitches through both silk and lambs' wool wadding.

1586. Something that is quite irresistible for feminine fingers to do. Lovely in peach, lavender or soft green.

1582 (Below)



1582. Half of the charm of these cross-stitched linens lies in their quaint coloring. The red-roofed homestead with green lawn is enclosed by a brown fence, the motto is in delft-blue, the small wanderers in lavender, blue and yellow.

No. 1582. A new cross-stitch sampler with landscape design worked in realistic colors on linen, makes a lively tea-tray. A historic stage coach lends interest to table runner, and fluttering birds are pictured in colorful cottons on linen towels.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 90.

Joyous Feet Today— but *what of Tomorrow?*

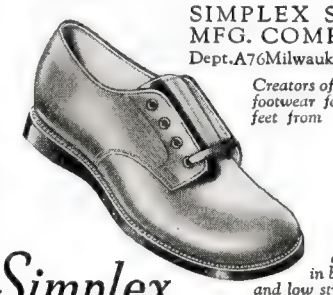
TODAY is the best time to think of *tomorrow.* Those healthy, happy feet, for example. Will they be as joyous twenty years hence, as they are *now, today?* Something to think about!

Do you know about the harm that can be caused in later years, by poorly designed or incorrectly fitted shoes worn in childhood? Do you know that almost three-fourths of all grownup folks suffer from foot troubles that could easily have been prevented by proper shoe selection in youth? Again, something to think about!

Simplex Flexies, the dainty health shoes for healthy feet, keep young feet young. They provide comfort and style for today, and protection against pain for tomorrow! *Insist* on being supplied with Simplex Flexies for your children. This name is printed on the botton of each shoe.

SIMPLEX SHOE
MFG. COMPANY
Dept. A76 Milwaukee, Wis.

Creators of daintier footwear for young feet from 1 to 21.



Flexies are made in both high and low styles, in a great variety of leathers.

Simplex Flexies
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets — one for you and one for the kiddies.

Gentlemen: Send me name of nearest Flexies dealer — also your booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name _____

Address _____

NEW wonderful FACE POWDER

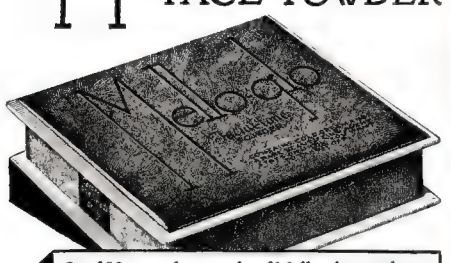
AN entirely new French Process Powder is this wonderful creation called Mello-glo. Once you use Mello-glo you will realize how different it is from old-time face powders. Notice how Mello-glo is so little affected by perspiration—how long it stays on—how it keeps that ugly shine away. Its thin, downy film of pure fine powder protects the pores from dirt and impurities. Beauty fades only when the pores become clogged and enlarged. Do not neglect this most vital feature of your good looks. The most important thing is the kind of face powder you use.

Don't let your pores get large

Try this wonderful Mello-glo Powder today. Sold by high-class stores everywhere.

If your local dealer is out of Mello-glo ask him to get it, or use the coupon below

Mello-glo
THE NEW FACE POWDER



Send 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the new French Beauty Treatment, or $1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-tone Powder, including beauty instruction book. MELLO-GLO COMPANY
201 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. *(Dept. F)*

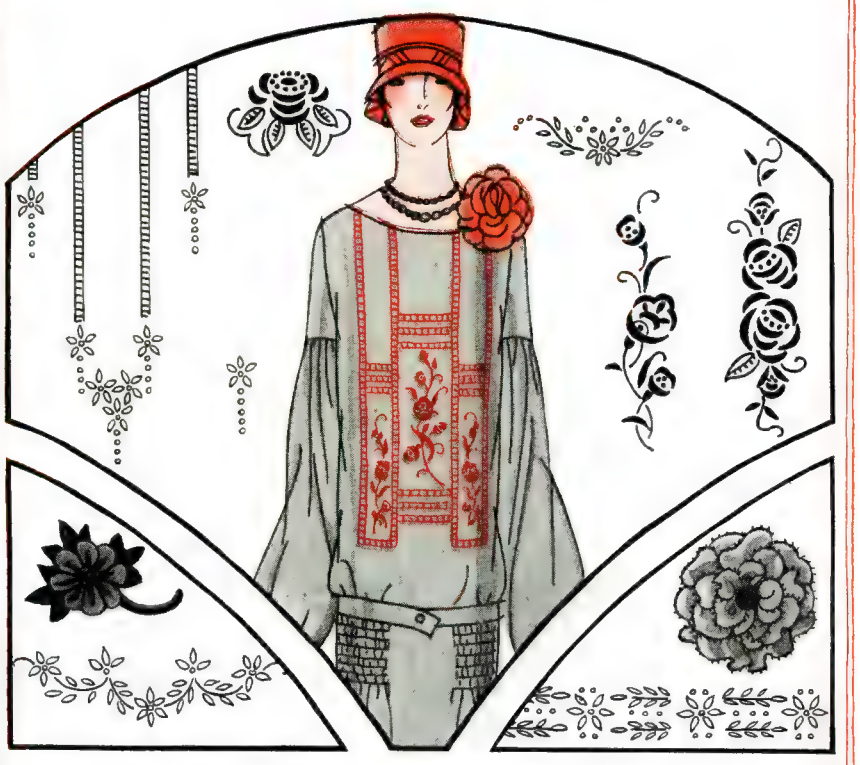
Name _____

Address _____

Please write here name of your favorite store:

Fashion Favors Flowers and Fagoting

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1585. Flowers, fagoting and hemstitching—these, fashion declares, are indispensable to the chic of milady's frocks this summer. They are fascinatingly easy to make from the diagrams and directions, these fabric flowers of organdie, georgette, crêpe de Chine, each matching the dress it adorns; some even of jersey cloth and flannel. And the sheer touches of fagoting and hemstitching are adapted, together with lovely little embroidery motifs, to the smartest ensemble of all.

4960 with Emb. Design

4961 with Emb. Design

4851 with Emb. Design

No. 4960. This little frock with accompanying bloomers satisfies its young wearer for its utility and the chic as well of its embroidery motifs. Adapted to 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years.

No. 4961. The small vestee bordered with cross-stitch in two colors and the matching pockets are delightful features of this frock with bloomers. Adapted to 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years.

No. 4851. Nothing more alluring for summer parties than this sheer slip-on frock daintily embroidered with colorful cottons. Adapted to 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years.

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Free from odor all day with *one* application

A whole day's daintiness in one application! Apply Creme Odorono in the morning and you're sure of absolute freedom from that treacherous underarm odor which soap and water can't keep off for more than an hour.

Although it does not check moisture, Creme Odorono gives what is new in creme deodorants—scientific, effective and *lasting* protection from odor.

Soft, smooth, fragrant, quickly applied and instantly vanishing—a joy to use! At all toilet counters, 25c large tube. Or send coupon with ten cents for generous sample.

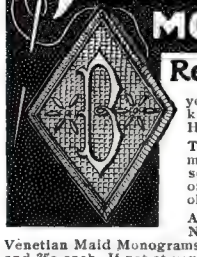
Ruth Miller
The Odorono Company
66 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me sample tube of Creme Odorono.
Name.....
Address.....

Bobbed Hair affords NO Concealment—

The hair's worst faults are revealed, but, happily, so are its best features. It is so easy to brighten a well worn suit with a vivid hat, a clever scarf, or a string of colorful beads. And if it was well cut in the beginning, it still has a charm of distinction which a newer suit of cheaper cut might never hold. But hair—that's quite another problem, in these days of sleek heads, unadorned. One must leave nothing undone to keep one's hair alive and shining, for in the pitiless light of day or under the evening lights, its condition is glaringly revealed. After a Golden Glint shampoo, there will be just a gleam of bronze on the smooth surface, just a hint o' gold as the light plays upon it. And you won't be disappointed at the result. 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. ***J.W. KOBI CO., 638E Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO
—that magic luster for every shade of hair

Venetian Maid MONOGRAMS
Ready to Sew on



your Linens, Table Cloths, Napkins, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Handkerchiefs, etc.

The newest and most economical method of monograming your personal belongings. Saves many hours of hand work, gives all the effect of old fashioned hand embroidery.

Ask your Department Store Art Needlework or Lace Department for Venetian Maid Monograms. Four sizes priced at 6c, 12c, 20c, and 35c each. If not at your dealers, write giving initial and enclosing 10c for sample and price list.

Venetian Monogram Corp.
268 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

STUDENT SUICIDES AND THE UNIVERSITIES

[*Continued from page 96*]

to do what we can to reduce the shock of these transitions.

Clearly there is need of dependable techniques of counsel and guidance here. Here and there and yonder, schools are resorting to the services of mental hygiene experts for counsel to students who find themselves in intellectual, moral, and emotional tangles. I am not at all sure that we are ready for a rapid extension of this practice. The techniques of mental hygiene are still young. They may so easily become, in the hands of inexpert or single-track-minded practitioners, species of mental and moral patent medicines, that I am not sure but that their too rapid extension in our universities might cause more troubles than they would cure, stimulating instead of sublimating the sex-consciousness of youth. But the careful and dependable development of this sort of counsel is clearly needed. In the end, however, the greatest guidance through these difficult years must come from the spirit and tone of the university community rather than from a small staff of added experts.

Third, the free and open discussion of the intellectual, moral, and emotional dilemmas of youth is, I think, a salutary safety valve as well as a source of stabilization. There are signs of a panic retreat to a régime of repression as a possible remedy for student suicides. Here and there persons are pleading for an embargo on the growing freedom of discussion of topics that were taboo in the near past, but which recently have been talked about freely in the forums of our colleges and universities. This, in my judgment, would be a grave mistake.

A policy of free discussion, even when it goes to lengths that make some of us wince, provides a sort of secular confessional for the college community. It affords an emotional drainage. Students may crowd a hall to listen, let us say, to a discussion that suggests the allurements of sex. They may go from prurient curiosity. With the discussion pitched upon a high plane, they discover that the subject is not as racy as they expected. They find themselves insensibly taking a more normal and healthy attitude toward the problem. They are less inclined thereafter to indulge in shame-faced-behind-the-barn discussion. But let university authorities begin a swaggering censorship, saying you may discuss this but you may not discuss that, and the very process of censorship will focus the mind of a whole student body on the forbidden topic.

Harry Emerson Fosdick has suggested that American Protestantism needs something analogous to the Roman Catholic confessional, in order that burdened individuals, sick in soul and sore in spirit, might have a place to go where they could pour out their doubts and difficulties in the presence of a counsellor who could bring both sympathy and science to bear upon their problems. I suggest that, in some way, colleges and universities must contrive to render to students the sort of counsel that Mr. Fosdick suggests the Protestant churches should render to their communicants.

I have already said that I doubt the wisdom of a too rapid extension of the services of mental hygiene experts in our universities. We have nothing to gain and much to lose from an alliance with inexpert "experts" whose Freudian over-simplifications are mentally unhygienic. We must utilize all that the developing science of mental hygiene has to offer, but we must avoid its amateur practitioners. I feel very sure, however, that a policy of open and unhampered discussion of the whole gamut of issues that vex the lives of undergraduates and an increasing sense of the priestly and prophetic functions of the teacher alongside his function as an assembler and announcer of facts will go far toward a safeguarding of the situation.

Neither in repression nor in romanticism, but in reality, lies the key to the increase, the enrichment, and the moral unification of the lives of our sons and our daughters. Modern youth will not follow a leadership that ducks and dodges and, with finger to lips, meets a challenge with the sign of silence.

YOUTH SEARCHES FOR THE MEANING OF LIFE

[*Continued from page 5*]

contagious expressions. It matters not at all that statistics are produced to show that instead of these anti-social phenomena possessing exceptional and unusual significance, they are actually less frequent than in past times, called normal. The unstable and apprehensive feelings are not quieted by statistics, and there is obviously an underlying wish to grasp some tangible outward manifestation which will justify the inner condition of disturbance and uncertainty.

For, in spite of all efforts to explain a way by reference to simple objective reasons the unstable, disturbed and insecure attitude which characterizes the psychology of the modern individual, there can be no doubt that we are in the midst of one of these great periods of change when dissatisfaction, general questioning and doubt dominate the minds of large numbers of people. The comfortable assurance that values are known, that eternal laws are grasped, and that even although one transgressed or revolted against the right, one was in no doubt as to what was the right and what the penalty of the transgression, has almost completely disappeared.

A gay, charming, young girl of twenty said to me the other day:— "I think life must have been much more comfortable for the older generations when traditions were still firm and religious practice generally unquestioned, when there was something to take hold of that was stable and secure, and when it was a daring thing to break away or to think differently. Now we have nothing but chaos. We don't know what it is all about or why we should do this or that. It is only confusing."

A husky, young college boy announced recently:— "The only meaning in life that I can see, is to get all the fun you can and don't do anything you can't get away with, for that is what people do anyway, no matter how they talk."

These two young people were both members of Christian families, both trained in the teaching of the church by religious parents. Nevertheless, their attitude was little different from that of numerous others who have been given no religious training.

Among older persons one is confronted everywhere by the same restless seeking—successful business men are asking the same questions, making the same statements:— "There is nothing to it. What am I driving for? What is it all about?" And restless, dissatisfied women searching for distraction in something outside of themselves, work or pleasure as it happens, are everywhere in evidence.

Today the questioning and uncertainty have become a general collective attitude affecting all people, even the older generations striving to adhere to their former philosophy or religious ideas, and it forms the general background in which youth finds himself regardless of his individual need or will.

Today we are witnessing the cumulative effect of past religious criticism, of scientific knowledge and of the widespread higher education, all of which have emphasized the material and objective realities and disregarded the subjective and personal needs of the individual. The function of faith and of the symbol by which man has raised himself and answered his questions is largely discredited along with his religious beliefs and creeds. All this is considered "old stuff" by the

[*Turn to page 120*]

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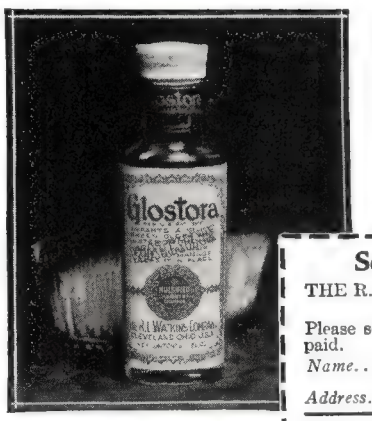

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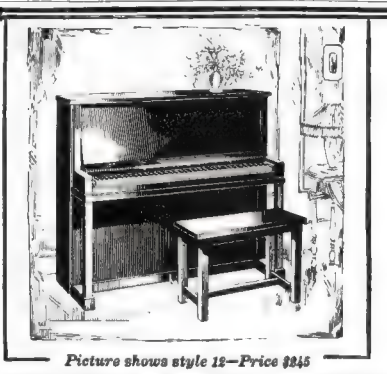

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WINONA WILCOX

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

WINONA WILCOX

It is not curiosity about other people's doings which keeps this page alive. Rather it is a decent human urge to get at the truth about our common worries and the best ways of meeting and surviving them. The women who want to know may get in touch with the women who have found out. "Let's Talk It Over"—all sides of it. ❧❧ *If an immediate personal discussion by mail is preferred, send stamped addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.*

ONE cannot say, "I will not be jealous!" and thereupon cease to be jealous. One cannot say, "I will not be nervous!" and thereupon become serene. To get rid of our emotions we are obliged to resort to circuitous methods. This is an exasperating idea to all who respect the human will. It is a particularly trying process to women who have a justified excuse for "nerves."

The modern woman realizes that nerves in good health are a reliable source of power and that there is no efficiency and no charm in an unnerved person.

Many a sorely distressed wife has made an honest effort to quiet her nerves and has failed because she said, "I simply refuse to be so upset!" and then sat down expecting calmness to envelop her. As "nerves" and other distresses flourish when we think about them either negatively or positively she succeeded only in driving her trouble deeper and in becoming more miserable then ever.

Now it is not possible for the human mind to concentrate upon two thoughts at the same time. One must choose to transfer one's attention from one objective to another in order to obtain a frame of mind, such as freedom from jealousy. A woman can ignore her "nerves" by fixing her attention upon an unrelated interest. But she cannot succeed unless the objective is detached from the person of whom she is jealous, or is distinct from the causes which produce the "nerves."

Sometimes the women who have worked out their own salvation by this indirect method do not understand how they acquire their new enthusiasm for living. Doubtless it is unnecessary for them to be informed about their mental processes. Probably it is sufficient for other harassed souls to follow the example of "the women who have found out."

Take the most common of the grievances of women, a husband's neglect. In a case of ordinary casual indifference which does not include a rival, although even if the latter were involved, the cure would be much the same:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I have been married eleven years and am now only twenty-seven. I have a beautiful home and two splendid children. I possess more luxuries than any of my friends and yet some of them I envy.

My husband means to be good to me but he has forgotten what tenderness is. There is no sympathy in his make-up. Do not take it for granted that I am unqualified for love and wifehood. For your information I must tell you that I am considered good looking, I follow the fashions, have glorious health and am a good housekeeper. My expensive education ought to help me but does not.

I am absolutely overlooked by my husband. Times innumerable I have dressed exquisitely to accompany him to some social affair, hoping to arouse his admiration and a fragment of his former ardor. All in vain. I receive admiration from every side but never a compliment from the man whose approval I want.

If I am just my natural self, loving him, praising him, enthusing over his work, entertaining him, he is supremely pleased. He is getting all. Giving nothing. Just taking.

Oh, I wish I could find the right words! I want him to be kind in other than material ways. I cannot contemplate going through life hungering for love and understanding. "Let's talk it over." I am not the only neglected wife—Lotte.

Right here is an important item for any remiss husband to keep on the surface of his consciousness where he can get at it frequently. There is no torture harder to endure than that which ensues when tenderness is thrown back upon itself.

In reply to the above letter and to hundreds of wives who have made similar complaints, I offer suggestions collected by a one-time neglected wife who set out upon the grand adventure of reconstructing her life so that it should provide her with a few satisfactions.

Her husband's indifference had convinced her that he did not love her. Following the modern woman's initial impulse in time of emotional stress, she went into business. Eventually she gave up her employment and undertook the difficult enterprise of adapting herself to matrimonial conditions which she was unable to change. At every angle, her problem touches the experience of some other wife. She writes:

Dear Winona Wilcox: In the art of educating a husband, I think I am entitled to a degree. My John is a selfish man. His mother was one of those dear women who sacrifice everything for an only son. When I married John, I started right in where she left off and I made him more selfish than he had been. Small wonder he failed to show me his love. He didn't think he had to. Enough for him that I loved him.

After months of feeling my way, I now have a marvelous time with existence. I am so happy that I want to recommend my plan to all wives who are belittled and enfeebled by neglect.

From the hour I put on my wedding ring, I traveled in circles around John and he repaid me by making me the object of his humor. And so I became discontented, miserable, awkward, emotionally unbalanced. I tired over easy tasks. I hated to meet people. And I felt sorry for myself day and night. Probably a good many worried wives will recognize some of my symptoms as their own.

One evening my husband rebuked me in a crowd because I told a witty story which made everybody laugh. It was a good story and not risqué. The men in the group gave John one look and walked off. The girls stared at him and drifted away. Then of a sudden I saw my husband as those friends saw him.

Then and there I got the idea that a woman must be a successful human being before she can be a successful wife. Up to this moment I had had no aim except to please John and his parents who lived in the adjacent house. Well, my ambition may have been laudable according to tradition but the result for me was disastrous. I thought and acted precisely as they expected me to do. My husband even boasted that he knew precisely what I would do and say under all circumstances.

As I set this down, I have to laugh because the cure of all my very real miseries proved in the end quite simple. I transferred my attention from John as its sole object and took up in turn a variety of delightful matters which now keep me so busy that I never have time to feel hurt. Nowadays if my husband says anything to make me feel small, I do not pull a long face as formerly. I just laugh at him. My new attitude astounds him.

I think I have studied most angles of my subject. In the beginning I tried the modern girl's panacea for all her ailments. I took a business position. But it wasn't my salvation. I love my home and couldn't bear to see it in disorder. Every night I reached home brainfagged and stayed awake hours pitying myself. I broke under the strain. Some women who are worn out with two jobs give up the husband and home. I gave up the job and returned to my unsolved problem.

I let John go his own way but I looked fearlessly at the truth about him. Counted his virtues every day. Perceived that his is a nature no woman could influence. Saw that he would treat any wife the same way. It is his nature to cease to value anything, his car, his radio, a new house or office, once he possesses it. Jealous I could not make him. John has perfect faith in me.

So I decided to let John alone and attend to myself. I dug up my own personality which had been battered and bruised and buried from my wedding day. I saw for the first time that John and I have no similar tastes and ideas. How could he guess that the "fun" he had in tantalizing me was pure torture to me?

My motto used to be, "Anything to keep the peace." Now the only peace I am concerned with is my own peace of mind. When I used to agree, "Yes, my dear!" to everything my husband said, I was not honest with myself, not honest in my soul. Now I say, "NO!" when I think "No!" My frankness startles John. Just as likely as not he will bring me candy or flowers when he comes home at night, a thing he had forgotten for years.

Of course the bad moments come at intervals. But if a neglected wife understands why a man fails to fulfill her dream of a husband, she has started on the road to a new kind of happiness. If her old methods have failed, she would better try new ones and not waste time in tears. Always she must keep occupied with something she likes to do. I am taking a reading course planned for me by a local librarian. I have joined our leading women's club and am on the managing board of an orphanage.

In trying to make an individual out of myself, I find I have to live just one day at a time. But I try to make the days different. Never again shall John say that he always knows what I will do and say. I "shop around" for something new in life each day, a new friend, a new book, a new menu, a new song, a bit of harmless gossip, a new auto trip. If I feel the urge for a new bonnet I buy it.

To any wife who cannot get the attention she feels entitled to, I would say, "Simply make yourself so worth while that your husband cannot overlook you." In the short time I have been trying to make an independent human being of myself, and since I have found courage to voice my own opinions, John's attitude toward me has changed. He has taken to kissing me good-by in the morning.

I used to be a quiet wall-flower in company but now I enter into the fun of every party and John pays me the compliment of smiling at what I say. I get many a laugh when I notice his bewilderment. At last John realizes that I am a human being and not just "the wife." I must confess I am so absorbed in my own adventure that I do not stop to think any more whether he loves me or not. I just take it for granted that he cares in his own queer fashion.

There are many submerged repressed wives such as I once was. Perhaps my story will help some of them to trust themselves but this they can do only when they stop pretending for love's sake and become honest to themselves in their own souls—Elsbeth.

"Six months ago I was miserable, unhappy"

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY *in the garden of her home at Dallas, Texas*

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MRS. DANIEL McLEAN,
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Make Fleischmann's Yeast a regular part of your daily diet. Your digestion will become normal, your skin will clear—soon you will *look* as healthy and happy as you feel!

YOUTH SEARCHES FOR THE MEANING OF LIFE

[*Continued from page 117*]

modern, and nothing that one is unable to apprehend by the senses can be given serious consideration. A sterile intellectualism entirely occupied with tangible facts and sense objects, has replaced the rich emotional and spiritual interest of the past generations, and the realm of the spirit where formerly great conflicts were consciously waged, is now neglected and ignored.

The preoccupation of the modern consciousness with things of a wholly other sort than religion and its object, the concept of sin, has forced these matters into the unconscious and as a consequence, a great amount of energy—libido—formerly attached consciously to these problems, has been carried down with them.

The restlessness, depressions and revolt of the present day are largely the result of this stored-up and objectless energy. It is this that causes life to appear empty and gray. Unfortunately, the breaking up of old forms of discipline, of authority and of religious pressure and the release from them, does not signify that the individual has now reached a greater development and has no further need of these aids. Thus the intellect frequently assumes, when it refers to the common beliefs of the past as childish and to its own superior knowledge.

The freedom from childish religious conceptions of which the intellect is so proud, constitutes no freedom when the same inner psychic condition exists which brought them forth. For although there is the greatest contrast between our culture and the wild, orgiastic and dissipated Roman period in which Christianity took its root, the essential human need for a new direction of life, an ideal that can be loved and revered and that will carry man beyond himself, still persists. The religious forces of repression have brought about an attenuation and feebleness of the animal impulses and emotions with a corresponding widespread stimulation and activity of the intellectual sphere. But this does not constitute an essential maturity of the individual. Indeed, there appears to be a far greater childishness and immaturity as far as life is concerned among people today than in the past, probably due in part to the softness and ease of the physical comforts of our external life as compared with those of even a few decades ago.

We thus have individuals living on two psychological levels which afford the greatest contrast to each other; one of intellect dominated by the general intellectual knowledge of our time, and appearing greatly superior to the ideas and concepts based on the superstitions and ignorances of the past; the other, one entirely subjective and dominated by emotional reactions and feeling attitudes frequently associated with the most childish wishes and ego claims.

In place of more mature living as a result of the greater knowledge numerous people today are suffering from intellectual indigestion. The scientific knowledge, which has dissolved so much of the mists of superstition, is grasped in the most superficial way, and the ideas which have undermined the old beliefs are unassimilated. Therefore, although they may be intellectually understood, they have little or no relation with the total personality. The most that has been achieved is reaction and revolt. Revolt and rejection do not represent a higher or superior development and only, when these states become the starting point for the creation of something new within the individual, something which more adequately fulfills the needs of the total personality and can be used as a symbol for his further goal, is the reaction and struggle more than a futile gesture.

A development and maturity in being does not occur through the accumulation of information, but through an actual creative process in which all the psychic functions participate. Therefore, the effort to make the intellect the measure of human development will surely fail for the neglected subjective feeling and emotional aspect of the personality will reveal itself in some childish form despite intellectual superiority and disregard. The emotional needs and attitudes of the personality require recognition by the intellect for there must be an adequate object to love or a goal towards which to strive, else the psychic being manifests itself in weak, infantile, and inferior ways or turns upon itself and produces depression, pessimism and bitterness.

There is an amount of psychic energy or libido over and above that belonging to the purposes of adaptation which finds its proper expression in the human being in effective and spiritual aspirations. This can never be satisfied by an intellectual sublimation. It requires something which can be moulded to its own subjective character. Therefore religion, which gathered under its wings all the needs and longings of the human being that the reality of the senses denied, stimulated hope and aspiration and thus became the supreme object of the libido, and the incentive to man to transcend himself.

The fact that all religions have existed to serve the needs of the individual and that they were used for purely personal advantage, in no way detracts from their value. Man is a creature capable of infinite psychological growth and development. He feels the God within him; therefore, he aspires towards God. This development can only be achieved through the creative impulse we call love. Therefore, he must love something beyond himself, he must become related to an object upon which he can project his idealism, his feeling for the supreme. The conception of an external God has been that object. What does it matter that he has been repeatedly told that God is within him, that God is love, that the kingdom of heaven is within, that matters of the spirit can only be understood through spiritual means. The strength of the projection in man is so great that God must be personified and made warm, loving and outside of himself. It has been through this conception that life has acquired meaning, and that man has been lured forth to his own becoming. By means of this he has been comforted and coerced, stimulated and threatened, soothed and encouraged.

The non-Christian religions use all these methods equally with the Christian, clearly revealing the common purpose within them all.

No one who fails to appreciate the great psychological meaning and value for man of the religions he has created, has himself developed beyond the need of their help.

However, our religion has been gradually organized into a dogma, formalized and presented as a collective tradition to be accepted or ignored. Its symbols and creeds have become intellectualized and therefore arid, therefore, even for those who still cling to them, they have lost their fructifying and developing power.

The loss of this great libido object has produced a sense of futility and emptiness in the consciousness of many people. When God was a vital, living reality to man, his value was unlimited, but when the intellect—the offspring of the ego—entered to question and to examine, to reduce the supreme object of his faith and love to the same level as that of any other objective reality, the power and value became correspondingly reduced. The significance of psychological reality is not easily grasped and in the general discredit that has fallen upon the symbol through being subjected to the same laws as sensory objects, man is in danger of losing his soul as well.

When one rejects what has served the purpose and this is not yet achieved, then one is under the obligation to produce something better which will take over the value possessed by the old. Otherwise, a great regression occurs and the individual falls back towards that from which he has painfully struggled forth.

The something better will not be found through the feeding of the sensations, the type of activity represented in jazz and speed, and the occupation with the endless variety of sense impressions which characterize our time. They operate as modes of escape, infantile ways of sense stimulation, like the infant with his various colored rattles, which serve to smother the deeper feelings and needs of the personality.

If the individual is true to himself, his intellectual rejection of the religious concepts forces upon him a personal responsibility of the highest order. This is none other than the responsibility of each one to consciously assume the task of creating his own individual development—to search for the God within himself—the task which has been slowly carried on by mankind through the ages, by means of the God without and his traditional religious culture.

Now the great problem confronting us today is this:—Can man emotionally face the situation he has intellectually brought to pass? Can he stand alone in an unknown universe and bring a reverent attitude to life, setting as his goal the overcoming of his childish potentialities still untouched? Has man arrived at a sufficiently mature state of development that, with no greater incentive than the urge of the creative spirit within him, he can set as his goal the conscious development of his highest spiritual and mental personality?

The hero who risks his life for others is rightly honored, but is not the person who bravely shoulders life, setting as his goal the overcoming of his childish reactions and pretensions, assuming life's pains and labors without bitterness, and with the conscious purpose of achieving full manhood or womanhood, a hero of life and an honor to his race?

Can we not say with Bergson, "That the ultimate reason of human life is a creation which, in distinction from that of the artist or man of science, can be pursued at every moment and by all men alike. I mean the creation of self by self, the continual enrichment of personality by elements which it does not draw from outside but causes to spring forth from itself."

If this ideal can be accepted as life's goal, then man will have no cause to say:— "Life is empty and I must escape from it," but instead "I am empty and I must search for the reason of this, not by way of death but through life itself."

Youth starts forth from himself to search for the meaning of life, but only when he returns to himself will he find the answer.

Jung has said that the development of man's culture depends upon the mobility of his libido. Who can tell to what point of achievement the individual may attain when his libido is freed from its infantile fixations and bondage to tradition. To those who are able to win this achievement, life can become a luminous experience and living a divine adventure.

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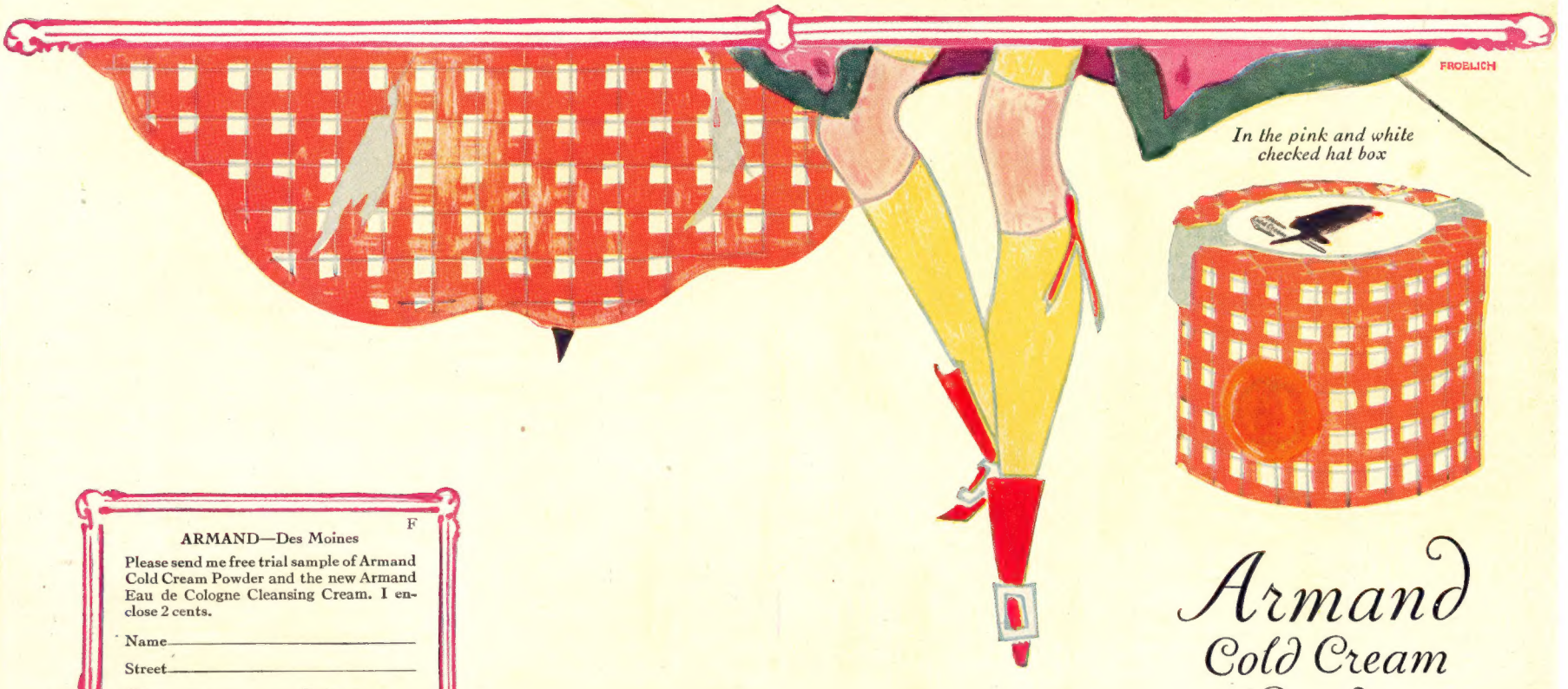

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Powder

Mother of three, girls' club leader, club-woman—

4 discoveries, beginning with a funny surprise, taught Mrs. H. the merits of Chipso

THERE it was at last! A snug little house, nestling among maple trees and shrubs and lilac bushes. No wonder I couldn't see the number from the street!

Mrs. H. had been introduced to me as head of a girls' club, leader in several women's clubs, mother of two lovely daughters and a son at college, and one of the best housekeepers in town.

This is her story as she told it to me in her own spotless home—a story of housework well-planned; of modern methods economical of time, labor and money; and especially of the help she had received from the wonderful new flaked soap called Chipso.

Mrs. H. had always been on the lookout for more efficient housekeeping methods and materials. So when she heard of Chipso, she tried it. Funny as that first trial was, it convinced her that she had found an unusual soap.

HER FIRST DISCOVERY

(with a laugh in it)

Instant suds with fewer flakes

"The first time I put Chipso into my machine, I followed my usual method and used the same amount I had always used with other soaps. Then I went upstairs to wash the breakfast dishes. When I returned I could hardly believe my eyes; the whole laundry was a mass of suds. It looked like a great white snow-bank. I was fairly swamped in suds.

"This experience taught me Chipso's economy. Chipso does more work for less cost. There is enough in one big package for six to eight average washings—only three or four cents for each."

HER SECOND DISCOVERY

Chipso suds SOAK *clothes clean, quicker, safer and easier*

"I don't always start the machine at once. Often I put my clothes in the Chipso suds in the machine and let them soak for twenty minutes while I do other things. Then I run the motor about five minutes and the clothes are just as clean as when the machine has run twenty minutes. Even fruit stains come out. This saves electric current, and wear and tear on clothes and machine.

"Even men's soft collars—and you know how ground-in the dirt is on the fold—come out clean in a Chipso washing, with no rubbing. In fact, I never rub anything now.

"I need less rinsing with Chipso, too. One hot and one cold rinse are usually enough. I need no bluing, for Chipso keeps my clothes white without it."

Just at this moment I caught a glimpse of a very young figure passing the door with a tennis racquet swinging gaily from her slim hand. "Mother, I'm going down to get my racquet re-strung." Mrs. H.'s smiling approval showed how proud she was of this lovely daughter. Then she went on with her story.

For ease and speed, tub-soaking rivals machine-washing

Millions of women who use tubs for their weekly washing now let Chipso do the hard work.

To get instant suds just run hot water over Chipso flakes—no more chipping, shaving or melting of cake soap. No more hard rubbing on a board, no more weekly boiling. *Instead*—

To loosen all dirt, let the clothes soak in lukewarm Chipso suds for 20 minutes. Then squeeze the sudsy water through the fabric several times, rubbing badly-soiled places lightly between the hands, and your washing is finished.

Two rinsings—one hot and one cold—are usually enough when Chipso is used. It rinses out quickly and thoroughly, leaving no soap odor behind.

HER OTHER DISCOVERIES

Chipso saves dishwashing time Keeps silver bright

"I soon found that dishwashing was much quicker and easier with Chipso.

"I just put a little Chipso in the pan, turn on hot water for instant suds and the dishes almost wash themselves. Even the decorations on my finest china are safe with Chipso.

"And it has been very interesting to see that my silver, which used to tarnish so quickly, stays bright now that I wash it in Chipso. Do you know why that is?"

"Yes," I said. "Soap tarnishes silver when it does not rinse off easily—even the thinnest film of soap produces tarnish. Chipso rinses off easily and completely. That is why your silver does not tarnish any more."

"Well, I am glad to know that," exclaimed Mrs. H. "And I can say something else, too. Since using Chipso my fingers are not dry and cracked as they used to be. That was very irritating and made it very hard for me to do my sewing."

Mrs. H. added that all her family had become wedded to Chipso for all sorts of cleaning, too.

When I left I carried the impression with me that Mrs. H. enjoys doing her housework. It isn't drudgery to her. And she is only one of thousands of women whose housekeeping with Chipso is much easier than it used to be.

* * *

NOTE: You can buy Chipso in two big sizes at your grocer's. The larger box is the more economical—a surprising amount of soap for very little money.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

The most amazing success in the history of household soap